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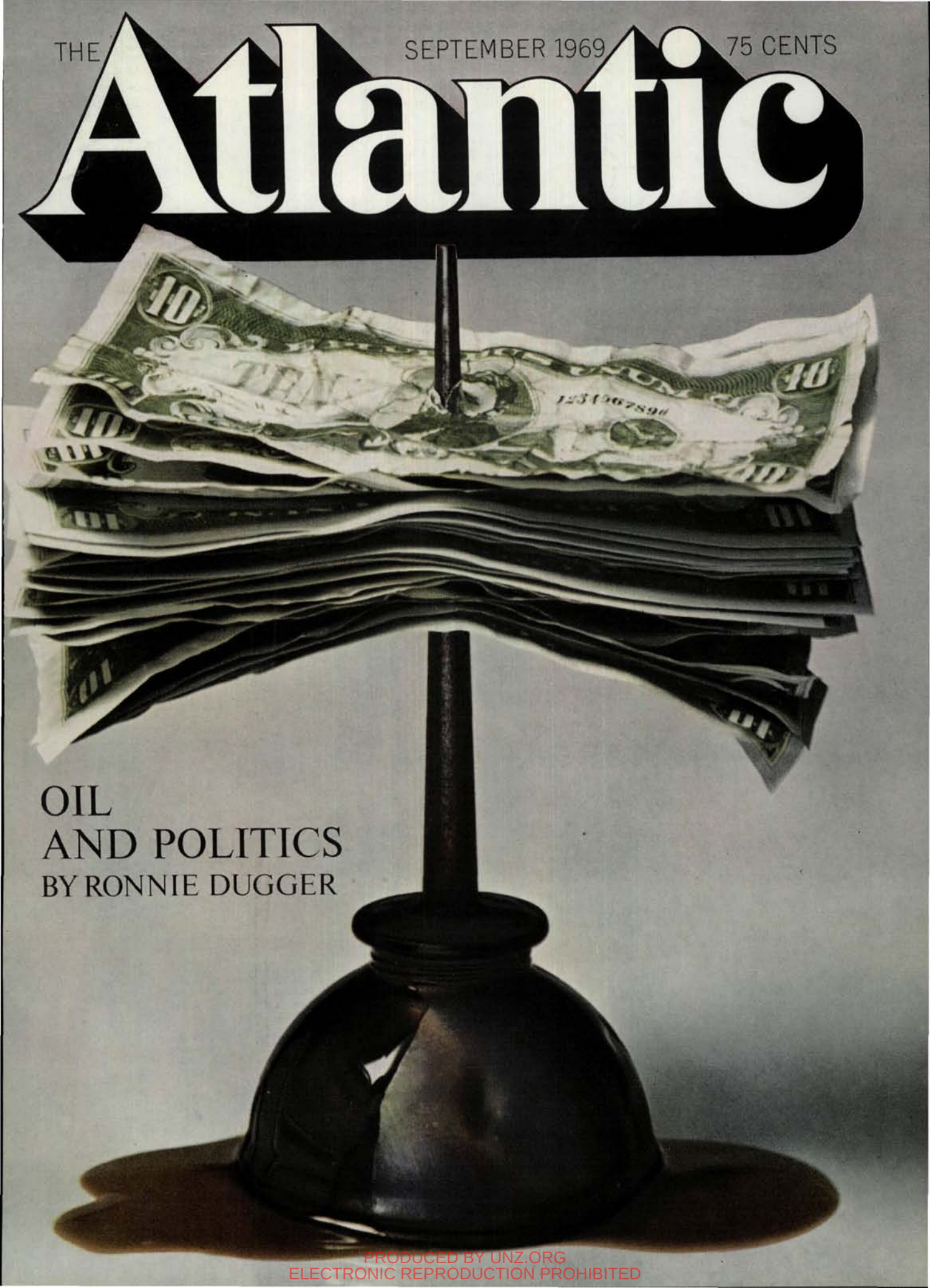

OIL AND POLITICS

BY RONNIE DUGGER

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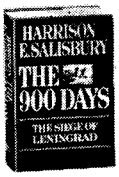

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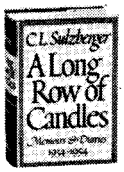

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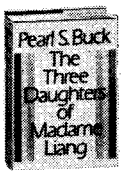

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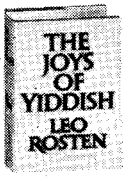

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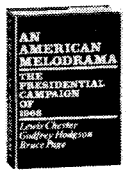

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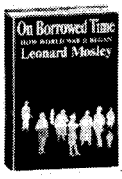

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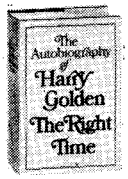

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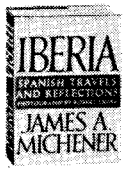

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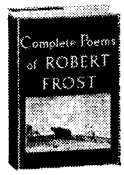

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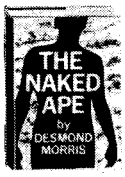

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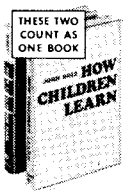

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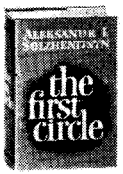

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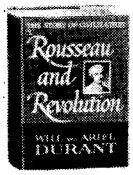

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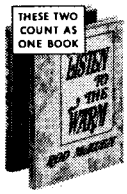

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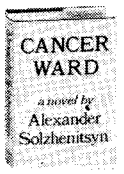

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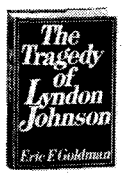

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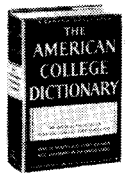

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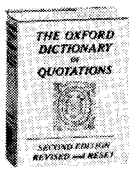

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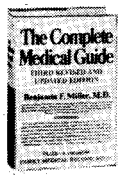

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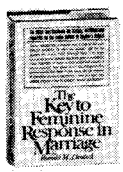

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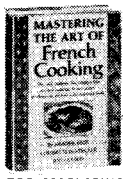

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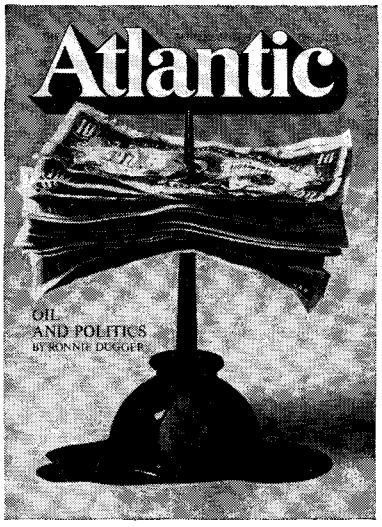
Coming in the Atlantic:

"With all due respect, Mr. President, the Joint Chiefs of Staff don't know what they're talking about," said Dean Acheson to Lyndon B. Johnson.
When those words were spoken by one of the men Lyndon Johnson trusted most, the dramatic turn-about of American policy in the Vietnam War was in the making. The inside story of that reversal and LBJ's decision to renounce another term in the White House is told in next month's *Atlantic* by Townsend Hoopes, Under-secretary of the Air Force in the Johnson Administration. He writes with the cogency of a professional and the authority of one who was there.
In the same issue, meet "Baldini the Great," the somewhat fabulous protagonist of a charming collaboration by Edmund Wilson and the late Edwin O'Connor. Mr. Wilson accompanies the uncompleted fantasy with a memoir of the author of *The Last Hurrah* and other novels.
Also:
"The Oakland Seven" by Elinor Langer.
"Looking for the Buck-head Boys" by James Dickey.



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Any editor who began his career on newspapers or in broadcasting carries with him through life the old journalistic maxim, "Keep it short and simple," which is to say that many of us therefore go to press with chronic feelings of guilt. Events these days are so turbulent, issues so intricate, personalities so ambiguous, and the human stakes so high that it seems increasingly difficult and sometimes dangerous to discuss them with the brevity and certainty a busy reader deserves.

The speed and pervasiveness of communications are one cause of the dilemma. Perhaps (though I doubt it) there are no more problems or issues or events worth discussing than there were a generation or two ago. In any case, today we know about more of them, and more quickly, and more people feel greater need to explore them. Another handicap is the shortage of truly big men in public affairs today. Winston Churchill once said of the Earl of Roseberry that he was "a great man who lived in a time of small events." Today the reverse is true. We live in a time of great events, giant issues, and small men.

Journalism can tell a lot about important problems through a major person when one is around—witness how much more easily one followed French politics and policies when Charles de Gaulle was running things. It was not too many years ago that a *Time* "cover story" told of major issues through the personality on the cover—Churchill, FDR, George Marshall, Albert Einstein. Today the events tower over the men, and the face on the cover of a magazine—when, indeed, there is one—is merely the excuse for a story that is mostly not about the person but about the problem that engulfs or eludes him and his fellows.

A result is that more and more of the serious journalism today deals with the issues and the machinery of public affairs. These stories rarely can be told through anecdotes or the recital of the virtues or foibles of the men in charge, and frequently they have to be told at a length and with a complexity that require extra effort from the reader. Two examples lie ahead of you in these pages—Dr. Robert Jay Lifton's brilliant exploration into a "New History" being fashioned in our time (page 47), and Ronnie Dugger's study of Oil and Politics (page 66). We hope and believe that you will find both articles well worth the effort.

Those who were taken with the poems of Jean Follain in the August issue will be interested in knowing that they will appear in a full collection of his poetry, translations by W. S. Merwin, to be published later this month by Athenæum . . . Three years of the *Atlantic's* coverage of the Vietnam issue and what that war has done to the United States have been edited into a book-length chronicle, *Who We Are,* just published by Atlantic–Little, Brown.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS:

THE MIDDLE EAST

1. A View From the UN

The twenty-year pattern of United Nations action on Middle East conflicts—damping down explosions, interposing forces, and caring for victims—enabled the major powers to postpone tough political decisions. Israel and the Arabs have ventilated their grievances in the General Assembly and Security Council, knowing they were mainly sounding boards. Except in times of crisis, little of these sessions reached outside UN halls. They rarely led to positive action.

Substantive efforts to deal with immediate issues have usually been made in quiet, often secret UN negotiations. A ship would be released after apparent silence. Prisoners and hostages would be exchanged, almost surreptitiously. Peacekeeping operations, like that in Cyprus, are public and of convincing utility. UN Observers have been perilously visible along the hundred-mile Suez Canal cease-fire line, and on the fringes of occupied areas of Syria for two years. But peacemaking has had to be less exposed. Ambassador Gunnar Jarring's discreet probings for avenues to settlement are possible only because they protect those involved from public view.

When it became apparent last winter that they were not leading to agreement, that a tentative concession from one side brought no corresponding offer from the other, and that the talks were in fact screening a new arms buildup, the so-called Big Four could no longer avoid the issues. The U.S.S.R. and the United States then made two positive moves. The U.S.S.R. reversed its long-standing objections to UN peacekeeping forces and urged such a force for the Palestine situation. The United States grasped the nettle, so long avoided, and proposed a Big Four guarantee of a UN negotiated settlement.

The Soviet move represents a long step from the days when no agreement could be reached on peacekeeping in the Congo or on the UN Emergency Force (UNEF) in Gaza and Egypt. In these cases the U.S.S.R. and France stood out, refused to pay assessments, and denied legality of the operations. Moscow's agreement with the other powers now shows its interest in disengaging from direct commitment to Egypt's security. Washington, for similar reasons, favors the return of the blue berets to future demilitarized zones, such as those envisioned for Sinai. It believes that collective security measures, backed by Security Council authority, are one way to head off a fourth round with major power involvement.

Time and terms

Egypt's desire for Israeli withdrawal from Sinai has been so overwhelming that it would not automatically reject UN forces there again. Israel, however, rejects any UN interposition, would not permit it on its side of any DMZ, and sticks to its demand for direct talks. Nevertheless, the rationale for UN policing in such trouble spots is obvious to the major powers, preoccupied with their own grave problems of arms control. Their resort to UN machinery in the Palestine case means that they see no prospect of an early peace there and that they intend at almost any cost to avoid direct military entanglement in the area. Whether they have the will or strength to establish any international force there in time to neutralize the gathering storm this winter is the great question now.

Each side in the conflict appears to believe that time favors it. No one outside shares this view. But Israel knows that the Arabs are incapable of directing a successful military offensive against it. Israel believes that if the Arabs see no hope of outside mediation, they will eventually talk peace. And Israel has indicated that if Ambassador Jarring's terms of reference are altered, it may not even deal with him.

To the Arabs direct talks under existing conditions mean surrender. Israel has stated in advance that certain conquests are not negotiable. These include the Golan Heights, Sharm el Sheik, and Jerusalem. Even in its occupation of Jordan's West Bank, Israel is demonstrating that it can "create facts," as General Dayan says, which will make a return of that area more complicated. Israeli settlements along the Jordan, the bulldozing of many houses in East Jerusalem, and Israel's plan, stated in last year's government yearbook, to "repeople" the city by adding 40,000 settlers there are conspicuous examples of Israeli intentions. The fact that there are Israeli leaders who envision an Arab, Muslim, and Christian borough for a Greater Jerusalem is less well known than the well-publicized take-over of Arab properties in East Jerusalem for Israeli government offices. Given the sensitivity of the Jerusalem issue among Muslims and Christians around the world, Israeli action in the city seems unnecessarily provocative. This comes through with particular emphasis in the recurring Security Council debates on the sta-

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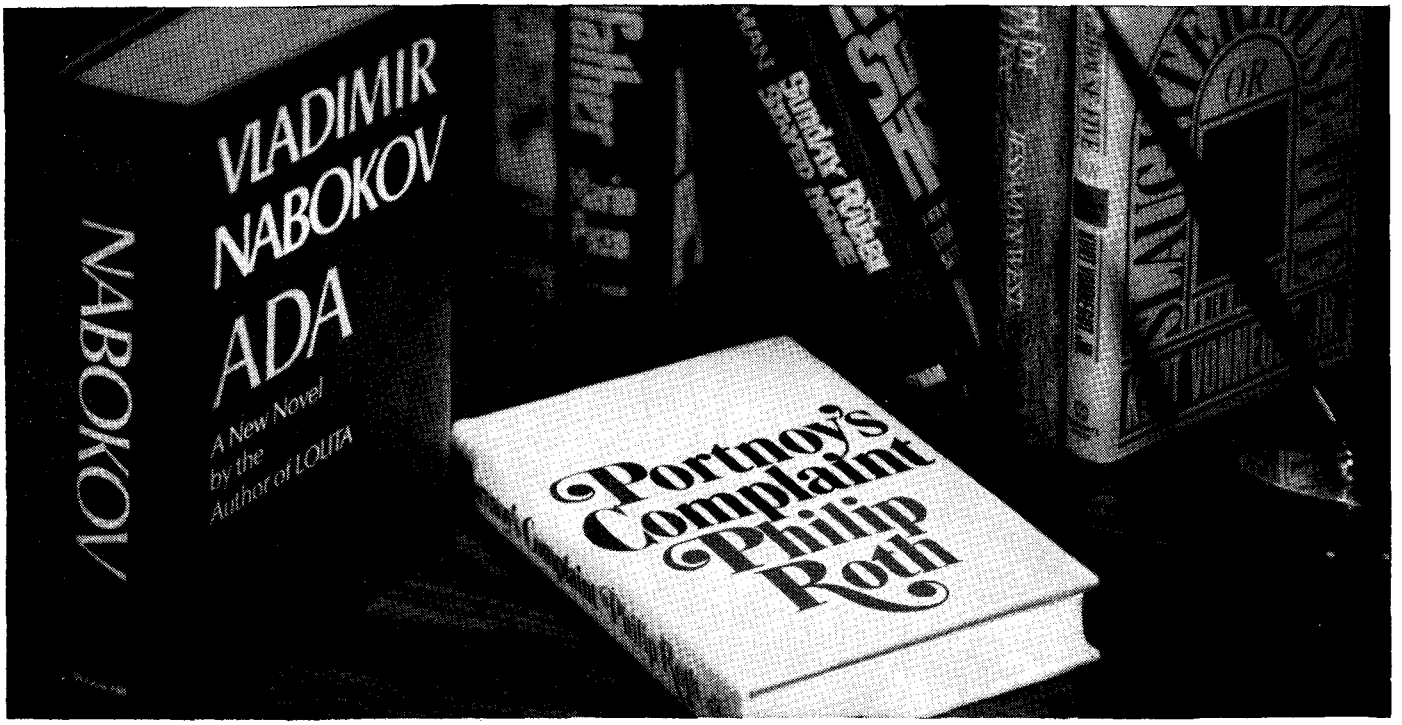

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Middle East: UN

tus of Jerusalem. From the international point of view, including all of the major powers, Jerusalem's status is not settled and cannot be settled by Israel acting alone.

The Arabs, on their side, believe that time will bring them vindication which they cannot win in battle. Meanwhile, like the Israelis, they have adopted the policy of "active defense." For Egypt this means keeping the Suez cease-fire line under attack, lest it become another accepted frontier for lack of resistance.

The Syrians are being encouraged to show more resistance as well. Jordan can only attempt to protect some of its important targets, such as the East Ghor Canal, which has twice suffered serious damage from bombardment. Jordan is powerless to move against Israel and almost powerless now to hold back the *fedayeen* who operate from East Bank territory. (See Report that follows.) King Hussein has offered Israel peace in exchange for return of the West Bank. He cannot go further. With a population half Palestinian, he can only make peace if their claims to at least the remnants of their country are re-established.

The Jarring effort, and the Big Four talks, designed to strengthen his hand, aimed at contriving a package in which there would be inducements for all. It would include simultaneous steps toward Israeli withdrawal from occupied areas and Arab recognition of Israel. This would solve the chicken-and-egg dilemma over who should blink first. Israel, feeling militarily secure for the first time, clings to the idea of trading some of its conquered territory for a final, formal peace treaty. The Arabs, whose only remaining card is acceptance of Israel, will not play it during occupation. There was a time a year ago when an announced intention by Israel to withdraw would have brought Arab response. But that time has passed, and during the last uneasy months positions have hardened on all sides.

There is in the air an ominous sense of further impending tragedy later this year. Egypt is waiting to train enough pilots to man its MIG's. Israel is waiting for elections, and for the Phantom planes the

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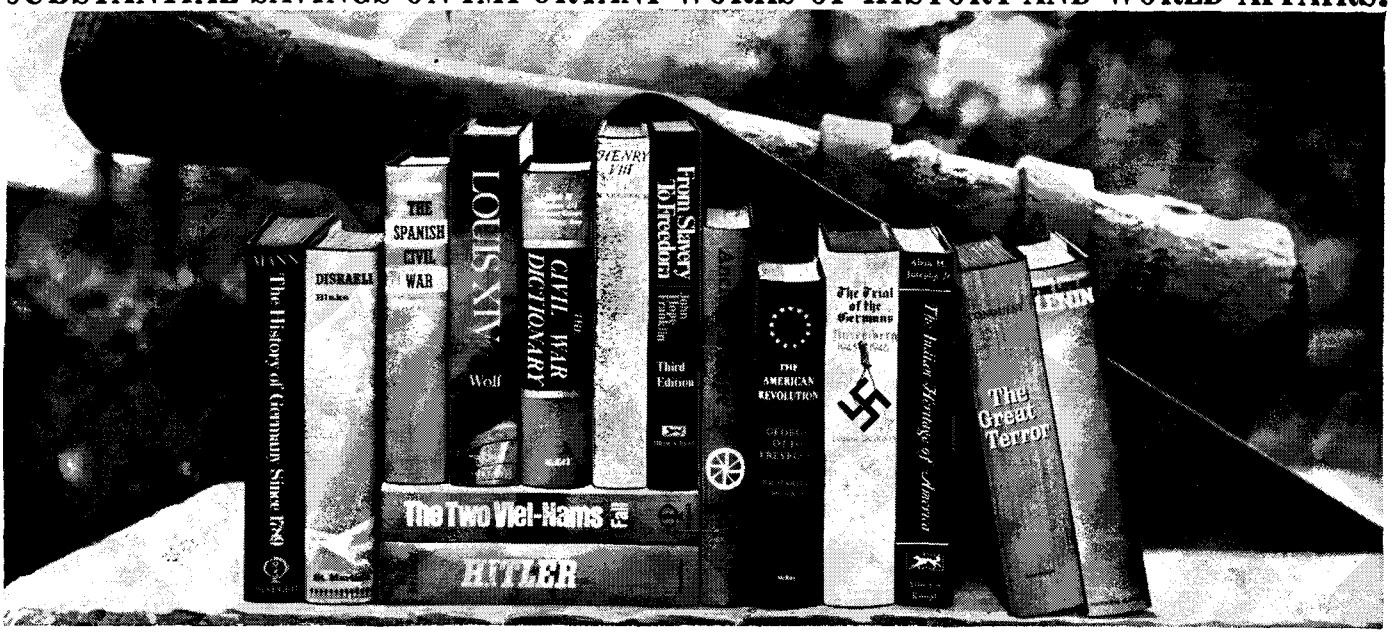

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United States has promised for delivery soon.

The polarization which the Big Four have hoped to avoid continues to threaten them as well. The Russians cannot abandon Egypt. But they cannot influence it either. The Egyptians, having misread the signs and expected another Eisenhower-style Administration to rescue them diplomatically, are bitter about Western ideas of settlement. They take Washington's concessions to Israel on border changes and eventual direct talks as a final rebuff. Even so they are wistful about Western connections. Communication between representatives in Cairo and Washington is excellent, even in the absence of ambassadors. The Nixon Administration has no intention of waiving its genuine interest in a fair settlement in favor of an all-out pro-Israeli stand. Tensions between it and the Israeli government are, in fact, acute at times and are openly acknowledged for the first time. Mrs. Meir's public criticism of U.S. policy is significant. She cannot accept the view that Israel's security can be assured by the buffer-zone method, or that Israel may well need to take half a victory for the sake of peace.

Relief

In the absence of any real agreements there are moves which the major powers can make to lower the level of Middle East violence. One, repeatedly urged at the UN, is to scale down arms shipments to both sides. Unless this is done, the prospects for damping down the present pyrotechnics are nil.

Other initiatives could be taken to reduce political fevers. Most important would be to tackle some basic Palestine refugee problems. Two constructive moves are immediately possible without raising political issues. First is the financing of better schools than UNRWA/UNESCO are able to provide for refugee youth. Half of the total registered refugee population of 1,375,915 are under eighteen. Primary schooling is generally available, even in new tented camps. But older youths may find their schooling reduced. UNRWA, short $5 million this year, is obliged to warn the host country governments of possible budget cuts to schools. The implications are obvious, if there is not to be another lost generation. Where refugee youths have had training, especially in vocational schools, they have become productive and self-respecting.

Among UN resources there is another potential asset which could be used to relieve many refugee families. The work of the Palestine Refugee Office has simply lapsed since its job of identifying and evaluating Palestinian properties in Israel was completed in 1964. It could be reestablished at any time on the authority of the Palestine Conciliation Commission. Its completed inventory could become, as was intended, a basis for paying compensation, at least in the form of approximate income, to owners whose holdings are listed. Some 453,000 separate items appear on this record, compiled after long research in Gaza, Israel, Jordan, and Syria. It is one of the more useful legacies of the Palestine mandate. The Arab governments, in comments on the inventory, do not, of course, agree with its values, set at the time the Palestinians left in 1948. But Palestinians themselves, if given a chance today, may find it worthwhile to consider even partial compensation.

This possibility arises as one of the results of the Six-Day War. After that war many Palestinians were able for the first time in twenty years to visit their properties in Israel. The changed setting and structures were a shock. So was the homogeneous character of Israel, where they could scarcely imagine themselves now "returning." The discovery of this reality is believed by many who know their situation to have altered their idea about rejecting the second half of the UN promise of return or compensation. Political grievances are as strong as ever. Anyone who knows them realizes that for this reason a frontal attack *en bloc* will fail. But the time may have come to test the view that the offer of some income from former holdings could be accepted without loss of dignity or moral rights.

The whole refugee situation has become since 1967 the subject of fresh study and debate in Israel, Washington, and at the UN. Private studies, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, have been ground

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out after elaborate field trips. Pulses have been taken, statistics gathered, computers fed. Aside from these exercises it is obvious that there is now a greater need to carry out the UN compensation promise without long debate or delay. Here the major powers could count on universal support. Events have cleared the way. Such limited compensation as this scheme would provide cannot solve the problem. But its psychological effect could compound even its limited financial benefits.

Without any such effort, UNRWA is obliged to carry on the minimal relief, shelter, and welfare services which sustain 478,369 refugees in East Jordan; 269,065 in the West Bank; 307,824 in Gaza, as well as another 320,000 in Lebanon and Syria. Many are refugees for the second time since 1948. It is not surprising that their consequent demoralization has led so many youths to enlist in the *fedayeen*. Since June, 1967, this generation has abandoned all hope of any other future.

It apparently took the 1967 defeat to galvanize and adrenalize the Palestinian youth movement. Now, with solid financial support from Arab treasuries, and payroll taxes on Palestinians abroad, it moves more confidently than any other element toward its distant goal of a restored Palestine—restored for both Arabs and Jews, but "liberated" from Zionism.

It is too soon to judge whether the more responsible *fedayeen* are true heirs of the Arab awakening earlier in this century. But it is undeniable that their agreement will be necessary before any political arrangement involving Palestinians can take place. The old order in Cairo and Amman know this; and they are less free than a year ago to settle, even if they had the will.

GEORGIANA STEVENS

THE MIDDLE EAST

2. The *Fedayeen*

The history of the Palestinian liberation movement challenges, or at least stands on its head, Walter Bedell Smith's aphorism that "diplomacy has rarely been able to gain at the conference table what cannot be gained or held on the battlefield." The *fedayeen* have gained or held nothing on the battlefield but an almost unrelieved succession of defeats. Yet they constitute one of the major forces that have so far prevented diplomats from even coming to the conference table. Perhaps General Smith's rule was not meant to apply to those bent on wrecking rather than serving the uses of diplomacy.

The half dozen or more different liberation groups would insist, of course, that they are not wreckers, but fighters for a constructive goal, the recovery of Palestine by and for its former Arab inhabitants. But that, even they admit, is a far-off thing and dependent on the destruction of the State of Israel. And the immediate goal, the only realistic hope of the Palestinians for at least a few years, is totally negative: the spoiling of any possibility of a peaceful, political, negotiated settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Their fighting force is only a few thousand men, surprisingly inefficient in attack and sabotage, and behaving like Keystone Kops in the conduct of terrorism inside Israel. Yet they enjoy enormous political power and can boast that until now no official governmental body had dared to contend openly against their cardinal goal of war-not-peace. To be sure, it is not merely or even mainly the Palestinian liberation groups that have blocked a Middle East settlement so far: for reasons of their own, the governments of the United Arab Republic, Jordan, and Syria have refused to discuss the procedures and the terms that stand some likelihood of leading to permanent peace. The importance of the Palestinian organizations lies in the future: if the Arab governments someday *do* decide they ought to end the ancient battle against Zionism, it is by no means sure that they will dare make the try if the commandos object, and if their political muscle is as strong then as now.

Internecine struggles for power, feuds over doctrine, and political gambits by various Arab governments combine to guarantee that any program with the names and numbers of the various liberation groups will be out of date before it can be printed. It is sufficient to know that there are several small outfits, two or three organizations that are largely controlled by the governments or armed forces of Arab countries (if they are not mere extensions of them), and only two entities (plus their schismatic offshoots) that have significantly engaged in combat.

The largest is El Fatah (the name is an acronym of the Arab words, in reverse order, for Palestine National Liberation Movement). It commands 70 to 80 percent of all *fedayeen* under arms and is also the strongest politically. It came into being in 1957, but its strength and importance date from the months following the Six-Day War. By last February it had become so powerful and popular that it was able to take over what is supposed to be the top international *fedayeen* holding company, the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), an entity created and generously financed by the several Arab states themselves.

Much smaller than Fatah, but better trained, tougher, and from the Israeli point of view, nastier, are the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and one or more of its ideologically dissident offshoots.

The commandos

Fatah and the Fronts call their combat forces commandos. The term is to some extent inaccurate because only the lesser part of their activities are those that are "commando" by definition: swift forays and armed raids on military objectives inside enemy territory. Another name, more exact from their own point of view, is "freedom fighters"; equally exact, from the other side's view, is the Israeli word for them, "terrorists." *Fedayeen*, derived from an Arabic word meaning sacrifice to a cause, has become the generic and most convenient term.

Fatah's fighters, who are almost 100 percent Palestinian, were recruited in the early stages mainly from the refugee camps. They were a raggle-taggle lot, more given to decking themselves out as one-man arsenals, swaggering in camouflage garb, and carrying on small-scale extortion of "contributions" than to disciplined harassment of the enemy. Among their number were more than a fair share of delinquents, dropouts, and the Arab equivalent

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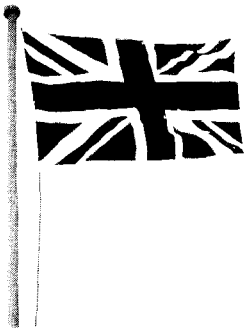

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continued from previous page

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Middle East: *Fedayeen*

of drugstore cowboys. The quality of recruits has since improved considerably, so that today the troops are stiffened with university graduates and other Palestinians who held substantial jobs throughout the Arab world as teachers, technicians, and skilled workers. At the top, in noncombatant roles of organizers, propagandists, recruiters, money-raisers, and staff officers, are some impressive men and women, many educated in American and European universities and linked with the intellectual centers of Arab nationalism at the University of Cairo and the American University of Beirut.

There are no ideological or political requirements, save for dedication to the goal of destroying the Jewish state, for membership in Fatah; its forces can hold any sectarian, philosophical, or attitudinal convictions they choose. But as it happens, they are overwhelmingly leftist in outlook, subscribers to the doctrine and program of revolutionary Arab socialism. The Popular Fronts are even more so and require formal adherence to one or another radical doctrine as a condition for membership.

Not unnaturally, Fatah declines to reveal the strength of its military arm, Al Asifa. Estimates of combatants in the field, which is to say mainly Jordan and to a lesser extent Lebanon, and in training camps range from 3000 to 5000. Another concentration of about 2000, so the Israelis claim, is in Israel, in prison. But at least 1700 of these are not *fedayeen* captured in forays; they are Palestinians rounded up in Israeli antisubversion raids and the like. The combat strength of the Popular Fronts is believed to be only a few hundred men.

Fatah's finances, now bolstered by the PLO funds, seem abundant for its needs. The money comes from three main sources: the oil sheikhs and millionaires of the Persian Gulf lands (King Faisal and other princelings of the area are said to contribute large amounts, viewing Fatah as an organization that Nasser cannot dominate and therefore a future counterforce to him); "tithings," mainly by payroll checkoff systems, from thousands of Palestinians holding relatively high-wage jobs in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and elsewhere; and donations from Arabs throughout the Middle East.

Military training of the commandos now takes place mostly in Jordan and Syria and to a lesser extent in the UAR, Iraq, and probably Algeria; commando spokesmen claim some is even carried out in China. Some of the weapons come from the military stores of those nations, and the rest from open and black markets in Europe. As might be expected from such sources, the weapons are preponderantly of Russian and Soviet-bloc manufacture, with a lesser miscellany of Chinese, Swedish, German, British, and even American origin. The principal problem for the *fedayeen* is the acquisition of heavy arms: cannon, mortars, rockets, and launchers.

Duel

The operations Fatah most enjoys talking about are its armed bands slipping into Israel and striking at military forces and installations. Israel reports some 1900 military "incidents" since the June war, of which at least 468 involved *fedayeen* border crossings. But in more than 400 of these incidents, the *fedayeen* got only about 1.2 miles into Israel.

In part, commando infiltration may be held down by Israel's "defensive fence," a swath of mined land a few yards wide bounded by barbed wire strung with detection devices, a few hundred yards behind the West Bank of the Jordan River and stretching from the Dead Sea to Galilee. Fatah spokesmen claim that it is child's play to cross it. Having seen a stretch of it, I am sure they are right. What is remarkable is how ineffective the raiders seem to be when they do come across. Recently their main operation has been mine-laying under the unpaved roads patroled by Israeli border guards and those leading into the riverside fields of the agricultural settlements. The effect is principally to cost the Israeli farmers time: they must wait each morning for the army's mine-detecting vehicles to sweep the roads.

Fatah's principal military action against Israel is in cross-river shelling. The routine procedure is to load a 130 mm. Czech-made rocket-launcher or a large mortar on a

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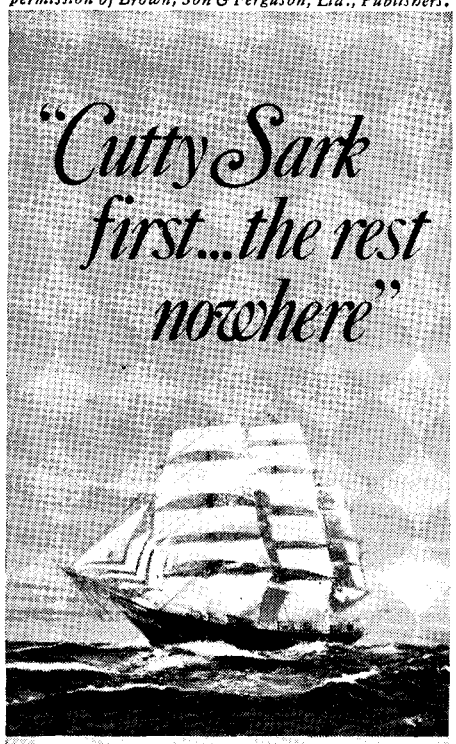

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Middle East: *Fedayeen*

truck in a *fedayeen* camp in the hills on the East Bank, drive into the valley and set the weapon up within striking distance of the Israeli side, lob half a dozen or more missiles across, get the weapon back on the truck, and drive to safety before Israeli counterfire zeroes in. These attacks almost always escalate: Jordanian Army posts tend to respond to the Israeli counterfire (in recent months, instantly and almost automatically, probably as a result of new official Jordanian orders), and heavy artillery duels then ensue. Moreover, if the Arab shells fall on relatively populated areas, it is standard operating procedure for the Israelis to put planes in the air to quench the attack by bombing, and to try to burn the attackers out of hiding, if they are in brush or reeds, by napalm.

According to Israeli figures, the total casualties from all *fedayeen* action since the Six-Day War until late July this year are 108 soldiers killed (including 4 colonels) and 443 wounded; 36 civilians killed and 412 wounded. It can be assumed that most of the military casualties resulted from direct combat with infiltrating raiders, while almost all of the civilian casualties are from cross-river shelling. (Israeli troop losses in engagements with Jordanian and Egyptian regular military forces: 142 killed, 550 wounded, from the end of the Six-Day War until July 20.) It is those encounters, principally the shelling from the west side of the Suez canal, that bring Israel its greatest injury and anguish.

In the more than two years since the June, 1967, war, the Israelis claim to have killed 665 *fedayeen* and to have captured about 261.

The liberation organizations' figures, as one might expect, do not agree with Israel's. Communiqués of the Popular Front, several every day, state that the Israeli Army has been pretty well destroyed. Fatah contents itself with saying each day that "several" casualties were inflicted. Their spokesmen add, however, that their figures tally nicely with death tolls admitted by Israel plus the postwar increase of deaths ascribed to auto accidents, under which disguise, they say, the Israelis are concealing the losses inflicted by the *fedayeen*. Israelis point out, however, that their deaths from auto accidents, high enough, heaven knows, have not increased since the war. Fatah spokesmen assert their losses to be "less than 300."

Hurts

The principal hurt that Fatah inflicts is to deter the flow of tourists. Israel's tourist receipts will be sharply down this year from the 1968 figure, and a good part of the drop can be fairly attributed to the worry that *fedayeen* operations engender. As for the commandos' direct damage to life and limb, it is mercifully low in proportion to the weight of the shellings. Nevertheless, all lives are precious, and there are costs to Israel in other terms as well. Shelters have had to be built in all the border *kibbutzim* and *moshavim* and concrete roofs for the major structures. Despite the work time lost, agricultural production has increased steadily in the area since the war, and in the several settlements that I visited, life and spirits seemed to me buoyant. When I recently visited one *moshav*—of "Oriental" Jews from Iraq—its chief problem was how to accommodate young members who had left for urban jobs some years ago and now insisted, as a matter of conscience and from a sense of obligation, on returning because their settlement was on the front line.

The operations of the Popular Front are more sharply focused and more resolutely executed. Their theater of operations outside Israel is largely south of the Dead Sea, whence they raid military installations and industrial facilities, principally chemical. The Front's specialty, however, is sabotage and subversion within Israel. It was the Front that also conceived and engineered what were certainly the most menacing economic thrusts against Israel, the assaults on its airline by a hijacking in Rome and shootings in Athens and Zurich.

On the other hand, the Front was also responsible for the stunningly idiotic act in May of blowing up the Aramco tapline at a point where a thirty-mile segment crosses the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights. The effect was to block the shipment of 440,000 barrels a day of Saudi Arabian oil, to cost Saudi Arabia,

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Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon transit fees at the annual rate of $23 million, and to suspend the tidy refinery and shipping terminal business Lebanon enjoyed at Sidon.

Israel is in no hurry to authorize repairs, insisting first on guarantees against damage to its land and water supply in the event of future sabotage of the thirty-inch line. There is no particular reason for Israel to put itself out in the matter: it collected no transit fees when the oil flowed and loses nothing while it is blocked. The oxen that are gored belong to four of its enemies.

Power

If, as the Israelis sardonically claim, the military campaign of the *fedayeen* adds up to the worst Arab defeat since the Six-Day War, how does it come about that the Palestine liberation movement is so powerful a political force in the Arab states? The easy answer, and quite possibly the accurate one, is that in defeat the Arabs have made a psychological reality out of the words, the spirit, and the appearance of resistance. The very existence of the *fedayeen* and the daily publication of their asserted triumphs lift a dreadful humiliation from the Arab back.

The political power of the *fedayeen* movement was demonstrated nowhere more vividly than in Lebanon, the place where it was least suspected. Of all Israel's neighbors, Lebanon has most wanted to keep clear of the Arab-Israeli conflict and has best succeeded. Its population, about 40 percent Christian and 60 percent Muslim, has always been vastly more interested in economic tangibles than patriotic abstractions; it has long been taken for granted that "Lebanon will be the second country to make peace with Israel," and was anxiously waiting only for some other Arab state to go first and make the act respectable. In addition, Lebanon entertains an obsessive fear, which Israel's raid on the Beirut airport last December did nothing to abate, that the Zionists are champing at the bit for the slightest excuse to invade it and occupy its southern regions up to the Litani River.

In theory, then, the Lebanese government should have encountered no significant domestic difficulties in executing a decision last April to put the lid on some potentially dangerous and escalating commando activity. The threat had come from Al Asiqa ("The Thunderbolt"), a commando group created, controlled, and to some extent officered by the Syrian Army. A sizable contingent (published estimates were 2000, although the figure seems impossibly high) had infiltrated from Syria during the preceding month or two, mainly to make political mischief in Lebanon but ostensibly to launch attacks on Israel from Lebanese soil. Thereupon, some few hundred Fatah commandos, already in Lebanon but until then not forcefully protesting the restrictions against forays across the Israeli border, also seemed likely to cast off the restraints. Using the occasion of a forbidden commando demonstration near Sidon, the Lebanese Army cracked down, probably with undue severity.

To the amazement and vast distress of the government, there was a furious reaction in Beirut: street mobs, Palestinians, Syrian laborers, leftist activists, and most significantly, university students rioted in support of the commandos. At day's end, some seventeen people were left dead in Beirut and Sidon. The government was obliged to make a formal resignation and, continuing in a caretaker status, to undertake weeks of futile negotiations with the various political forces inside the country and with the Arab world's top commando personage, Yasser Arafat, head of PLO-Fatah. The stalemate continued for months. The heart of the matter to be noted here is that popular support for the *fedayeen* in fat, conservative, unafflicted Lebanon was so strong that it was impossible to put together a government committed to preventing the kind of commando activity that would inevitably provoke the same harrowing retaliation that is now racking Jordan.

Jordan suffers that agony, of course, precisely because it is there that the *fedayeen* are most powerful and most active. In open breach of an agreement last November with King Hussein, armed and uniformed Fatah men make Amman a parade ground; the area north and west of

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the capital down to the Jordan River is unmistakably "Fatah territory."

One body of opinion in Jordan is that the *fedayeen* are powerful enough to prevent Hussein—in the unlikely event that matters soon come to such a point—from accepting even what is no more than a truce agreement under the terms of the United Nations Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967, as minimally interpreted by the Arabs, not to mention the "real peace," permanent and sanctified by a negotiated treaty, that the Israelis demand. More than half of Jordan's inhabitants are Palestinians; and so are at least half of the military officer corps.

There is, however, a body of optimists who believe that if the United Arab Republic reached an agreement with Israel, Jordan could too; the premise is that the *fedayeen* could not block it and would be beaten if they attempted to raise arms against the monarch.

It is argued, and I think correctly, that both in their long-term political objectives and in their immediate operations the commandos constitute a graver threat to the Arab regimes than to Israel. Their long-time menace to Hussein and their more recent one to Lebanon are obvious; that they are even a potential menace to such respectably leftist states as Syria and Iraq is evidenced by the pains those two countries take to keep the older organizations on the tightest leash and to channel commando enthusiasm as best they can into new groups under direct government and army control.

Outside as well as within the Muslim world, however, the *fedayeen* have given the Palestinian cause more publicity and won it more support than anything else since 1949. They have again made a reality out of the concept of Palestine, reviving an issue that had almost been forgotten for twenty years even by other Arabs as well as by the world at large.

For the immediate future, all the commando groups of whatever origin and philosophical persuasion and by whomever controlled profess only the goal of conquering Zionist Israel, effecting the return of all the refugees, and establishing a multinational, democratic, and socialist land where Arab, Jew, and Christian will live in peace—although, let there be no mistake, with the Palestinians in control of the government. Palestinian writers and *fedayeen* spokesmen insist that Arabs, being Semites, cannot be anti-Semites; that the target is not the Jews, only Zionism and Zionists; that, in victory, no Jew will be harmed. The Israelis are not overly persuaded by these protestations and tend to reach different conclusions in the light of their own experience, especially the treatment of Jews in Arab countries since 1948 and the Arab oratory just preceding the June, 1967, war, uttered when the Arabs thought they were going to win it.

ALFRED FRIENDLY, SR.

HAITI

It doesn't take long to discover that nothing is ever quite what it seems in Haiti. Not what you see, not what you hear, and not even what you suspect. It is all wrapped in ambiguity and contradiction, like the people themselves. Ask a direct question, and you get a bemused reply that simply raises more questions. The Haitians—all charmers, even when at their most sinister—speak in a strange double-talk designed to conceal what they really mean and transform the obvious into mystery.

Least of all can you trust your own senses. On the surface life seems placid and uneventful. The people go about their business in the dusty streets of Port-au-Prince, the shanty-town capital that houses a third of a million souls in various degrees of misery. Scarcely anyone ever gets shot up in public anymore by the Tonton Macoutes, President Duvalier's own private militia of sport-shirted, pistol-packing thugs. And at night you can walk down the darkest alleys in absolute safety. Law and order is a dream come true in Duvalier's Haiti, and at first glance it seems literally like an island of tranquillity.

As indeed it is, for the sun-seeking North American tourists who paddle around the kidney-shaped swimming pools of the luxury hotels in suburban Pétionville, high above the steaming capital. From the hill the view is scenic, the vegetation lush, the souvenir vendors amusing, and everyday life blissfully uneventful. But in the humid streets of Port-au-Prince and in the teeming slums that rim the waterfront and spread into the countryside, life is neither calm nor picturesque.

Shaky

In Haiti today everyone is waiting for something to happen. No one is quite sure what is going to happen; when or how or if it will happen. But tension is in the air, and the stability of Papa Doc's regime seems shakier than at any time during the past half dozen years. Ever since last May the Haitian dictator has been a recluse in his palace, emerging only on ceremonial occasions, such as Governor Nelson Rockefeller's breathless Latin-American tour that brought him to Port-au-Prince for a few hours on July 1. The event induced Papa Doc to leave his palace for the first time in two months. He was cheered by thousands of Haitians who had been brought in trucks from their villages and forced to stand for hours in the ninety-degree sun to greet their leader and his American visitor.

The precise cause of Duvalier's seclusion has not been divulged, and rotating rumors fill the knowledge gap. Instead of putting to rest the rumors of his illness and possible departure from office, the brief appearance of the sixty-two-year-old President triggered a new round of speculation about palace intrigue and what might succeed his regime.

The regime has been badly shaken during the past few months by attacks from without and within. In April the government announced that it had tracked down and summarily executed some thirty rebels in the hills outside Port-au-Prince. They were labeled "Communists" (the customary term for anyone who opposes Duvalier) and accused of collaborating with foreign powers. A government decree banned all Communist activities, defined as "crimes against the security of the nation," and applied the death penalty to those committing or abetting such vague crimes. Scores of people, denounced as "agents of international Communism" or simply as "Communist sympathizers," were arrested and disappeared into the notorious Duvalier prisons.

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But the attacks against the regime continued, and in May government troops were fighting against a group of "exiles and mercenaries" on the northern coast. The airborne exile landing was combined with an attempt to bomb the presidential palace—ascribed to the machinations of former President Paul Magloire, now in exile in New York. In an appeal to the UN and the Organization of American States, the government's spokesman described the attacks as "international brigandage" which would not have been possible without the tolerance of such neighboring countries as Jamaica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and the United States. While there are a good many Haitian workers in Cuba, some of whom no doubt have been trained as guerrillas, it appears that the old B-25 which made such an amateurish job of bombing the President's palace came from a base in Florida. The regime reacted with a new roundup of suspects, charged that the Cubans were behind it all, and called for the United States to resume its military aid to Haiti.

Duvalier has been trying to convince the Nixon Administration that his government is threatened by a Communist conspiracy. The accusation holds little water, for the Cubans have been very circumspect toward Haiti, and the Haitian Communists are divided and weak. But it is an argument that has wrung money out of Washington before, and Papa Doc can hardly be blamed for trying to get the old dog salivating again.

The regime has been threatened not only by the capricious activities of the exile groups, with their periodic, and invariably ill-fated, landings and bombings, but also by an increasingly high mortality rate among the Tonton Macoutes. A growing number of Duvalier's private militia of killers have been murdered recently. Some believe that this is the work of resistance groups preparing the way for the dictator's downfall. Others, rather more cynical and perhaps used to Duvalier's ways, believe that he secretly ordered their murder himself since the Macoutes were becoming so strong that they represented a threat to his one-man rule. Papa Doc's formula for survival has always been divide-and-rule.

Despite the current spate of strange activities, compounded by the disappearance of various suspected opponents of the regime, Haitians gingerly avoid political discussions. Wise people have learned not to talk about politics, and those with an acute sense of survival try not even to think about it. "Let's talk about Susan Sontag," a young Haitian intellectual said to me in his office crammed with highbrow American film quarterlies and literary reviews, "and about your student revolution." When I tried to steer the conversation back to the Haitian scene, he deftly began to lecture on the African origins of voodoo. Later I learned from another source that his uncle had been killed by the Macoutes and that he himself had been held in the infamous political prison known as Fort Dimanche.

"Politics isn't my business"

Self-censorship also extends to foreigners, such as the lovely American woman who has been working in Haiti for the past decade. Once as I gently tried to shift our conversation from the richness of Haitian musical lore to the problems of everyday life under Papa Doc, her usual smile froze, and she replied testily, "Nothing's the matter here. Anyway, politics isn't my business." Her reply was typical of the small American colony in Haiti—resident businessmen and plant managers, a hotel proprietor or two, a few Negroes in exile from racism and the black revolution, and a variety of amateur ethnologists, escapists, sybarites, and artists. These people stay on good terms with the government by keeping their nose out of politics. Papa Doc has nothing against the resident Yankees, who live in great splendor on little money (a full-time servant costs $30 a month, and a palatial house under $100), and the Haitians treat them with their usual kindness and hospitality.

Officially the American presence has been subdued since Washington cut off direct economic aid to Haiti in 1962, when President Kennedy declared Papa Doc's regime to be dictatorial and incompetent. The diplomatic personnel who remain are discreet and usually appreciative of Haitians and their culture. They work hard, lament over the bad relations between Port-au-Prince and Washington, and feel cut off from one of the few Latin-American governments that is relatively independent of the U.S. Embassy. They sit ensconced in a shiny white cube on the edge of the sea, besieged by an unending file of Haitians seeking immigrant visas to the United States, and enjoy the pleasures of being rich in a poor country. At lunchtime the station wagons line up in the embassy driveway, where their wives and pink-skinned children wait to take them back to hillside homes that are trimmed in bougainvillaea and stocked with supplies from the PX at Guantánamo. Yes, Guantánamo in Cuba, where they periodically go shopping for U.S. goods at tax-free, duty-free prices.

These American officials readily admit that there is oppression in Haiti, that the press is stifled, the trade unions muzzled, the intellectuals driven into exile or forced into silence, and that justice is dispensed at the whim of Papa Doc. But this is old hat, and they tend to treat it as a matter of course. Politics in Haiti may, literally, be a life-and-death matter, but it is not *sérieux*. What seems to engage their interest is the problems of what used to be called "nation building." They want to bring in more foreign (particularly U.S.) private investment, raise health standards, improve education and transportation, and steer Haiti along the path of sustained economic development. They tend to view Haiti as an engineering problem which can be set right with diligence, cooperation, and the proper tools.

They are unhappy about the absence of a formal U.S. aid program to Haiti, although they are quick to point out that the aid program was allegedly misused by the Duvalier regime. "Much of the aid money was wasted," one explained, "and a lot of it found its way into Duvalier's pocket." This, of course, Papa Doc vehemently denies, and in turn charges that the aid cutoff in 1962 was part of a plot by Kennedy to overthrow his government.

This, however, was a long time ago, and Papa Doc is now ready, indeed eager, to kiss and make up with Washington. Aside from citing his anti-Communist credentials, he argues that his government is economically responsible and is trying

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to follow an orderly development program within its drastically limited means. Even today there is a small U.S. aid program trickling into Haiti, most of it consisting of food and medicines funneled through the UN and the OAS. This program has been extremely helpful in the countryside, where the people are even more destitute than in the capital.

Americans in Haiti, even while disapproving of the Duvalier regime, believe that the direct aid program should be resumed. "The ones who suffer," they argue, "are the people, not the government." They believe that if the regime would accept the strict controls Washington favors, Haiti could benefit greatly from inclusion in the aid program. Most Haitians tend to agree, even those who are bitterly anti-Duvalier. But they have mixed feelings. They berate the United States for neglecting Haiti and imply that Washington's motives are really racist. At the same time they resent American interference in Haitian affairs and say that Duvalier could only exist with U.S. tolerance. While the intellectuals hate Papa Doc, they admire him for defying Washington and for refusing to accept American control as the price of economic assistance.

Strings of nationalism

The wily Duvalier plays the strings of Haitian nationalism like a virtuoso, evoking the indignation and wounded pride that arose from the American occupation that began in 1915 and did not end until 1934. At the beginning of that occupation, ordered by Woodrow Wilson for the ostensible purpose of subduing disorder and preventing foreign intervention, the U.S. Marines landed in Port-au-Prince, went to the Haitian National Bank, and carried off $500,000 in gold, as part of an arrangement between Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan and the directors of the Haitian Bank, which was in turn owned by the National City Bank of New York. The Haitians argued that they had injured no Americans, defaulted no debt, and violated no obligation of the United States. This plea went unanswered. A puppet government was set up, the legislature dissolved, and a new constitution favoring U.S. investments forced upon the Haitians. An officer of the Marine detachment, Colonel Smedley D. Butler, later wrote that in Haiti he was "doing the dirty work for the National City Bank." Haitian resistance against the invaders turned into guerrilla warfare. In the "pacification" effort 3250 Haitians were killed. The bitterness engendered by the occupation, which continued in the form of an economic trusteeship until 1946, has lingered on to this day.

Aside from paying off U.S. and foreign creditors, the American occupying forces did what they were best at: they built roads, schools, hospitals, and a workable telephone system. They also trained a strong gendarmerie which ended rural resistance and centralized political authority in the capital. When the Americans left, the things they built gradually fell to pieces: the roads have washed away, the schools and hospitals have become inadequate, and the telephone is little more than a decorative object which emits static. But the idea of centralized control caught on. Through the Tonton Macoutes and the militia-like National Security Volunteers, the idea has played a part in the long, unhappy reign of François Duvalier, self-declared President-for-life.

Thus the American impact on Haiti has not been negligible—indeed the U.S. dollar is the semi-official currency of the island—but it is not quite what many Americans imagine. The impact is economic: Haiti has provided a safe haven for American investors in search of raw materials, rich land, and cheap labor. It is political in that the country, whether ruled by dictators or democrats, remains firmly in the American orbit. But it is not cultural, unless one counts a few American schools and the pervasiveness of English among young people.

The good country doctor Duvalier gives the Americans very little credit. His relations with the embassy are cold, but correct. He seems to feel that the U.S. government is responsible for his "bad press" abroad, and particularly for the disastrous drop in tourism following the withdrawal of aid in 1963. There is an element of truth in this, for Washington did discourage Americans from visiting Haiti. But the reason given was internal instability, and it can be said that Papa Doc helped substantiate this charge by unleashing a reign of terror against his political opponents.

Fearing an invasion of Haitian exiles abetted by Washington, and perhaps convinced of this by the sudden appearance of American warships in the Bay of Port-au-Prince, he decided to wipe out the last vestiges of political opposition. His private militia, the Tonton Macoutes, were called into action. Suspected opponents of the regime were dragged from their homes at night, others were shot down in the street. Thousands fled the country, others cowered in terror and silence. Those were the days Graham Greene wrote about in *The Comedians,* and they are still spoken of in whispers.

The situation is a good deal calmer now, and one could walk the streets of Port-au-Prince without necessarily being aware that Haiti is anything more than another happy-go-lucky, *merengue*-dancing Caribbean island. The people are remarkably beautiful, even though on closer inspection many seem malnourished and suffering from debilitating diseases such as malaria, pellagra, and tuberculosis. The cotton clothing is brilliantly colored, although it is often little more than bits of rags patched together. By day the marketplaces and streets teem with activity, even though few, except the occasional tourist, have money to buy anything. At night the air is heavy with the perfume of tropical flowers, and the dark streets are quiet and perfectly safe. "A lot safer than Washington, D.C.," as the embassy people kept telling me.

In a sense Haiti is a perfect holiday spot—so long as one has no squeamishness about poverty and no qualms about authoritarian regimes. The hotels are well run and remarkably cheap by Caribbean standards, the pools are ice-cold and palm-fringed, the sun is hot and the vegetation lush, and the paintings produced by Haitian artists are imaginative and powerfully evocative. Unfortunately, the roads have so fallen to pieces that going to the beach is a two-hour chore, and a trip to Cap-Haïtien and the ruins of Henri Christophe's magnificent, crumbling citadel by road takes three days (plus a travel permit from the Ministry of the Interior). But there

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is a great deal to do in the capital. And for those who prefer not to look at the slums on the edge of town, there are the marvelous, decaying Victorian gingerbread houses of the Haitian elite, the cooler hillside suburbs of Pétionville and Kenscoff, the art galleries and curio shops, and the sad little nightclubs, where tourists, government bureaucrats, the miniscule foreign colony, and the remnants of the local elite gather to do the *merengue*.

For the amateur sociologist the Haitian elite is a study in itself. Until quite recently the word *elite* was virtually synonymous with *mulatto*. Light-skinned Haitians, descended from the union of African slaves with French colonists, are only a tiny minority of the population. But even before the formal declaration of independence in 1804, they dominated the country through their key positions in commerce, agriculture, and government. Speaking French as a sign of education and "culture," rather than the rich Creole language of the Haitian peasant, practicing Roman Catholicism rather than the folk religion of voodoo, and educated abroad whenever possible, the elite has been not only a separate class but a caste within Haiti.

Periodically, black faces have been allowed into the elite, for the mulattoes have often found it convenient to deflect the indignation of the peasantry by ruling through black presidents and black generals. But their economic and political control was undiminished. This began to change during the late 1940s under Estimé, when an increasing number of blacks were brought into the government bureaucracy. Under Duvalier, who considers himself a Populist and the ideological descendant of Estimé, this movement became a deliberate policy to eradicate the old elite and form a new one. Thousands of blacks moved into positions of economic and political power, creating a new class, which is a product of the present regime, and perhaps dependent upon it for survival.

The Duvalier regime has been called a mulatto-hating dictatorship. But it is also something more: an expression of powerful forces which have long been submerged by a selfish, exploitative, culturally alienated elite. Elevating voodoo to official approval and bringing its *hoggans,* or priests, under his control, breaking the power of the Catholic Church and driving many foreign priests from the country, and preaching a kind of Black Is Beautiful philosophy, which emphasizes Haiti's African heritage rather than its veneer of French "culture," Duvalier has won considerable support from the peasantry and the urban proletariat.

In this sense, the so-called "Duvalier revolution," to which he constantly refers, is real. But it is a revolution that literally is only skin-deep. The elite now has a darker hue, but it is no less oligarchic. Haiti is still a country where 95 percent of the people—illiterate, undernourished, and politically voiceless—are manipulated and exploited. Duvalier has not changed the economic structure of the society, even though his "revolution" is phrased in the vocabulary of Third World nationalism. It is what our own Black Panthers would scornfully call "cultural nationalism"—substituting black capitalists for white capitalists.

Pencil sharpeners

So far the "revolution" is mostly verbal, confining itself to a new airport, a paved road that ends a few miles outside the capital, and a semi-abandoned, deteriorating model village appropriately named Duvalierville. Government officials hurry to explain that great plans are in the works. An Italian firm is now building generators for the long-stalled hydroelectric project at the Peligre Dam, and a Canadian company is working on pipelines to provide a fresh-water supply for Port-au-Prince. If these projects are completed, they could help attract new industry, which is already beginning to dribble into Haiti to take advantage of the low-cost labor.

Coffee is still the major export crop, with sugar, bauxite, and copper accounting for most of the remainder. Industry has been virtually nonexistent in Haiti, partly because there is no domestic market with the available cash to buy manufactured products. Most Haitians live on the subsistence level and cannot afford even canned foods (most of which are imported from the United States) let alone common consumer goods. Also the foreign-owned (largely American) firms controlling the mines and plantations do not want their products to be refined locally. Thus there are no plants in Haiti for making soluble coffee or turning bauxite into tin.

Recently, however, there has been a small-scale influx of U.S.-based firms setting up plants in Haiti for the processing of materials imported from the United States. These plants produce embroidered cloth, electronic components, and nearly all the baseballs and softballs imported into the United States. They have been set up to use Haitian low-cost labor, which is less than $2 per man day. The American firms find it cheaper to send the raw materials to Haiti and import the finished products into the United States than to manufacture them at home with union labor. This is a rather shaky base for economic development, but at least it is providing jobs for a good many Haitians who would otherwise be unemployed.

Unemployment is a chronic problem in Haiti, particularly among the urban proletariat which has drifted away from the countryside but has been unable to find jobs in the cities. Port-au-Prince, with a population of 300,000, is in fact the only large city in the country, and here the problem can be seen most dramatically. The dark hovels of the slums, with neither running water nor electricity, make rural Sicily seem affluent by comparison. In the pathetic open-air markets, prematurely-old young women sell rotting fruit and rusty bits of metal. Children roam the streets, too poor to go to school.

The statistics are not very helpful, but do give an indication of conditions in the country. The average annual income (whatever that means in a country like Haiti) is about $50. This is the lowest for any nation in the Western Hemisphere, and puts Haiti on a par with such poverty-stricken areas as the Brazilian Northeast and the Bolivian altiplano. Population density, which is one of the highest in the world, is kept in check only by a high mortality rate. There are about 5 million Haitians, although nobody knows for sure, most of them living off the land. Their average life expectancy is 40 years, compared with 65 in

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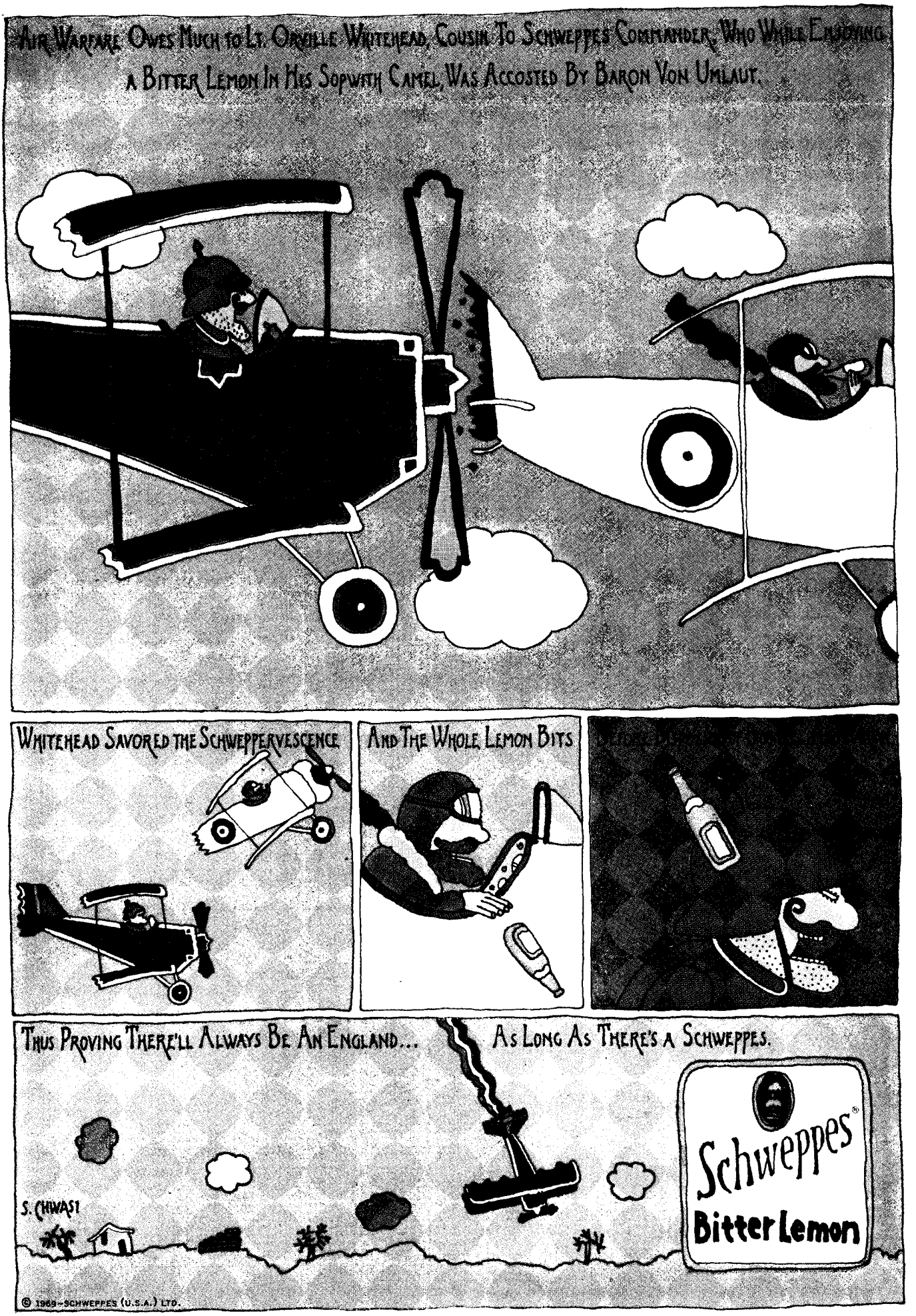

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the United States, and there are only about 250 doctors in the entire country. Of the 675,000 children of school age, only a quarter are actually enrolled in classes. At the university in Port-au-Prince, there are some 1500 students, and from dawn until long after sundown, one can see them strolling along the tree-shaded walks of the park outside the presidential palace, notebooks in hand, memorizing their lessons and reciting them aloud, like a troupe of black Hamlets.

While these students are the cadre of the new elite, the prospects for most of them are not very promising. "Of course it's nice to be one of the privileged few who get an education," one student at the law faculty complained, "but what am I supposed to do with it—sharpen pencils at the Ministry of Underdevelopment?" In a stagnant economy there are not nearly enough professional jobs for the qualified people being trained at the universities. Young people are either forced into jobs beneath their capacities or obliged to emigrate. Tens of thousands of trained Haitians have left the country, many of them for political reasons, others because there is little economic opportunity. An estimated 50,000 Haitians live in New York City alone, not to mention some 300,000 who work in the Dominican Republic.

The political-minded *émigrés* are badly splintered; often their only common ground is their opposition to Duvalier. New York is the headquarters for the major bourgeois-liberal opposition group, the Haitian Coalition. Its membership ranges from the moderate left of its young director, Raymond Joseph, to the center-right of ex-President Paul Magloire. The Coalition has Washington's unofficial blessing and represents the kind of vaguely progressive, property-respecting, pro-American government that the State Department would like to see installed in Port-au-Prince.

The left-wing opposition groups hold the coalition in contempt, charging that it is little more than a tool of the State Department and financed by the CIA. The two Marxist-oriented parties, PEP and PUDA, recently fused to form the Unified Party of Haitian Communists (PUCH), with headquarters in Havana. Like the Coalition, PUCH has an extensive information network within Haiti. In its two-hour daily radio program in Creole, it declares Duvalier to be a tool of American imperialism and calls for an armed peasant revolution. PUCH cadres have been organizing in Haiti for several years, and in 1967 held up the Royal Bank of Canada in Port-au-Prince, walking off with $60,000 for the purchase of arms. PUCH has set up contacts in the university and has tried to organize peasant groups in the mountains so that it may be in an influential position when the Duvalier regime ultimately crumbles.

The government has seized upon and greatly exaggerated the Communist danger. Shortly before the Rockefeller visit, Gerard de Catalogne, whose *Nouveau Monde* is the unofficial mouthpiece of the regime, wrote in his newspaper: "Under the government of President François Duvalier, Haiti will never become a Communist spearhead directed against the heart of the United States." What he neglected to point out, however, was that the longer the tyrannical Duvalier regime remains in power, the greater will be the appeal of the Communists to the suffering Haitians.

RONALD STEEL

LOS ANGELES

Early this spring, the guests at a small dinner party in the Hollywood hills were chatting about *Portnoy's Complaint,* pausing occasionally to watch the lights of Los Angeles dance across the sprawling plain below. The talk gradually drifted toward politics, and a well-respected leader of the state Democratic Party declared: "Abraham Lincoln couldn't get elected mayor of Los Angeles if he were black." The guests nodded sadly in agreement and returned quickly to the more cheerful topic of youthful sexual fantasies. For a few days in May it appeared that the Democratic politician might have been wrong. The polls showed that Thomas Bradley, the first Negro ever to make a serious race for the Los Angeles mayoralty, was leading Mayor Sam Yorty by a wide margin. But Yorty's campaign played on every secret fear: blacks and Reds, students and muggers, all somehow organized to "take over" Los Angeles, and other big cities as well. When the votes were counted the mayor had been re-elected by 53 percent to Bradley's 47 percent.

What was it about life in Los Angeles that made voters so responsive to an appeal exploiting fear? Why should Angelenos re-elect Sam Yorty after 74 percent of them were so dissatisfied with his record that they voted for other candidates in the primary?

What city?

Christopher Rand once wrote of Los Angeles as "the ultimate city," but it is really the "minimal city," a very private city; in fact, not much of a city at all. (Novelist Alison Lurie was closer when she called it "nowhere city.") It grew from a small central core as neighboring communities annexed themselves to get cheap water, but today, annexed or bound, few people identify with the larger municipality. Hardly anyone even admits to being from Los Angeles: people say they are from Van Nuys or Hollywood or Pacific Palisades, and it is amazing for a newcomer to find that these are not separate towns, but part of the city.

People cluster in these areas, each one with its own high school and shopping center, and conveniently disclaim responsibility for the rest of the city, particularly for the Negro districts. This is rather easy to do, since the largest black section in South Central Los Angeles is twenty miles away from many of the better white areas. One morning I drove with Bradley from his small home on the outskirts of the South Central area, across the Santa Monica mountains to the San Fernando Valley, the heartland of the white middle class. It took us more than half an hour, and most of the time he talked about how he wanted "to bring the city together." After Bradley had made such statements in public a few times, one local newsman said: "He wants to make Los Angeles into a city, but people here don't want to live in one."

Watts, in the South Central district, is further isolated by the lack of adequate transportation linking it to the central city and outlying industrial parks. The McCone Commission investigating the Watts riots pointed out that it was almost im-

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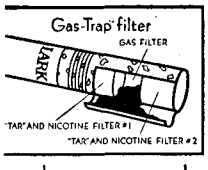

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possible for many local residents to get to work on public transportation, and little has changed: it still takes several hours to get almost anywhere from Watts without a car. (But if you're a black man with a police record you often cannot get credit to buy a car, even if you have a job. And if you own a house, it has been virtually impossible since the riot to get either insurance or a home-improvement loan.)

When asked about his position on such issues as low-cost housing, job training, or rapid transit, Mayor Yorty insists these problems are not his responsibility (as he did several years ago during a famous confrontation with Robert Kennedy at a Senate hearing) and that the Los Angeles charter limits the mayor's legal power. Bradley maintained during the campaign that the mayor can exert leadership by appealing to public opinion and negotiating with the City Council, the County Board of Supervisors, and various independent boards and commissions which do have legal authority. But Yorty's laissez-faire attitude coincided with the viewpoint of many of his constituents.

The isolation of individual communities is aggravated by the isolation of individual people. As the city gets more crowded, apartment buildings are becoming more popular, but most Los Angeles residents (more than two thirds) still live in one-family homes with lawns they cultivate assiduously. Many Watts residents, too, live in small homes on separate lots; they are often wretched inside but seem presentable from the street. There is at least a feeling of air and space which distinguishes Watts from the almost claustrophobic gloom pervading the tenement-lined streets of a place like Harlem. The sun gets in here. Flowers bloom in many yards, and occasionally you find a lemon tree. Great swaths of open space have been set aside to accommodate power lines running from a big generating plant, and a local antipoverty agency has used the vacant area to plant small vegetable farms and nurseries.

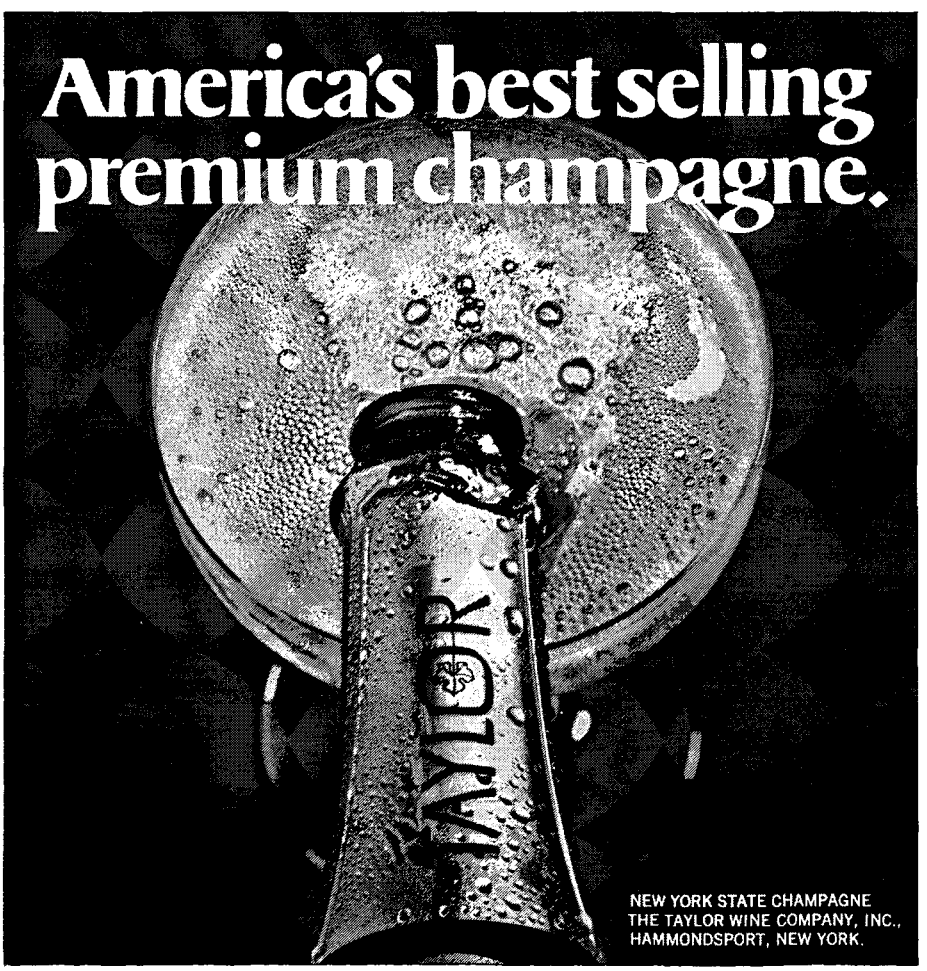
The radio, which plays a central role in everyone's life because so much time is spent in the car, advertises a bewildering array of plant food (plugged by a husky-voiced "Mrs. Nature"), "superweedilizer," and rust-resistant paint. (Buyers are warned not to purchase one particular brand during the week, because they'll get so excited they'll stay home and miss work to get at those cruddy old lawn chairs.) If the New York *Times* magazine makes its money from underwear ads, the Los Angeles *Times* thrives on pitches for swimming pools and their accouterments.

On a recent Sunday one was urged to buy a "baby-sitter" for the pool that keeps the water chlorinated even while you're on vacation; an automatic water sweeper; and a chemical that rids one's household of that insidious blight, "old-fashioned pool water." These homes, moreover, are seldom part of an organic unit. Many of them were constructed after the war in endless tracts that are almost caricatures of atomization. Even today, homebuilding rivals aerospace as the state's top industry, and while the latest developments have placed a greater emphasis on planning, they still find it hard to avoid the brittle sterility of most tract houses. There are many districts in Los Angeles, but few real neighborhoods. (In their search for privacy, some people have taken to the water; 20 percent of 6000 boat owners in a new marina here live on their boats.)

All roads

The primacy of the automobile in Southern California is legendary. Fifty-five percent of downtown Los Angeles is devoted to streets, gas stations, showrooms, and parking lots (the latest plan is to pave over a little garden in front of the public library, one of the last remaining green spots in downtown L.A.). Close to 80 percent of the commuters drive their own cars to work, and about the only rapid transit around is the monorail at Disneyland. It is harder to find a taxicab than a college president without ulcers. Art Hoppe, the columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle,* once said that the typical Los Angeles resident was "a well-preserved, middle-aged, middle-class, two-door Chevrolet sedan."

All roads eventually lead to super-



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Los Angeles

markets the size of football fields that should have rest stations in the aisles for anyone foolish enough to try to make it from the baked goods to the fresh vegetables in one trip. The enclave of Santa Monica has closed several streets and created a pleasant shopping mall; it is one of the few spots where people walk from store to store, interacting in the way that can make urban life so vital, but it is a rare place. Many people do not even go to the beach or other public places for recreation; they have their own weedilized lawns and pampered pools. You can usually get a ticket to a play or a reservation at a restaurant with little trouble; many people prefer to stay home.

James Q. Wilson has suggested that it is not the rootlessness of Southern Californians which makes them conservative so much as their devotion to their private lives and material possessions. And they do not want those lives disturbed by a central government which insists that they are part of a larger community and have some responsibility toward it. This factor shows itself on the issues of taxes. In April, three measures to raise revenues for city schools were defeated by the voters, and next year many school programs will have to be curtailed.

But rootlessness is a problem, for there is no settled community structure in Los Angeles, few traditions or institutions that have any history or influence. There seem to be few norms for what to do, how to dress, where to go. Chancellor Charles Young of UCLA wears turtlenecks for his official portraits, and many tradesmen show up in long hair and mustache. Ties and shoes are considered unnecessary apparel for all but the most formal affairs. Los Angeles is growing so fast (the city has gained almost 450,000 people since 1960), and so many people are from somewhere else, that this can be a particularly lonely place. Los Angeles has spawned the "singles" apartment complex—a sort of perpetual freshman mixer for those seeking ready companionship. The Sunday paper regularly advertises more than a dozen computer dating services promising instant bliss for the mateless reader. They

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have even begun to specialize: Christians, divorcees, and one outfit called Man to Man. The Los Angeles *Free Press,* an underground paper, carries pages of ads for "swingers," couples or singles who want to trade bed partners ("The In Crowd. Why not find out for yourself? Where FREE EXPRESSION is always YOUR decision! Modern—Discreet. Couples and Singles"). For those seeking solace in less energetic ways, the papers also carry a full list of Southern California's patented religious eccentricities. (Dr. Fletcher Harding spoke recently at the Community Church of Religious Science on "How to be frustrated successfully." The same page also advertised Zzyzx, California, a desert retreat that promises glowing good health if you take regular mineral baths and listen daily to the preaching of Dr. Curtis Springer. Zzyzx has its own airstrip for better-heeled converts.)

There are few cohesive "ethnic groups," except for the Mexicans, who have been slow to enter community life. It is hard to find a Polish-American home or a little Italian family restaurant. There are plenty of old people (more than 10 percent of the population is over sixty-five), but they have usually returned here for the weather, and their children and grandchildren often live somewhere else. There are ten divorces for every twelve marriages. Los Angeles has a special telephone number teen-agers can call for help on a wide variety of problems, and a "free clinic" where they can go, without their parents' knowledge, for advice about pregnancy, venereal disease, and other youthful afflictions. The good weather also draws kids from all over the country, and the Pacific Coast Highway is usually lined with stray teen-agers looking for rides. They are hippie-hobos, dropouts, and wanderers, living on the beach or in mountain cabins, enjoying the sun and the ocean and the cheap grass, rootless and free. The huge aerospace industry adds to the feeling of impermanence. Workers expect to be transferred every few years as old government contracts phase out and new ones begin. This spring alone, close to 10,000 local workers were dismissed after the Air Force canceled the Manned Orbital Laboratory contract. In one community

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PICASSO'
ENGRAV

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after–and possibly scandalous–work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life–and therefore no art–has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully–or joyfully–portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars.* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking ...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of **Avant-Garde** announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed **Avant-Garde** as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of **Avant-Garde** have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Garde**–64 pages–will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of **Avant-Garde** are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

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Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away–free –as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of **Avant-Garde**, let us explain that it is the most beautiful–and daring magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to **Avant-Garde** their most uninhibited–and inspired–works. **Avant-Garde** serves–consistently–as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to **Avant-Garde** include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science–and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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dominated by the defense industry, the average family stays only four years.

Many older residents are veterans of the great wave of immigration from the Middle West, and while this is hardly Marlboro Country, people preserve a residue of the frontier spirit, or think they do. This helps explain their affection for a man like Yorty, who has always been known as a "gutty little guy" and a "political maverick" who stood up to the "bosses" and the politicians. (A registered Democrat, Yorty has supported Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, among other Republicans.) It is a form of contemporary Populism that remains suspicious of bigness and sophistication, of Easterners and city slickers. Yorty, who came from Nebraska at the age of seventeen, repeatedly denounced the "Eastern money and influence" he said was pouring into Los Angeles to support Bradley. (Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie, and other Eastern politicians made TV and radio tapes endorsing Bradley. Charles Percy came here personally for the laying on of hands.) At one news conference Yorty pointedly refused to answer a question posed by a reporter for a big Eastern newspaper while the television cameras rolled. But Yorty's favorite target was the Los Angeles *Times* and its publisher, Otis Chandler, who had supported the mayor in 1961 and 1965 but turned against him after uncovering several scandals in his administration. (Yorty sued the *Times* for libel after a cartoon showed two white-coated attendants waiting for him with a straitjacket, but the case was thrown out.) Yorty chided Chandler, the scion of one of the city's few aristocratic families, as a "spoiled rich kid"; he attacked the *Times*, a paper with enormous local influence, for its "alliance with the extreme left-wing."

Check art

Although Yorty was able to conjure up a campaign specter of "downtown interests," hardly anyone in Los Angeles really qualifies as "society" or "old money." Big fortunes are seldom more than a generation old and were earned in real estate, oil, or the movies. Los Angeles, and the entire West Coast for that matter, still depend largely on Eastern capital. There is little here to compare with the august financial institutions of Wall Street, except the Bank of America (which now offers a choice of eight full-color California scenes on its checks). The pillars of the community, the men who donate theaters at the Music Center, own savings and loan associations that grew into billion-dollar enterprises during the postwar housing boom. On Wilshire Boulevard there is a bronze bust of a man who earned metallic immortality by building a shopping center.

UCLA, one of the oldest colleges in the state, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary this year, while Harvard was approaching its three hundred and fiftieth. The city of Compton, founded in 1880, boasts about its age. Labor unions have a stranglehold on newspapers in New York, but they cannot even get a contract with the Los Angeles *Times* or the *Herald-Examiner*. Political parties are just as ineffectual. Until a few years ago a candidate could run in both the Republican and Democratic primaries; party loyalty is about as prevalent as chastity. The lack of ethnic groups also helps free political life from formal patterns that are common in the East. Los Angeles did not even have a major league baseball team until 1954, and when it got a second one, the California Angels, the team moved to the suburbs. The most popular institution seems to be the police department, well known to television viewers through the *Dragnet* series. It is not only that people are frightened; the police are about the only group that links the city together. Yorty always gets a hand when he praises them as the "best in the country," and he scored heavily against Bradley by predicting that his opponent's election would provoke hundreds of resignations from the force (even though Bradley had been a policeman for twenty years).

Even physically the city exudes a certain instability and impermanence. Few structures stand taller than two or three stories. An "old building" is one built before 1950. The city strings out along endless parallel boulevards with no focus or center. The skyline at night re-

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minds one vaguely of Paterson, New Jersey. There aren't even many tall trees. Out beyond the San Fernando Valley you know there are mountains, but they are seldom visible through the smog. All the talk about an imminent earthquake has some geological justification. But it also suggests that a lot of people are unsure and vulnerable to threats as implausible as California's breaking off into the sea. The kooky cults of Southern California are well known, but they are not here merely because peoples' brains get addled in the sun. Black magic and astrology are big businesses; many people ask your zodiacal sign before they ask your name. (For five dollars a year you can now get your horoscope within seconds through a computer operated by a firm called Zodiatronics.)

There is something else to say: many of the aspects of Los Angeles which produce insecurity and reaction are also liberating. The lack of a community structure, or hoary institutions looming over you psychologically as well as physically, of rules and traditions and expectations, all these contribute to a certain sense of freedom.

Even the physical character of the city has its effects. Because it is so spread out, no one goes to the same place at the same time; you can get a parking space or a theater ticket without feeling that you are competing against thousands of people for it. There is room to breathe here (on smogless days), at least for the time being; bulldozers are as ubiquitous as sports cars. When I lived on the West Side of Manhattan my front window looked out on a grimy brick wall. If I craned my neck a bit I could catch a glimpse of the sky, and down the block was a scraggly little tree. Now I look out on trees and flowers and vast reaches of the Pacific, dotted with sailboats. Last month I saw three deer in our backyard.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Georgiana Stevens has written extensively about the Middle East, as has Alfred Friendly, Sr., who is associate editor of the Washington *Post*. Steven V. Roberts is Los Angeles bureau chief for the New York *Times*. Ronald Steel, author of *Pax Americana*, was recently in Haiti.

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THE MAIL:

Glazer and Student Politics

SIR: In his article "Student Politics and the University" in the July *Atlantic*, Professor Nathan Glazer simply seems not to begin to comprehend the depth of student frustration with social institutions, which, he says, work "well enough" and "could be changed." He is appalled at the excesses which this frustration has understandably produced, but ignores the substance, adding yet another level of frustration.

He pooh-poohs, for example, educational reform as a real issue in these dark days of national student conspiracy to overthrow the universities, the government, and heaven knows what else. Yet where is there any reform, any sensitivity to student voices and student concerns, any responsiveness, good faith, or campus democracy to test this issue?

The student movement since its beginning has cried out for the most modest kind of attention to the differences between graduate and undergraduate education, and to the readjustment of undergraduate affairs toward broader social and scholarly concerns and away from scholarly tracks of importance and interest, at best, to a specialized minority. Such sensitivity, let alone real accommodation, has been forthcoming in astonishingly meager amounts.

One supposes, at bottom, that Professor Glazer is mixing his ethics and his analysis neither more nor less than those radical students and professors he so thoroughly disparages. He will let pass a legion of social injustices nationally and internationally because, he says, they are too inextricably bound up with matters of governance and stability he does not want to see threatened.

But that is a matter of will and of talent, and in this he is too pessimistic. While there may be every reason why a senior professor at Harvard would want to let what will pass, pass—socially speaking—there is no reason why that society's students should accept it on any terms if they don't want it. Optimism is surely youth's most important prerogative.

ROBERT JOHNSTON
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: Nathan Glazer's article is the most perceptive account of campus unrest and its perils for a free society that I have read.

The irresponsibility of many faculty members at so many of our universities and colleges is a heavy burden for those of us who have worked for greater faculty participation in the affairs of our institutions. I wonder how many outside the academy know the constraints, sometimes for better but often for worse, imposed upon college and university administrations today by their teaching staffs.

PROFESSOR DANIEL MARX, JR.
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Theater As the Living End

SIR: Thank you for Richard Gilman's provocative essay on the Living Theater in the July issue of the *Atlantic*.

The attempt by the Becks and others like them, while desperately needed, also desperately needs a broader perspective on what it means to love. If the Becks succeed without that perspective, we could find ourselves in the horrifying position of having forgotten completely what it means to "transcend" ourselves, to go beyond, or at least to desire to go beyond, who we are. And anyone who has ever sat through the paradox of a Beck love-play, and experienced the strange loneliness, narcissism, and odd brutality of their "experience," knows exactly what that can mean.

ROBERT B. PIPPIN
Hartford, Conn.

SIR: When one stops to consider the fact that the panel discussion on which Mr. Gilman reports took place in a former Quaker meetinghouse, the futility and emptiness of the methods of the Living Theater are revealed in all their shoddiness. Every aim of this and similar groups was pursued and achieved by the Quakers in decency and silence, and without any of the shabby shibboleths and catchphrases of those who profess to speak for the arts today.

Robert Brustein and others who take a dim view of the excesses of the Living Theater are as much to blame for this travesty of drama as the participants. The desperate attempts of contemporary critics to find justification for every newly promoted style in music, painting, or drama simply open a way for all sorts of incompetence or put-ons. All that is needed to qualify a hole in the ground as sculpture, a sit-in as education, or random noises as music is an academician or a critic or two suffering from erudite logorrhea and profound anxiety concerning their jobs.

Critics and artists alike would do well to submit to the discipline of silence of the Quakers.

They might emerge as better artists and critics, or at least as more honest ones.

WERNER J. FRIES
Indiana, Penn.

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SIR: The strangest aspect of the article on the Living Theater is that the author seems to feel that he has some idea of what he is writing about. And yet, the man never experienced the high vibrations (energy-feeling) of the production. I did. I came away from the show a different and better person. I became conscious of my body as the actors began the show, and I began to breathe fully and freely. One actor came by me. I looked up into his face. It was a good face. This one was. He looked at me and said that I had holy flesh. He was right. I knew it then, I know it now. But *he told it to me. I felt very good.* This did not stop for me all night. I went up to the stage and held some strangers' hands and kissed some strangers and held the body of one of the actresses. She whispered in my ear. "Go to the others" is what she said, and so I did. There were hippie-looking people who were frightened, as I, as everyone there, was. We looked at one another, sometimes very hard and very long. We were searching for something. I spoke to one of the actors as we breathed rhythmically together. He was a Cancer. I tried to find out his rising sign, and he shut me up and told me to get back to living, which I promptly did.

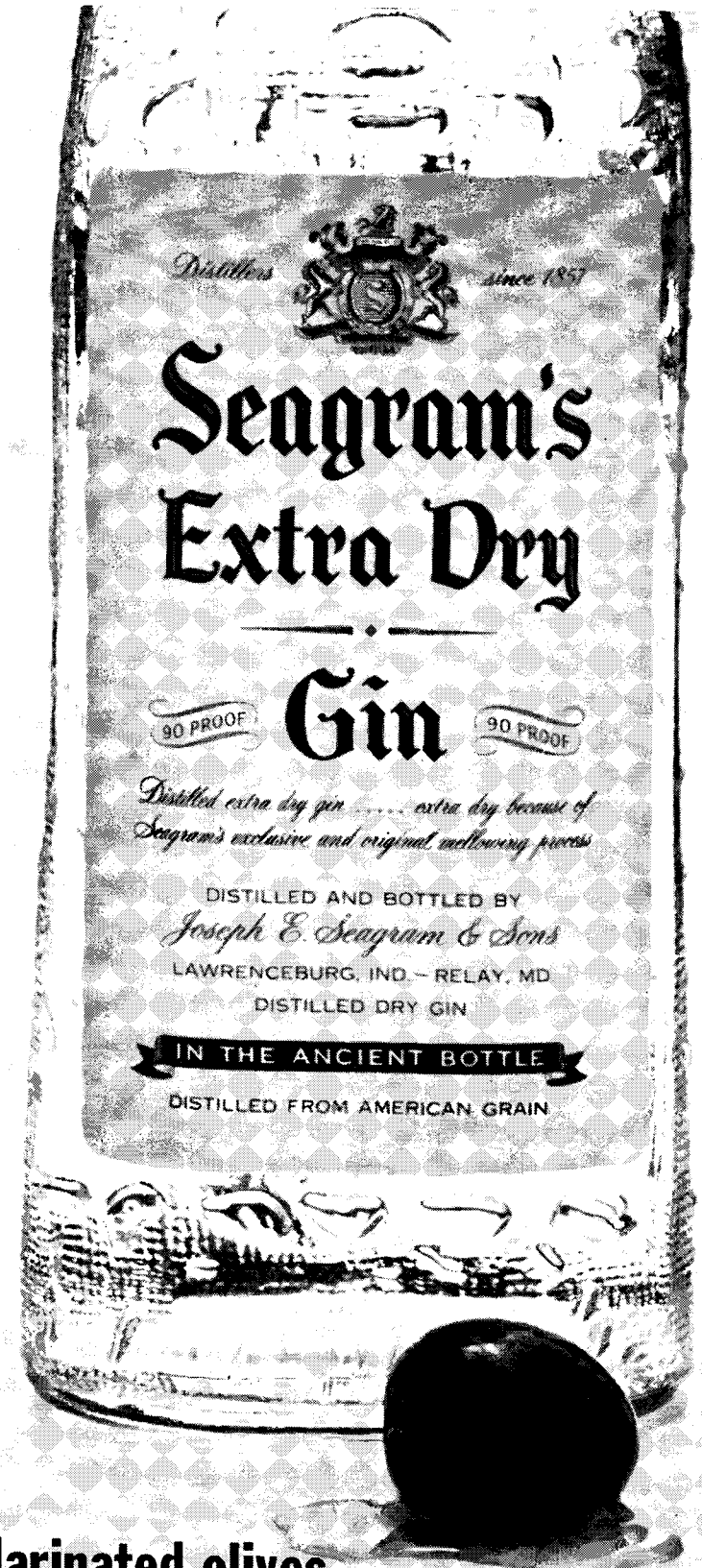
DAVID BRAHINSKY
Brooklyn, N. Y.

More on Black Studies

SIR: In the June issue of the *Atlantic*, Eugene Genovese wrote what I consider to be a very important article on black studies programs ("Black Studies: Trouble Ahead"). I agree with him that there is definitely trouble ahead. But because I am black first and a member of a university second, I cannot share Mr. Genovese's desire to preserve the institution of the university at all costs.

Blacks are in the universities as students, as faculty members, as

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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omnicompetent administrators and supermasculine menials. In every one of these instances we are exploited, isolated, alienated from ourselves and our communities. For us, there is no presently existing institution in America whose preservation is necessary to our freedom. In fact, the precise opposite is true.

At present, the universities perform the research necessary for America's imperial expansion in Vietnam and elsewhere, they perpetuate the social division of labor, they use the tracking system to harden class distinctions, and mirror the society's oppression of blacks and women. As long as these conditions persist and the society is wedded to these values, the university campus cannot be "an atmosphere of freedom and dissent for the pursuit of higher learning." To call it that and to be committed to its preservation on that basis is a fantasy.

MICHELE RUSSELL
Providence, R. I.

SIR: In his curiously uneven article on black studies Professor Genovese hurries over several highly ambiguous points.

In the first place, there is a basic inconsistency underlying Genovese's analysis. We are told that "there is no place in the general American university for ideological homogeneity and conformity." Yet later Genovese asserts that black studies can help "to combat the racism of white students." Here is the dilemma: Is the university to be truly a center for free discussion and tolerance or simply a propaganda outlet for the liberal view of the civil rights movement?

Further, Genovese apparently agrees that blacks have a right to maintain "some degree of ethnic homogeneity." If black students can enjoy "ethnic homogeneity," why not white students? Is the cultural homogeneity of the white South any less worthy of preservation than that of the black community?

The author vigorously attacks trustee control of American universities and proposes faculty-student domination. In fact, however, virtually all colleges, whether state or nominally private, are supported by public revenue. Does Genovese believe that taxpayers are going to relinquish their control over the universities while continuing to pay for them?

JAMES W. ELY, JR.
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: Eugene Genovese presents an unduly negative picture of the current thrust for black programs in American universities. We are told that powerful elements among white student radicals are seeking cynically to manipulate the black studies movement (this generalization is offered without evidence) and that irresponsible black nationalists by fighting for larger black teaching staffs obstruct the work of responsible black scholars. Mr. Genovese also informs us of his serious concern that universities will engage in "a cowardly surrender to all black demands, no matter how destructive to the university as an institution of higher learning or to American and Afro-American society in general." The warning is also offered that the view that black studies programs should be all black-staffed "constitutes an ideologically fascist position and must be understood as such."

The article asserts commitment to the need for special stress upon study of the black experience and recognizes that the call for black studies can have a transforming impact upon academic life. Genovese's main point, however, seems to be that the key problem in developing black studies is the irresponsibility of some black students and the desire of (unspecified) white radicals to use the concerns of blacks for ulterior ends.

I think Genovese has misread the evidence. The student activists are not faultless, there is a nihilistic fringe to the campus movements, but what stands out plainly is the sincere and genuine effort by black and white protesters to make the educational system relevant to the experience of Afro-Americans. Their activities are not to be explained by any middle-class totalitarianism but by a realization that humanistic learning is perverted when pursued in a racist atmosphere, and by an awareness that the persistence of racism threatens to foreclose America's future.

HERBERT SHAPIRO
Cincinnati, Ohio

Advice and Consent

SIR: Arthur Koestler's Report on Australia in the June *Atlantic* tells more about Koestler than it does about Australia. It reveals things I'd rather not know about a writer I have respected until now.

From the first paragraph, Koestler sets his tone and intent by making a plastic hook—of all possible absurdities—a symbol of Australia. He shows his perception by suggesting that Australia's suburbanization and urbanization are evil and were deliberately planned instead of what they are: natural growths from the several colonies' origins as seaports.

Astonishingly, he finds "no night life" in either Melbourne or Sydney, which makes him either blind or phobic to the dark. He quotes, as definitive, a commercial television person's assertion that there is "no real demand among viewers for cultural programs," omitting all mention of the government-maintained Australian Broadcasting Commission's excellent noncommercial (no advertising at all) programs of music, drama, documentaries, colloquies, and current events presented every day.

Despite the fact that most Australians live outdoors almost the year around, he suggests that they don't "go out" much. Incredibly, he quotes a social worker, subject of a story in the raffish *Sunday Mirror*, on wife-swapping and cites male striptease acts as if both were favorite indoor sports.

He clobbers the Australians for their immigration policies and practices, and fails to mention the successful integration of hundreds of thousands of in-migrants since the end of World War II. He does manage, in the last sentence, to squeeze out a bit of meretricious

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sympathy for "the predicament of a nation . . . descended from truculent forebears."

What else does Koestler omit? Practically everything worthy in the remarkable story of Australia. Start with the arts. He has no word about the symphony orchestras, which each of the six Australian states supports; nothing about the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, which presents drama, opera, and ballet; nothing about the lively commercial and little theater productions, imported and domestic, in all capital cities; nothing about the periodic arts festivals that offer the talents of top-flight artists, foreign and Australian, in all fields; nothing about the Federal and State Arts Councils, which send troupes of singers, actors, and dancers through the smaller cities and towns; nothing about the new Sydney Opera House, on the way to becoming a twentieth-century landmark in imaginative architecture; nothing about Melbourne's new Cultural Center; nothing about the magnificent art museums and private galleries in the capital cities; no mention of a literary tradition rich in such names as H. H. Richardson, Eleanor Dark, Rolf Boldrewood, Marcus Clarke, Henry Lawson, Joseph Furphy, Xavier Herbert, Patrick White, Alan Moorehead, and Morris West.

About other matters, Koestler is equally silent. He comments not at all on the amazing expansion of Australian higher education in recent years—half a dozen new universities, with a consequent tripling of total graduate and undergraduate population. He ignores both the Australians' tremendous industrial expansion since World War II and the many recent discoveries of iron ore, oil, and other minerals. The list of his omissions could be extended into nearly all the multitude of activities which establish a society's worth and by which its excellences and their opposites are judged. Koestler's judgments upon Australia are outrageous. Parallels would be to judge New York on the basis of a subway journey around Manhattan, or Chicago by a tour of the stockyards.

As a native-born American, I have been privileged to spend a total of about two years in Australia, a decade intervening between my two visits. The Australia Arthur Koestler so superficially examines and so contemptuously dismisses bears little

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

SEPTEMBER ISSUES

Do you believe there are two sides to every question? Too many people do; semanticists refer to this dysfunction of logic as the "two-valued orientation." Of course, most questions are poly-sided; much of the polarization that afflicts our society arises from two-valued thinking, a simplistic posture that breeds heat and frustration rather than reasoned illumination.

End of philosophic musings. They were engendered when we sat down to write this column and thought of the virtues of many-sided debate—as exemplified in a symposium on campus unrest and dissent, in the September issue of PLAYBOY, the longest single feature the magazine has ever published. Polar views *are* presented: S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State and Tom Hayden of SDS may be said to represent opposing viewpoints. But seven other participants, ranging from establishment prexies to militant *and* conservative students, also participate. We're very proud to be the publishers of this highly charged yet finally illuminating panel discussion, within which ideas are clarified and rhetoric is rubbed from long-frozen attitudes. Our closing editorial comment, at the end of this seminal discussion, reads in part as follows:

"Agreement has not been reached, but you have all done a signal service by taking time from your crowded schedules to cut through the smoke screens of acrimony and ad hominem attack in order to elucidate your positions and analyze (as each of you sees them) the causes of conflict. This, in itself, must be considered an important step toward the ultimate achievement of amity and progress to which all men of good will aspire."

* * *

The lapidary brilliance of John Updike's prose does him an odd disservice from time to time. It is so remarkable as to sometimes distract the cocktail-circuit *cognoscenti* from the intensity of feeling and profoundly compassionate understanding of which Updike is almost uniquely possessed. His stylistic elegance and his story-telling talent may be savored in this same September issue of PLAYBOY. His protagonist is a young American who is spiritually crushed by the deathly aftermath of the Mideast's Six Day War. Is Updike's "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying" a typical PLAYBOY story? Assuredly not; there is no such thing. But it may typify some of the successes that attend our continuing efforts to bring our readers the very best of contemporary writing.

* * *

The familiar metaphor for competitive upward striving in Megalopolis is the jungle, filled with ravening beasts—and with ethologists seeking to find in animal behavior parallels to the human condition. Desmond Morris, author of the best-selling "The Naked Ape," denies he is an ethologist, preferring the homelier and less voguey title of biologist. He also denies the validity of the jungle analogy; the correct animal metaphor for the behavior and life styles of big city denizens, says Morris, is the artificial and overcrowded habitat of the zoo. Read his "Status and Superstatus in the Human Zoo" in September's PLAYBOY before you go to the next preprandial gathering of the human-zoo bond-group to which you belong; your status may not zoom, but you'll be one-up on those who'll have to wait for the forthcoming book, of which PLAYBOY's article will be a section. (You may also gain new insights into the overheated strivings of your fellows, and even of yourself. We did.)

* * *

We love to talk about ourselves to people we think would enjoy our magazine but may not yet have done so. We'd love to tell you more about our September issue's other offerings: fact, fiction, cartoons, opinion, humor—and counsel, too, for we sometimes see ourselves as interpreters and mediators between the establishment and upsurging youth. But our space has run out, so we invite you to see for yourselves.

Cordially,
THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY.

P.S.: We also publish pictures of pretty girls.

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resemblance to the Australia of more perceptive visitors, a nation rich in accomplishment and in challenge. What a traveler takes from a foreign country depends in good part upon the attitudes he brings into it. Koestler's attitudes are implicit in his rancid judgments. Somehow he appears to have spread his own private darkness at noon over all the hours he spent among the Australians.

W. Sprague Holden
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

Sir: Though Merlo Pusey's thesis in "The President and the Power to Make War" (July *Atlantic*)—that the war power ought to reside with the Congress—is certainly justifiable, he has failed to formulate a convincing argument for it. The reason which he gives in support of his position is that the "Founding Fathers" deemed such an arrangement correct. He sees the Constitution of our government to have been "laid down" by these men irrevocably and seemingly unalterably.

It seems to be a uniquely American trait that we, with Pusey, attribute to our relatively reckless eighteenth-century politicans the touch of the divine hand, while in the same breath we damn our contemporaries for constitutional experimenting on a far more limited scale. The strength of the American Constitution has been flexibility of interpretation—long recognized, if never explicitly set down. The Gulf of Tonkin resolution cited by Pusey is an excellent example: far from abrogating the constitutional power of the Congress to make war, this resolution recognized and deferred to it in the process of changing it.

Though it is necessary to continued orderly government that we recognize certain principles of government as a type of supreme law, we should not be cowed by a religious awe for the Constitution of 1787 into a fear of all moderate constitutional experimentation. The very fact that the Tonkin resolution has led to such disastrous results can be regarded as a failure in a scientific experiment in government. Such a behavioral position might have served Pusey far better than the emotional argument on which he depended.

Alan J. Rider
Valparaiso, Ind.

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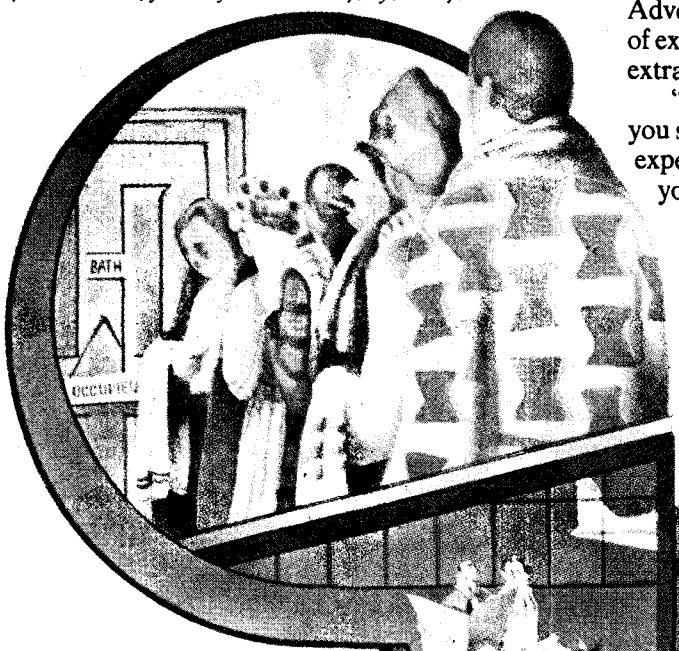

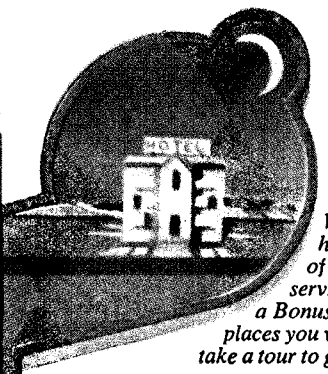

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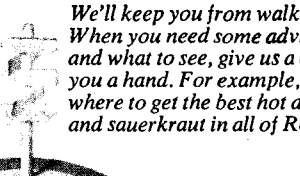

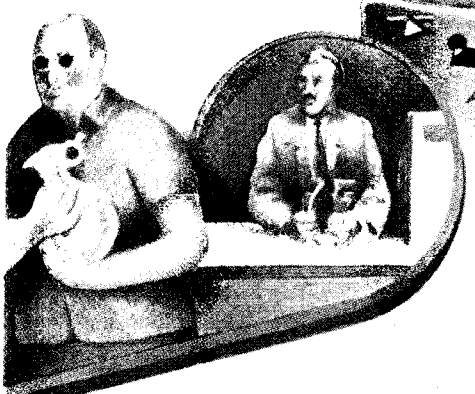

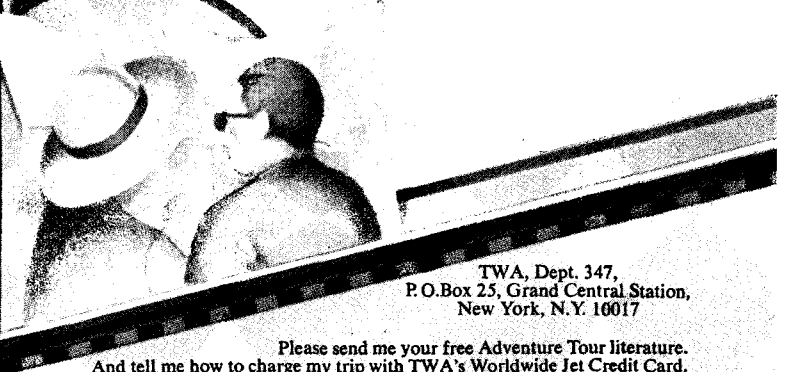

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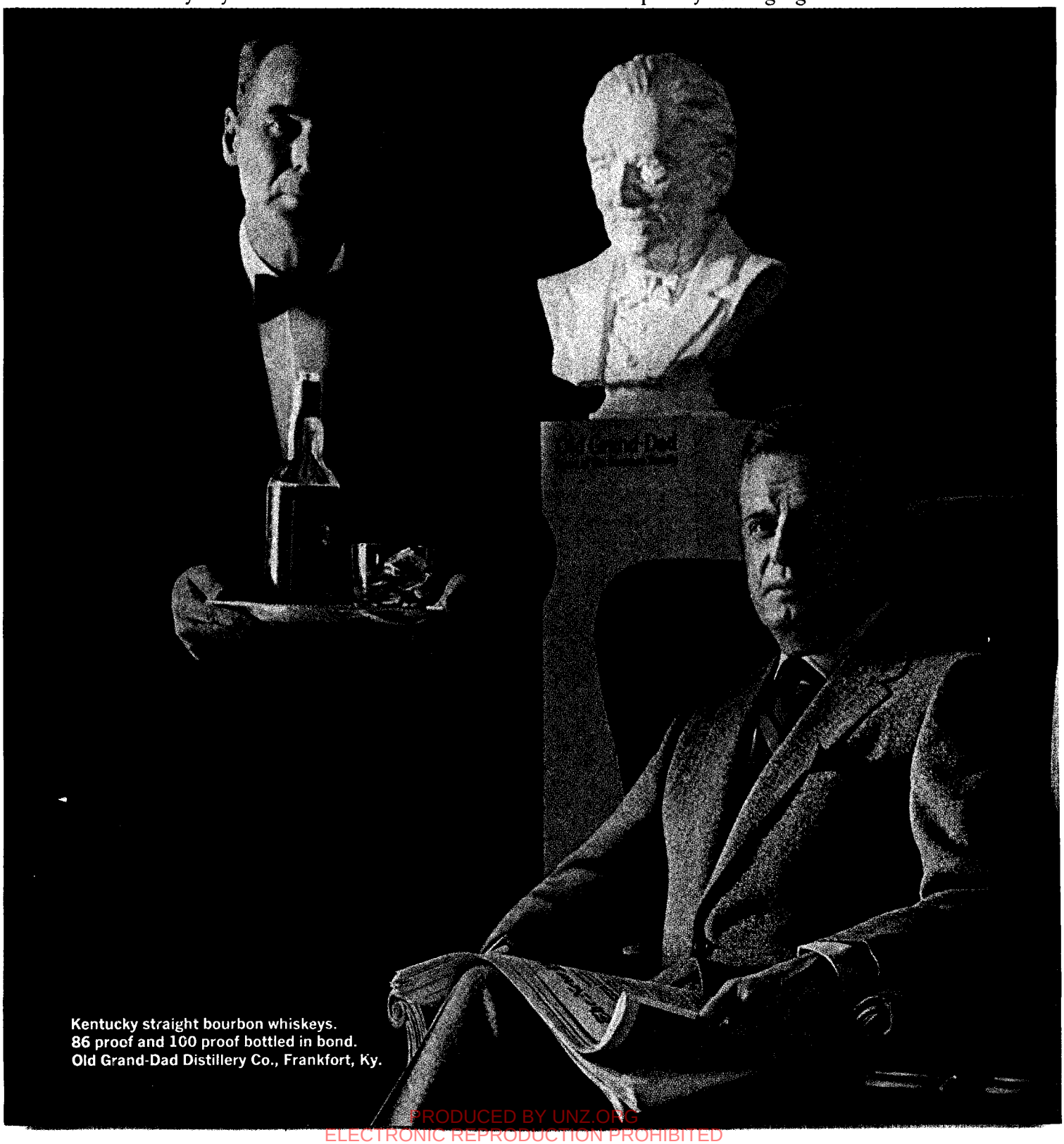

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Notes on a New History, Part I

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD

by Robert Jay Lifton

What is a New History? And why do the young seek one? I raise these questions to introduce the idea of a particular New History—ours—and to suggest certain ways in which we can begin to understand it.

We may speak of a New History as a period of radical re-creation of the forms of human culture—biological, institutional, technological, experiential, aesthetic, and interpretive. New cultural forms are not produced by spontaneous generation; they are extensions and transformations of what already exists. That which is most genuinely revolutionary makes psychological use of the past for its plunge into the future. Of special importance is the extent to which the new forms can contribute to the symbolic sense of immortality man requires as he struggles to perpetuate himself through family, race, and community, through his works, in his tie to nature, and via transcendent forms of psychic experience.

The shapers of a New History—political revolutionaries, revolutionary thinkers, extreme holocausts, and technological breakthroughs—also express the death of the old. This has been true of the American, French, Russian, and Chinese revolutions; the ideas of Copernicus, Darwin, and Freud; the mutilations of the two world wars; and, most pertinent to us, the technological revolution which produced Auschwitz and Hiroshima as well as the postmodern automated and electronic society. Each of these has been associated with "the end of an era," with the devitalization, or symbolic death, of forms and images defining the world view and life patterns of large numbers of people over long periods of time.

Great events and new ideas can thus, in different ways, cause, reflect, or symbolize historical shifts. The combination of Nazi genocide and the American atomic bombing of two Japanese cities terminated man's sense of limits concerning his self-destructive potential, and thereby inaugurated an era in which he is devoid of assurance of living on eternally as a species. It has taken almost twenty-five years for formulations of the significance of these events to begin to emerge, formulations which cannot be separated from the technological developments of this same quarter century, or from the increasing sense of a universal world society that has accompanied them.

The New History, then, is built upon the ultimate paradox of two competing and closely related images: that of the extinction of history by technology, and that of man's evolving awareness of himself as a single species. It may be more correct to speak of just one image, extraordinarily divided. And whatever the difficulties in evaluating the hu-

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man consequences of this image, psychologists and historians who ignore it cease to relate themselves to contemporary experience.

The celebrated 1962 "Port Huron Statement" of the Students for a Democratic Society, which is still something of a manifesto for the American New Left, contains the assertion: "Our work is guided by the sense that we may be the last generation in the experiment with living." I think we should take this seriously, just as many of us took seriously Albert Camus's declaration that, in contrast with every generation's tendency to see itself as "charged with remaking the world," his own had a task "perhaps even greater, for it consists in keeping the world from destroying itself." What I wish to stress is the overriding significance for each generation after Hiroshima (and the SDS leaders, though twenty-five years younger than Camus, made their statement just five years after he made his) of precisely this threat of historical extinction. In seeking new beginnings, men are now haunted by an image of the end of everything.

Do the young feel this most strongly? They often say just the opposite. When I discuss Hiroshima with students, they are likely to point to a disparity between my (and Camus's) specific concern about nuclear weapons and their generation's feeling that these weapons are just another among the horrors of the world bequeathed to them. Our two "histories" contrast significantly: my (over forty) generation's shocked "survival" of Hiroshima and continuing need to differentiate the pre-Hiroshima world we knew from the world of nuclear weapons in which we now live; their (under twenty-five) generation's experience of growing up in a world in which nuclear weapons have always been part of the landscape. This gradual adaptation, as opposed to original shock, is of great importance. Man is psychologically flexible enough to come to terms with almost anything, so long as it is presented to him as an ordained element of his environment.

But such adaptation is achieved at a price, and only partially at that. The inner knowledge on the part of the young that their world has always been capable of exterminating itself creates an undercurrent of anxiety against which they must constantly defend themselves, anxiety related not so much to death itself as to a fundamental terror of premature death and unfulfilled life, and to high uncertainty about all forms of human continuity. Their frequent insistence that nuclear weapons are "nothing special" is their particular form of emotional desensitization, or what I call psychic numbing. But the young must do a great deal of continuous psychological work to maintain their nuclear "cool." And this in turn may make them unusually responsive to possibilities of breaking out of such numbing, and of altering the world which has imposed it upon them.

All perceptions of threatening historical developments must occur through what Ernst Cassirer called the "symbolic net"—that special area of psychic re-creation characteristic of man, the only creature who "instead of dealing with . . . things themselves . . . constantly converses . . . with himself." In these internal (and often unconscious) dialogues, anxieties about technological annihilation merge with various perceptions of more symbolic forms of death. That is, Hiroshima and Auschwitz become inwardly associated with the worldwide sense of profound historical dislocation: with the disintegration of formerly vital and nourishing symbols revolving around family, religion, principles of community, and the life cycle in general; and with the inability of the massive and impersonal postmodern institutions (of government, education, and finance) to replace psychologically that which has been lost. They become associated also with the confusions of the knowledge revolution, and the unprecedented dissemination of half-knowledge through media whose psychological impact has barely begun to be discerned. There is a very real sense in which the world itself has become a "total environment"—a closed psychic chamber with continuous reverberations, bouncing about chaotically and dangerously. The symbolic death perceived, then, is this combination of formlessness and totality, of the inadequacy of existing forms and imprisonment within them. And the young are exquisitely sensitive to such "historical death," whatever their capacity for resisting an awareness of the biological kind.

The young are struck by the fact that most of mankind simply goes about its business as if these extreme dislocations did not exist, as if there were no such thing as ultimate technological violence or existence rendered absurd. The war in Vietnam did not create these murderous incongruities, but it does epitomize them, and it consumes American youth in them. No wonder, then, that so many of the young seem to be asking, How can we bring the world—and ourselves—back to life?

In referring to the young and their quests, my examples are drawn mostly from the more radical among them; and what I say refers more to those who are white, educated, and of middle-class origin than to blacks, uneducated youth, or those of working-class backgrounds. The same is true concerning my references to my own generation. In neither case can the people I describe be anything more than a very small minority within their age group, their country, or for that matter, their university. But in both cases they seem to me to exemplify cer-

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tain shared themes, psychological and historical, that in one way or another affect all people in our era and are likely to take on increasing importance over the next few decades and beyond.

Students of revolution and rebellion have recognized the close relationship of both to death symbolism, and to visions of transcending death by achieving an external historical imprint. Hannah Arendt speaks of revolution as containing an "all-pervasive preoccupation with permanence, with a 'perpetual state . . . for . . . posterity.'" And Albert Camus describes insurrection, "in its exalted and tragic forms," as "a prolonged protest against death, a violent accusation against the universal death penalty," and as "the desire for immortality and for clarity." But Camus also stresses the rebel's "appeal to the essence of being," his quest "not . . . for life, but for reasons for living." And this brings us to an all-important question concerning mental participation in revolution: what is the place of ideology, and of images and ideas, and of the self in relationship to all three?

Men have always pursued immortalizing visions. But most of the revolutionary ideologies of the past two centuries have provided elaborate blueprints for individual and collective immortality—specifications of ultimate cause and ultimate effect, theological in tone and scientific in claim. When present-day revolutionaries reject these Cartesian litanies, they are taking seriously some of the important psychological and historical insights of the last few decades. For they are rejecting an oppressive ideological totalism, with its demand for control of all communication within a milieu, its imposed guilt and cult of purity and confession, its loading of the language, and its principles of doctrine over person and even of the dispensing of existence (in the sense that sharp lines are drawn between those whose right to exist can be recognized and those who possess no such right). This rejection represents, at its best, a quest by the young for a new kind of revolution—one perhaps no less enduring in historical impact, but devoid of the claim to omniscience, and of the catastrophic chain of human manipulations stemming from that claim.

It is, of course, quite possible that the anti-ideological stance of today's young will turn out to be a transitory phenomenon, a version of the euphoric denial of dogma that so frequently appears during the early moments of revolution, only to be overwhelmed by absolutist doctrine and suffocating organization in the name of revolutionary discipline. Yet there is reason to believe that the present antipathy to ideology is something more, that it is an expression of a powerful and highly appropriate contemporary style. The shift we are witnessing from fixed, all-encompassing forms of ideology to more fluid *ideological fragments* approaches Camus's inspiring vision of continuously decongealing rebellion, as opposed to dogmatically congealed, all-or-none revolution. I would also see it as an expression of contemporary, or what I call "protean," psychological style—post-Freudian and postmodern, characterized by interminable exploration and flux, and by relatively easy shifts in identification and belief. Protean man as rebel, then, seeks to remain open, while in the midst of rebellion, to the extraordinarily rich, confusing, liberating, and threatening array of contemporary historical possibilities.

His specific talent for fluidity greatly enhances his tactical leverage. For instance, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, a leader of the French student uprising of May, 1968, in an interesting dialogue with Jean-Paul Sartre, insisted that the classical Marxist-Leninist principle of the omniscient revolutionary vanguard (the working class, as represented by the Communist Party) be replaced with "a much simpler and more honorable one: the theory of an active minority acting, you might say, as a permanent ferment, pushing forward without trying to control events." Cohn-Bendit went on to characterize this process as "uncontrollable spontaneity" and as "disorder which allows people to speak freely and will later result in some form of 'self-organization.'" He rejected as "the wrong solution" an alternate approach (urged upon him by many among the Old Left) of formulating an attainable program and drawing up realizable demands. While this was "bound to happen at some point," he was convinced it would "have a crippling effect." In the same spirit are the warnings of Tom Hayden, a key figure in the American New Left, to his SDS colleagues and followers, against "fixed leaders"; and his insistence upon "participatory democracy," as well as upon ideology of a kind that is secondary to, and largely achieved through, revolutionary action. So widespread has this approach been that the American New Left has been characterized as more a process than a program.

I would suggest that the general principle of "uncontrollable spontaneity" represents a meeting ground between tactic and deeper psychological inclination. The underlying inclination consists precisely of the protean style of multiple identifications, shifting beliefs, and constant search for new combinations. Whatever its pitfalls, this style of revolutionary behavior is an attempt on the part of the young to mobilize the fluidity of the twentieth century as a weapon against what they perceive to be two kinds of stagnation: the old, unresponsive institutions (universities, governments, families) and newly emerging but fixed technological visions (people "programmed" by computers in a "technetronic society"). A central feature of this attempt is the stress upon the communal spirit and the creation of actual new communities. And here too we observe an alternation between conservative images of stable and intimate group ties, and im-

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ages of transforming society in order to make such ties more possible than is now the case.

The process, and the underlying psychological tendencies, moreover, seem to be universal. Observing the nearly simultaneous student uprisings in America, France, Japan, Brazil, Germany, Italy, Mexico, South Africa, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Yugoslavia, and Spain, one can view them all as parts of a large single tendency, occurring within a single worldwide human and technical system. Here the planet's instant communications network is of enormous importance, as is the process of psychological contagion. To recognize the striking congruence in these rebellions, one need not deny the great differences in, say, Czech students rebelling against Stalinism, Spanish students against Falangism, and American, French, and Italian students against the Vietnam War, the consumer society, and academic injustices. In every case the young seek active involvement in the institutional decisions governing their lives, new alternatives to consuming and being consumed, and liberated styles of individual and community existence. Unspecific and ephemeral as these goals may seem, they are early expressions of a quest for historical rebirth, for reattachment to the Great Chain of Being, for reassertion of symbolic immortality.

The French example is again revealing (though not unique), especially in its extraordinary flowering of graffiti. Here one must take note of the prominence of the genre—of the informal slogan-on-the-wall virtually replacing formal revolutionary doctrine, no less than the content. But one is struck by the stress of many of the slogans, sometimes to the point of intentional absurdity, upon enlarging the individual life space, on saying "yes" to more and "no" to less. Characteristic were "Think of your desires as realities," "Prohibiting is forbidden," and, of course, the two most famous: "Imagination is power" and "Imagination is revolution." Sartre was referring to the overall spirit of these graffiti, but perhaps most to the revolutionary acts themselves, when he commented: "I would like to describe what you have done as extending the field of possibilities."

Precisely such "extending [of] the field of possibilities" is at the heart of the worldwide youth rebellion—for hippies no less than political radicals—and at the heart of the protean insistence upon continuous psychic re-creation of the self. Around this image of unlimited extension and perpetual recreation, as projected into a dimly imagined future, the young seek to create a new mode of revolutionary immortality.

Of enormous importance for these rebellions is another basic component of the protean style, the spirit of mockery. While young rebels are by no means immune from the most pedantic and humorless discourse, they come alive to others and themselves only when giving way to, or seizing upon, their very strong inclination toward mockery. The mocking political rebel merges with the hippie and with a variety of exponents of pop culture to "put on"—that is, mislead or deceive by means of some form of mockery or absurdity—his uncomprehending cohorts, his elders, or anyone in authority. (Despite important differences, there has always been a fundamental unity in the rebellions of hippies and young radicals which is perhaps just now becoming fully manifest.) In dress, hair, and general social and sexual style, the mocking rebel is not only "extending the field of possibilities," but making telling commentary—teasing, ironic, contemptuous—on the absurd folkways of "the others."

A classic example of the mocking put-on was Yippie leader Jerry Rubin's appearance at the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing on possible Communist involvement in the Chicago street demonstrations during the Democratic National Convention. The New York *Times* reporter, noting that Rubin wore a "bandolier of live cartridges," painted a vivid scene: "Bearded, beaded, barefooted and barechested, Mr. Rubin waved aloft what he called 'an M-16 rifle.' It turned out to be a toy. Later, stripped of his bullets, but still carrying his toy weapon, he was allowed into the hearing room where he spent much of the day jingling bells attached to his wrists, popping bubble gum and burning tiny sticks of incense." Here the put-on includes a dramatization of the most lurid fantasies of the adversary, together with little rituals so radically "out of place" in the particular setting that either they or the setting itself must be viewed as absurd. In contrast, the testimony of a staff investigator for the subcommittee that (again as reported by the *Times*) "the demonstrations were in line with 'the policies of Hanoi, Peking and Moscow,'" was a straight form of accusation and not, at least by intention, a put-on.

The mockery can be gentle and even loving, or it can be bitter and provocative in the extreme. Here the Columbia rebellion is illuminating. What it lacked in graffiti it more than made up for in its already classic slogan, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!" I make no claim to full understanding of the complete psychological and cultural journey this phrase has undergone. But let me at least sketch in a few steps along the way:

1. The emergence of the word "motherfucker" to designate a form of extreme transgression. The word might well have originated with the black American subculture, and certainly has been given fullest expression there and used with great nuance to express not only contempt but also awe or even admiration (though an equivalent can probably be found in virtually every culture).

2. The use of the word in contemptuous command by white policemen when ordering black

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(and perhaps other) suspects to take their place in the police lineup, thereby creating the full phrase, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!" The mockery here was that of dehumanization, and use of the phrase was at times accompanied by beatings and other forms of humiliation.

3. LeRoi Jones's reclaiming of the phrase for black victims—and, in the process, achieving a classic victimizer-victim turnabout—by means of the simple expedient of adding to it, in a poem, the line, "This is a stick-up."

4. The appearance of an East Village Yippie (Youth International Party)-style group (now becoming national) which embraced Jones's reversal to the point of naming themselves the "Up-Against-The-Wall-Motherfuckers."

5. The attraction of Columbia SDS leaders to this East Village group ("mostly because we liked their style," Mark Rudd said on one occasion); and the use of part of the phrase ("Up against the wall") for the title of a pre-uprising one-issue newspaper, and all of the phrase, including Jones's addition, to express contempt for Grayson Kirk in Mark Rudd's open letter to him published in that same newspaper. (The threatening chant "To the wall!" or "Up against the wall!" borrowed by young American radicals from the Cuban Revolution might also have figured in this sequence.)

6. The slogan's full flowering during the course of the Columbia strike, both in abbreviated and complete form, in shouted student chorus, for confronting just about all representatives of what was considered negative authority—police, city officials, administrators, and faculty. Rudd has claimed that his group adopted the slogan "in order to demonstrate our solidarity with the blacks and our understanding of the oppression they have been subjected to." But other student-strikers told me this was "a public explanation." They attributed the slogan's popularity to the students' general mood and feelings about their adversaries; and also to the presence of a few members of the East Village group. One, known as John Motherfucker, was constantly in view, wearing his "club jacket" with the organization's name lettered on it, and advocating even greater militancy. He became an object of both humor (other students thought his ideas "crazy") and affection.

7. The arrested students' renewed encounter with the police version of the shorter phrase ("Up against the wall!") when *they* were called to the police lineup.

8. Finally, Lionel Trilling's pun, in characterizing the striking students (not without affection) as "Alma-Mater-fuckers," a witty example of an important principle: the mocking of mockery.

In evaluating the significance of the phrase and its vicissitudes, the classical psychoanalytic approach would, immediately and definitively, stress the Oedipus complex. After all, who but *fathers* are motherfuckers? And who but sons yearn to replace them in this activity? Moreover, the authorities at whom the Columbia students aimed the phrase could certainly qualify, in one way or another, as father-substitutes. And there was much additional evidence throughout the student rebellions of a totem-and-taboo-like attack upon the father—as exemplified, mockingly and playfully, by another bit of French graffiti, "Daddy stinks" (*Papa pue*); and, mockingly and nastily, by Columbia students reported to have shouted at their faculty elders, "Why don't you go and die!"

But one does well to move beyond this kind of psychoanalytic explanation, to take it as at most a beginning of, rather than an end to, understanding. For if we assume that the mother in question is, so to speak, the fucker's own, we are dealing with an image of the ultimate violation of the ultimate incest taboo. Now, it has been said that this taboo is society's last inviolate principle—the only psycho-moral barricade which contemporary rebels have not yet stormed. Whether or not this is true, the bandying about of the phrase "Up against the wall, motherfuckers!" is a way of playing with an image of ultimate violation, and of retribution for that violation. The tone could be menacing and hateful, but on the whole (at least among the students) less one of irreconcilable rage than of taunting ridicule and mimicry. And the continuous reversals characterizing the whole sequence—the switches between victimizer and victim, accuser and accused—ultimately mock not only the whole social order and its linguistic and sexual taboos; like Trilling's pun, they mock the mocking phrase itself.

The tone of mockery can be a source of great unifying power. One could argue, for instance, that mockery provided the necessary continuity in the evolution, metaphorically speaking, from hippie (socially withdrawn experiments in feeling) to Yippie (activist assaults upon social institutions); as well as the psychological style around which elements of student-radical and hippie cultures could come to coexist within individual minds. In the Columbia rebellion the spirit of mockery was able to unite, if not in political action, at least in a measure of shared feeling, such disparate groups as hippies, Yippies, white student radicals, moderates, and some blacks (the police could also be included, but from across the barricades). And one can add to the list the distinguished professor whose pun I quoted, many of his faculty colleagues, a large number of Columbia students not involved in the strike, the writer of this essay, and probably most of its readers. For mockery is central to the contemporary style, confronting as it does the sense of absurd incongruity in the relationship of self to society, and ultimately of death to life, which we all share. There are moments when this incongruity can be dealt with only by the combinations of humor, taunt, mimicry, derision, and ridicule

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contained within the style of mockery. For when historical dislocation is sufficiently profound, mockery can become the only inwardly authentic tone for expressing what people feel about their relationships to the institutions of their world. And in this sense young rebels express what a great many other people—from conservative Wall Street broker to liberal college professor to black militant to anti-black Wallaceite—inwardly experience.

On the border of mockery are such slogans of the French students as "We are all undesirables!" and the much more powerful "We are all German Jews!" The slogans refer directly to the origins of Cohn-Bendit, the student leader, but their significance extends much further. They mock not only anti-Semitism and national-racial chauvinism, but the overall process of victimization, and the "old history" for harboring such victimization. The method by which this was done is worth noting: a vast open-air charade with thousands of students who, by shouting in unison "We are all German Jews!", momentarily became classical European victims, thereby rendering ridiculous the very categories of victim and victimizer. At this affirmative border of mockery, then, and at the far reaches of the protean style, is a call for man to cease his folly in dividing himself into what Erik Erikson has called pseudo-species, and to see himself as the single species he is.

One can observe a related if much more confusing impulse toward inclusiveness in the diversity of ideological fragments young rebels embrace. Thus hippies, for their experiments with the self, draw upon Eastern and Western mysticism, chemically induced ecstasy, and various traditions, new and old, of polymorphous sexuality. Young radicals may incorporate any of these aspects of hippie culture, and combine them with ideas and images drawn from many different revolutionary experiences (pre-Marxist utopians, anarchists, Marx, Trotsky, Lenin, Rosa Luxemburg, Mao, Castro, Guevara, Debray, Ho, Gandhi, Fanon, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Stokely Carmichael, and H. Rap Brown); from recent psychological and social theorists (Sartre, Camus, C. Wright Mills, Herbert Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, Erik Erikson, Abraham Maslow, and Paul Goodman); and from just about any kind of evolving cultural style (derived from jazz or black power or "soul," from the small-group movement and the Esalen-type stress upon Joy, or from camp mockery of Victorian or other retrospectively amusing periods).

Moreover, the emphasis upon the experiential—upon the way a man and his ideas *feel* to one right now, rather than upon precise theory—encourages inclusiveness and fits in with the focus upon images and fragments. Details of intellectual history may be neglected, and even revered figures are often greatly misunderstood. But the overall process can be seen as a revolutionary equivalent to the artist's inclination to borrow freely, selectively, impressionistically, and distortingly from predecessors and contemporaries as a means of finding his own way.

Of enormous importance as models are heroic images of men whose lives can be viewed as continuously revolutionary. The extraordinary lives of Mao, Castro, and especially Guevara can combine with romantic mythology of many kinds, including that of perpetual revolution. In a sense Castro and Guevara are transitional figures between the total ideologies of the past and the more fragmentary and experiential ones of the New History. But heroes and models tend to be easily discarded and replaced, or else retained with a looseness and flexibility that permit the strangest of revolutionary bedfellows. In lives as in ideologies, the young seek not the entire package but those fragments which contribute to their own struggle to formulate and change their world, to their own sense of wholeness. Their constant search for new forms becomes a form in itself.

To dismiss all this as a "style revolution" is to miss the point—unless one is aware of the sense in which style is everything. One does better to speak of a *revolution of forms,* of a quest for images of rebirth which reassert feelings of connection and re-establish the sense of immortality; and of a *process revolution,* consistent with the principles of action painting and kinetic sculpture, in which active rebelling both expresses and creates the basic images of rebellion. The novelist Donald Barthelme's statement that "fragments are the only form I trust" has ramifications far beyond the literary. However severe the problems posed by such a principle for social and especially political revolution, we deceive ourselves unless we learn to focus upon these shifting forms—to recognize new styles of life and new relations to institutions and to ideas. Indeed, we require a little revolutionizing of our psychological assumptions, so that both the young and the old can be understood, not as bound by static behavioral categories, but as in continuous historical motion.

Let us, for instance, turn to the extremely important symbolism surrounding fathers and sons. Here the theme of fatherlessness is prominent, but it does not necessarily include a search for a "substitute father."

In addition to his biological and familial relationship to his children, we may speak of the father as one who mediates between prevailing social images on the one hand and the developmental thrusts of his children (biological or symbolic) on the other. Because the father is clearly not a simple conduit, and imposes a strong personal imprint (his "personality") upon the child, we tend to fall into the lazy psychoanalytic habit of seeing every authoritative man or group coming into subsequent contact with the child from the larger society as a "substitute" for the father, as a "father figure."

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Yet considering the enormous part played by general historical forces in shaping what the father transmits (or fails to transmit), one might just as well say that he is a "substitute" for history, a "history figure." The analogy is admittedly a bit farfetched—a flesh-and-blood father, and not "history," conceives the child, teaches him things, and tells him off—but so is the tendency toward indiscriminate labeling of one person as a "substitute" for another. We do better, especially during periods of rapid change, to see fathers and sons as bound up in a shifting psychological equilibrium, each influencing the other, both enmeshed in forms specific to their family and their historical epoch. (Mothers and daughters are, of course, very much part of all this. But the mother's "mediation," for biological and cultural reasons, tends to be more heavily infused with nurturing; her way of representing forms of social authority tends to be more indirect, complex, and organically rooted. And revolutionary daughters, like their mothers, deserve an evaluation of their own, quite beyond the scope of this essay.) A son's developing image of the world should not be attributed to a single cause, nor considered a replacement for an earlier imprint.

Nor is the father by any means a pure representative of the past. Rather he is a molder of compromise between the history he has known and the newer one, in which the life of his family is immersed. During periods like the present he is, psychologically speaking, by no means a clear spokesman for stability and "order." He is more a troubled negotiator, caught between the relatively orderly images he can retain (or reach back for) from his own experience and the relatively disorderly ones anticipating the new shape of things. While likely to be more on the side of the former than the latter, in the midst of a revolution of forms his allegiances may not be too clear. He finds himself suspended in time, weakened by the diminishing power of old forms, and by his inability to relate himself significantly to (or even comprehend) the new.

During earlier revolutions (the French Revolution or the social revolution of the Renaissance) the old history under attack, however vulnerable, was still part of a coherent formulation of the world—theological, political, and social. One suspects that this formulation provided the fathers of the time with psychic ammunition sufficient to confront their rebellious sons. But the old history now being attacked, reflecting as it does more than two hundred years of erosion of traditional forms of every kind, permits fathers no such symbolic strength, no such capacity for confrontation. Instead we find a characteristic father-son pattern emerging in families in various parts of the world—among young American radicals (as reported by Kenneth Keniston), Japanese *Zengakuren* student-activists (whom I interviewed), and, very likely, many young French student rebels. The pattern is this: the son, fortified and recurrently exhilarated by his radical convictions, and by his sense of being ethically and historically *right,* pities rather than hates his father for the latter's "sellout" to evil social forces. He views his father as one who has erred and been misled, as a man in need of patient re-education rather than total denunciation. And the father himself, inwardly, cannot help sharing many of these judgments, however he may try to attribute them to his son's immaturity and youthful excess. This is the sense in which fathers no longer exercise ethical, or formative, authority over their sons. They have lost their capacity to guide their offspring through the shifting forms of their common world. They can be fathers but not mentors.

This loss of mentorship is what we generally call "the absence of male authority." Its large-scale occurrence reflects the *historical* absence of a meaningful set of inner images of what one should value, how one should live. But it is experienced by the individual as a profound sense of fatherlessness. Sons feel abandoned by their fathers and perceive the world as devoid of strong men who know how things are and how they should be.

But precisely this kind of symbolic fatherlessness makes possible every variety of experiment and innovation. Just as the young lack the nurturing comfort of fixed social forms, so are they free of the restricting demands of these forms. Since nothing is psychologically certain, everything is possible. And there emerges what might be called an "unencumbered generation," in politics as well as in everyday life.

Unencumbered rebellion can include every variety of tactical and ideological foray into present-day existence—as expressed in this country's "new politics" (the young radicals' politics of confrontation, the Yippies "politics of ecstasy," and the more staid but still politically unconventional and youth-influenced campaigns of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy), and especially in contemporary novels (such as the nightmare version depicted by Sol Yurick in *The Bag*). This potential for innovation is perhaps the least understood dimension of the new rebels. It particularly confuses members of the Old Left, and provokes them either to reassert older judgments about how radicals should behave, or to attempt (often with considerable sympathy) to subsume the new rebellion under a traditional ideological label. "Anarchism" is the most tempting, because of its stress upon human relations in autonomous communities and opposition to centralized power, and because of what George Woodcock has referred to as "its cult of the spontaneous . . . [and] striking protean fluidity in adapting its approach and methods to special historical circumstances." But even Woodcock speaks of "a new manifestation of the idea"; and the

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young themselves tend to alternate between accepting the anarchist label as one of their ideological fragments, and expressing wariness toward it as still another potential ideological trap. Perhaps Sartre was wiser in his characterization of the phenomenon to Cohn-Bendit: "You have many more ideas than your fathers had. . . . Your imagination is far richer."

The formative fathers of the young rebels are the middle-aged members of the intellectual left. (I recently heard one articulate young rebel say as much to an audience made up mostly of university professors: "We are your children. You taught us what American society is like.") And the encounter between formative fathers and sons takes on special importance. On the one hand the young rebels seize upon their innovative freedom and seek to live out both the classical revolutionary myth of making all things new, and the contemporary protean myth of infinite shape-shifting to the point of rendering the past totally "irrelevant." They may thus view their formative fathers as no more than rickety impediments. But on the other hand, they give the impression of constantly seeking *something* from this group of their elders: confirmation in radicalism, adult-dispensed legitimation (psychological and ethical), authoritative support, and at times even guidance (but never direction), concerning theory and tactics. (One must keep in mind the origins of many of the ideological fragments of the young rebels in older-generation thought, such as that of Herbert Marcuse and C. Wright Mills, without viewing these origins as determining everything.) The young, then, do seek connection, but a connection that does not suffocate or even restrict. The connection may be essentially negative—the young may contrast their own activism, flexibility, and moral intensity with their elders' passivity, fixity, and shameful compromise—but even this can be a form of connection.

The "fathers" involved also crave connection. As long-standing advocates of liberal or radical programs, now puzzled or even terrified by their intellectual offspring, they too ask themselves where they can link up with what is happening. But nothing for these formative fathers is clear-cut. They do not live in a time (Confucian or biblical) in which sons are expected to honor, and seek to become like, their fathers. Nor do the young bring to them the kind of total negation expressed in a three-sentence commentary by a member of Hell's Angels: "I don't like nothin'. I don't like nobody. Fuck everything." Instead, the middle-aged left-intellectual finds the encounter to be replete with ambiguity. He is likely to be alternately attracted, repulsed, impressed, bedazzled, jarred, and bemused by young rebels and their behavior—his historical sense and paternal impulse combining to tell him he should *do* something, but what?

He at times responds by reviving his own radicalism, which can in turn take the form of either a serious re-examination of his world or of an uncritical psychological identification with the young. Or he may have the opposite response of angry and unyielding dissociation from the young, sometimes with searching criticism of their programs, but all too often with a petulant and willfully uncomprehending declaration of generational warfare. A third response, a favorite of postmodern intellectuals *in times of crisis, is that of escape into technical* and professionalized preoccupations—though the allergy of the young to this stance is making it more and more difficult to maintain. There are, of course, other kinds of responses, but here I want to stress the very real psychological, actually psychohistorical, problems faced by these members of the "older generation."

For instance, they experience severe feelings of guilt over reminders of never-quite-abandoned ideals and never-quite-comfortable accommodations; over not doing more to embrace the young and their movement, or if they do embrace them, over the possibility of repeating their own past political mistakes in response to a new call to revolution. They feel rage toward the young because of the severe threat they represent (sometimes accompanied by envy of the strength and conviction behind that threat), as well as rage toward themselves because of their own sense of impotence. Most of all, they perceive a fundamental threat to overall integrity, to whatever degree of wholeness they have been able to achieve in their own blend of individual and historical forms, in their decent liberalism, ordered radicalism, professional autonomy, and personal privacy—that is, a threat to the entire structure of their lives. And even those who, like Sartre, wish to acknowledge the superior imagination of their "sons" must sense that, as older models, they are likely to be rather quickly "used up," and either discarded or retained condescendingly in order to make way for new imaginative forays. It could be argued that the young have bypassed fathers for formative grandfathers, such as the seventy-year-old Marcuse and the seventy-five-year-old Mao, a pattern frequently resorted to when rapid historical change weakens the former and renders the latter in various ways more heroic. But I would see this as only one among many patterns, and point to younger models such as Guevara and Castro, as well as to such "old" young radicals as Tom Hayden. In any case, formative fathers risk inner agreement with the young's accusatory chant of "irrelevance" until they can discover their own relationship to unprecedented events.

(To be continued)

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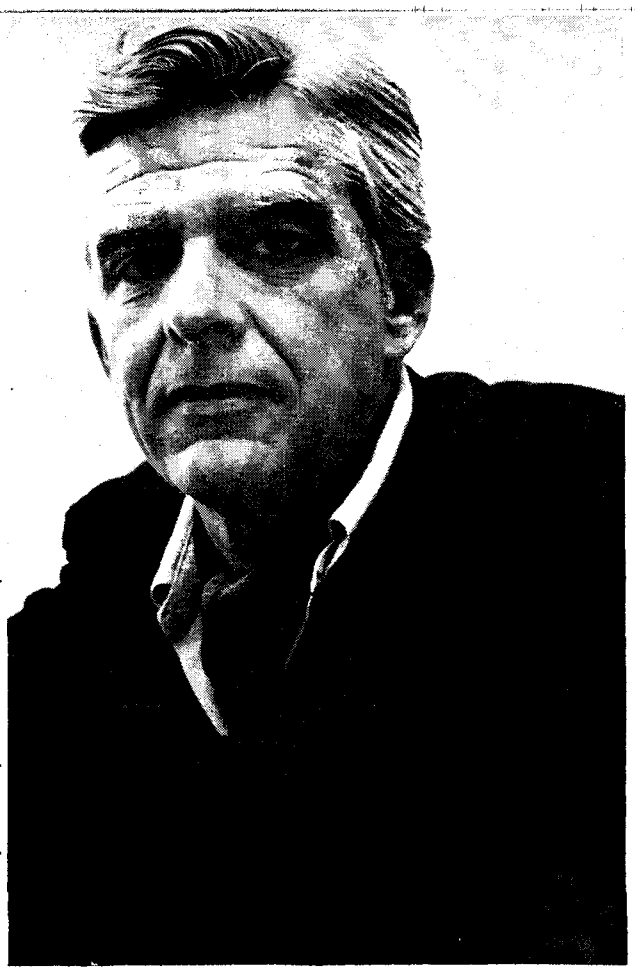

Photo courtesy of Pennsylvania State University.

"Tell me, doctor, will I be active right up to the last?"

by Howard Luck Gossage

Our society views dying as being in questionable taste despite the fact that ten out of ten still do it. Perhaps it is part of our emphasis on eternal youthfulness as opposed to maturity. The life-span expands, and we have chosen to put the stretch on the early part. We apparently like to think of ourselves as being young or youngish right up to the moment when we proceed with bouncy step to retirement communities, there to live on forever in spry clusters of ranch-style death houses.

The word "death" is almost never employed nowadays except as a legal term or for intentional shock. I note the increasing use of "passed on," a usage confined until recently to Christian Scientists and others who deny death categorically.

It is therefore not surprising that our funerals are no longer scenes of terrible public grief, nor are there purging wakes, celebrated from the dawn of history, to confirm that we are still alive Overt performance of death rituals is not considered good form unless televised nationwide. But this, too, has diminishing returns. Over the years from J.F. Kennedy to Eisenhower we have seen that a TV formula can turn even death into a bore.

This refusal to recognize a threatening phenomenon, or even to utter its name lest it gain power over you, is magical thinking of a primitive order. One of the choicer recent examples is the substitution in many newspaper horoscopes of "Moon Children" for the zodiac sign Cancer. A sardonic friend of mine was recently cornered at a cocktail party by one of those horoscope-spouting sibyls. He was asked, "How did your mother go?" He replied, "She was taken by Moon Children"; thus passing on two birds with one stone.

The price we pay for this pastel-washed denial of the only inevitable experience of life may be higher than we know. Our abnegation, as a people, of death may be the chief reason we seem to get so little genuine joy out of everyday life. For when life stretches out indefinitely, world without end, there is no yardstick for momentary pleasures, and passing pains are blown up out of all proportion.

One might say that this never-never thinking is a natural evolution of the Greco-Judeo-Christian ethic, but this is not supportable. The ancient Greeks did not hold with a personal, defined afterlife, nor does Judaism even now. Christianity, since it does believe in a hereafter, necessarily recognizes life as a prerequisite. However, it is notable that the more specific a given religious society's acceptance of death as a finality, at least of life as we know it, the more importance its members are likely to assign both to funerals and to day-to-day living. Whatever else may be said of this mode of thought, it is apparently not boring. A modern Greek, a Spaniard, an Irishman-in-Ireland will still put on a funeral worth going to. At the same time their countries have the lowest suicide rates in the world

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and an enviable relish of dinky temporal joys.

As an aside, the ancient Egyptians, because of their notable death rituals, elaborate preparation of bodies, and staggering devotion to necropolises, are popularly supposed to have had a morbid preoccupation with dying, so that it hung over their entire lives like an immense pall.[1] I think, however, just the opposite must have been true: that the Egyptians, because they had death so well sorted out, must have led vigorous, rewarding, and even sunny lives. It is hard to imagine how a civilization could have lasted for all those thousands of years—much longer than anyone else's—unless life itself had been purposeful and worth the living.

In spite of my citing these national and cultural examples, I don't think that dying is or ever has been a mass phenomenon; it is something that each man ought to do for himself, without assigning a proxy. What a society can do is grant him permission to die so that he need think no more about it, but can go ahead and live until the time comes—staving it off as long as possible, of course. In America, we seem to walk around this subject entirely, so that with the passing of old-time religious sureties—and the stretching-out of life so that three score and ten is no longer a goal, but a mere norm—we simply do not know how to think about death at all. Nobody has given us permission to die, or to live, for that matter. So what we do is sort of happen until one day we sort of stop happening.

In our culture dying has a vocabulary, surely, but it is mostly expressed in figurative terms and by euphemistic rituals derived from popular art forms. Nature imitating art is no new thing, but thanks to mass communication, it is probably more pervasive today than at any other time in man's history. It extends to acts so commonplace that one would suppose they had always existed as they are. The matter of closing one's eyes when kissing, for example. I understand that it became a social convention only with the birth of motion pictures. Some early director must have noticed that his actors looked funny kissing while staring at one another, so he told them to close their eyes. If you find this hard to believe, observe how small children as yet unimpressed by movie love scenes will kiss eyeball-to-eyeball. Seventy years ago presumably everybody did; at any rate, it was not considered bad manners to do so.

I had graphic proof of this conditioning-by-media one time when I was informed that I had contracted a fatal disease. "Contracted" seems a strange word to use in this connection; it sounds as though you have to sign up for it, with codicils, and all. Well, codicils is what I had, all right, terminal codicils, with maybe six months to live.

On the basis of this one experience I found out where doctors acquire their graveside manner. There were two of them in there to break the news, and from the first clearing of the throat it was pure *déjà vu*. It was uncanny. I knew exactly the words they were going to say, and I made the responses automatically.

Then it dawned on me why. They had picked it up the same place I had, at the knee of old Auntie Procter & Gamble. What we were enacting was an amberized sequence from an antique episode of Helen Trent or Young Dr. Kildare. Honest to God, I found myself saying at one point, "Tell me, Doctor, will I be active right up to the last?"

Not to keep you on tenterhooks, the deal was stalled off before the deadline. On that day, however, neither I nor the doctors suspected that the cavalry was going to gallop up waving a reprieve. I believed it was a moment cast in bronze: it still is: there is nothing like it.

I believed it, but had no intention of abiding by it, and began thinking how I could turn this disaster to an advantage. This quick reaction (the soap opera dialogue was still going on) was due to lifelong conditioning, I suspect, for I have made a career out of the notion that if you are stuck with a lemon, make lemonade. Still, I recall that the part of one's brain that observes such things was surprised and even pleased at this unexpected burst of objective activity. It may have illustrated Bertrand Russell's thesis that "all unusual energy is inspired by an unusual degree of vanity." But the line that passed through my thoughts just then was Samuel Johnson's, "Depend upon it, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

None of this prevented me from feeling perfectly happy. Bertrand Russell describes this sensation, though it sprang from an obverse experience, as I shall try to explain. He had been given up for dead (at about the age I was, fifty), but was making an unexpected recovery. He says: "Lying in my bed feeling that I was not going to die was surprisingly delightful. I had always imagined till then that I was fundamentally pessimistic and did not greatly value being alive. I discovered that in this I had been completely mistaken, and that life was infinitely sweet to me. . . . I have known ever since that at bottom I am glad to be alive. Most people, no doubt, always know this, but I did not."

I question the long-term endurance of this gladness-to-be-alive unless it is preceded and accompanied by an equally poignant revelation that one will die; whether soon or sometime is academic. I have found that the gratitude for life that follows mere escape from death, however vivid and narrow, is not likely to stick to one's ribs. I am sure you can confirm this from your own experience: in the

[1] As I write this it occurs to me that "pall" cannot possibly mean coffin, as in "pallbearer." Checking the dictionary, I find this to be so: the pall is a cloth, usually black, purple, or white velvet, lofted over the coffin by six attendants. So, whatever those men carrying the box are, they are not pallbearers.

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glorious, shaken aftermath you swear never to worry about anything trivial again; you do, of course, usually within hours. On the other hand, it is possible to acquire and retain this bone-deep feeling of life *because* there is no reprieve, for one is alive now. Lord Russell, no doubt, has always known this; I did not.

Let me try to clarify this uncomplicated awareness by separating it from two other types of life-before-death recognition which, unlike the other, are familiar even to those who haven't experienced them personally—possibly because they are not usually private, but involve other people. Also, both are perversions of real life and are therefore more recognizable. The first occurs when the doctor assigns what John Steinbeck calls "one of those carefully named difficulties which are the whispers of approaching age," and with it a lecture that ends, "slow down." You know that you're going to die, but it doesn't make you feel more alive. You do cut down, but these diminutions of activity are not limitations which concentrate energy, but are truncations of manhood. It is, in fact, a reversion to babyhood, and is encouraged by others, especially wives. It is all extremely comfortable, for "who," Steinbeck asks, "doesn't like to be a center for concern? A kind of second childhood falls on so many men. They trade their violence for the promise of a small increase of life span."

The above is from *Travels With Charley,* and was the reason he took the trip. "I did not want to surrender fierceness for a small gain in yardage. My wife married a man; I saw no reason why she should inherit a baby. And in my own life I am not willing to trade quality for quantity." This was no mere retroactive dress-up. And he was complimentary enough to assume the same attitude in others. When I told him of my own prognosis, he looked at me gravely and said, "If you tell your friends you're going to die in six months you'd better do it or they'll be pissed off at you."

The second variety of death recognition to be sorted out from the above is, in fact, a ghastly parody of it. Flat acceptance that one is going to die does constitute a proof of one's own uniqueness as a man distinct from others; is not unpleasant, even heady; and lends immediacy and importance to matters that were routine before. But what I am talking about is a perversion, a monstrous contained exultation. It is manifested in certain daredevils, paranoid psychopaths who, after nebbish lives, suddenly feel themselves invulnerable in the certain wooing of sweet death; or it can be the Götterdämmerung complex that gripped the Nazi mind. Such a delusion may arise because life appears so meaningless that some significance must be assigned to it, even it is is only death. In turn, death must be justified to remove it from nothingness and give it certain worth. The commonest of the resulting delusions is called martyrdom, for whatever cause. If this seems an unusually harsh judgment, recall that it is invariably on a volunteer basis. A drafted martyr is not a martyr, but a victim. Gibbon recounts that one of the more exhausting aspects of Roman soldiering was a shooing off of hordes of early Christian volunteers. I'm not sure that being men of goodwill had much to do with it at bottom. People to a man regard themselves as men of goodwill; even a Hitler, especially a Hitler, for how otherwise could he have justified such dreadful acts? And he, in the end, showed martyrdom, the only glorious form of suicide.

The key notion here, and the common thread in the two examples of death anticipation I have just cited, seems to be the scampering after certainty. In each instance the scamperer is metamorphosed into a subnormal or abnormal creature. The trick, it seems to me, lies in the opposite direction. Bertrand Russell, again, states it well: "Uncertainty, in the presence of vivid hopes and fears, is painful, but must be endured if we wish to live without the support of comforting fairy tales." He proposes as an ideal, "to live without certainty, and yet without being paralyzed by hesitation," and suggests that this admirable state may be attained through the study of philosophy. When I first read these words many years ago, I thought them the noblest view of man I had ever seen, but thought it probably unrealizable except through the toughest self-discipline. I have since found, to my surprise, that it is attainable and that whatever portion one gets through discipline or logic is subject to backslide without notice, for it is a very fugitive state of mind. It is something like an account I once read of a game Tolstoy and his little chums used to play at Yasna Polyana: they would sit around the nursery trying not to think about the Great Bear who sits on top of the North Pole. They found this difficult.

If there is any doubt that to learn to live without certainty is a worthwhile aim, it's not as though we had any choice about it: it's another of those ten-out-of-ten things. And the problem is fiercer in our age than in any which has preceded it. The basic reasons for this, I think, are neither as confused nor hopeless as we are led to believe. They are really quite simple, but, nevertheless, have never existed before in the history of man. I shall get around to them in a minute . . .

Howard Gossage, an advertising and propaganda genius and an irrepressible wit, died on July 9, 1969, a few days after having written this essay for the *Atlantic.* Stricken with leukemia, he was given six months to live, and was reprieved for a while when the disease appeared to be arrested. A man of warm friendships and good causes, he devoted himself to both until the day of his death. Said one of his closest friends, Dr. Gerald Feigen: "He mitigated our discomfort in having to face the finality of death; he did not for an instant reveal an envy of the living; he did not bemoan his fate. . . . Just as he believed it possible to live, he showed us it is possible to die."

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Why Automobile Insurance Rates Keep Going Up

Anyone who drives a car, and is prudent enough to buy liability automobile insurance, can testify to the high cost of this kind of insurance. In parts of our country, premiums in excess of $200 a year are not uncommon, and every year increases in these premium rates are almost as regular as clockwork. Most people, of course, see this as one of the inevitable effects of inflation. What, after all, doesn't cost more these days? And the insurance industry, for its part, can give very compelling reasons for the necessity of the rate increases: the rising accident rates, high jury verdicts, the increase in cost of medical and hospital treatment and of car repair. In fact, the insurance companies are prepared to show that nearly every year they have lost money writing liability insurance, and that the rate increases they request are merely what they need to stay solvent. So it would seem that the high and rising liability insurance rates are justified. Or are they? How are the casualty insurance companies actually doing?

As a matter of fact the casualty insurance industry has never had a year in which it has lost money on its total operations. The reason is very simple. Although the principal function of a casualty insurance company is to provide insurance for its policyholders, insurance companies are to a large measure self-financing. Investment earnings and appreciation of their investment assets play a vital role in the industry's phenomenal growth. An insurance company, although it needs claims adjusters, attorneys, a clerical staff, and office space, has, nevertheless, a low overhead and does not require investment in machinery or real estate to carry on its business. Therefore, it invests most of the money it takes in as premiums, usually in stocks and bonds, and its main profit comes not from the selling of insurance, but from investment income. The insurance companies are virtually *all* in excellent financial shape. When they cry about their losses, they are talking about their losses from underwriting insurance. Their total operations show huge profits.

When a casualty insurance company sells you an auto policy, it receives a premium from you as payment for its acceptance of a possible future financial obligation. One day you may be in an accident, and the insurance company will have to pay up. But in the meantime, the company puts your money in a reserve required by state law called the "unearned premium reserve," together with money received from other policyholders. This reserve money is invested in stocks and bonds, including tax-exempt bonds. These stocks and bonds pay dividends, and the stocks increase in value. This profit from the reserve monies can be reinvested in more stocks and bonds or can be used, for example, to build an office building containing the company's offices and excess office space rented out to other firms. Eventually, in theory, the bulk of the unearned premium reserves will be returned to

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If you are expert at determining under which walnut shell the dried pea can be found, do not bother to read this. The author is a San Francisco attorney. The article comes from his unpublished book, *Are You Being Taken for a Ride?*

by Gilbert B. Friedman

you and the other policyholders in the form of claims settlements, but in the meantime the insurance companies have received handsome profits from the use of this money. And these huge profits need not be reported to the state insurance commissions when the companies are seeking a rate increase.

There is another way insurance companies make profits on policyholders' money. Suppose one of the company's insured is in an accident which is his fault, and the other party brings a claim for injury. At the time of the accident, of course, the insurance company doesn't know the amount of the claim or how much they will have to pay out in the end. But informed by their client of the accident and their possible liability, the company makes a preliminary investigation and estimates the amount of money it will eventually be required to pay. The amount is put into a "loss reserve." In addition, the company estimates the cost of settling the claim and puts this money in a "claims adjustment reserve." If, for example, it estimates the claim at $2000 and the claims expense at $500, $2500 is immediately charged as an expense against present income, even though this money is still in the company's hands and is earning interest. The total of the "loss" and "claims expense" reserves of all auto insurance companies amounts to more than one half of the unearned premiums reserve—approximately $2 billion.

This makes up a sort of trust fund for the accident victims, but the interest earned here, like that of the unearned premium reserve, is not used in rate determination either. Nor does this interest end up in the hands of the victims for whom the money is held in trust. The rule in nearly every state is that the legal rate of interest will run only from the date of judgment, not from the date of the accident. Thus, if the amount put in the loss reserve was set at $2000, and the case was settled two years later for the same amount, the insurance company has earned $160 on this money at 4 percent interest, actually reducing the amount they have to pay the accident victim. Four percent of the $2 billion total loss reserve is $80 million. The insurance companies are making a huge amount of income from investing this interest.

How much money do the insurance companies earn on these reserves: the unearned premium reserve, the loss reserve, and the claims expense reserve? We are not talking about profits or investment income on any past accumulated profits (earned surplus) of the company, or about the appreciation of the assets, but only about profits on reserves that the insurance companies obtain because they are doing present business and holding in trust the money of their present policyholders.

The answers are startling. According to a brief filed on behalf of the AFL–CIO opposing a rate increase in Ohio in 1967, "the size of the investment gain by insurance companies on the reserves for unearned premium and loss reserve over the

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ten-year period 1956-1965 is $8,125,511,360." This amount accounted for 45 percent of the increase in net worth from all activities of the companies. The other 55 percent, according to Charles K. Leslie, an insurance consultant, was made up of gains from underwriting insurance ($3.2 billion—19 percent) and from investing capital ($5.9 billion—36 percent).

In another estimate, Senator Philip A. Hart, chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which investigated the auto insurance industry, stated in a speech to an insurance group in Chicago in October, 1968, that the net investment income of auto insurance companies from 1958 to 1967 was more than $7 billion. Senator Hart remarked, "When someone turns one pocket inside out to show you how empty it is, but has $7 billion in the other pocket, it is difficult to take their claim of poverty too seriously." He concluded that the automobile insurance system needs a "rather basic overhaul."

To take just one year, in 1967, auto premiums totaling over $10 billion were sold. If all this had been invested in municipal bonds, the investment income in one year at 4 percent would have been $400 million and there would, moreover, be no federal taxes on that sum.

How to Make Money While Seeming to Lose Your Shirt

Ignoring the profit from reserve funds when making public their financial picture is not the only way in which the insurance companies let it appear that they are losing money. They have an accounting procedure straight out of Alice in Wonderland, an ingenious system that makes it seem that they are losing the most money at the very time they are enjoying the greatest increase in business.

There are, in general, two accepted ways to show income and expenses. One method is called the *cash method;* the other is the *accrual method.* The cash method is quite straightforward: when cash income comes into a company, it is declared income when received, and expenses are declared when money is spent by the company. This is true even when the income may impose some future obligations on the company or when the expenses of the company may give it some privilege in the future.

A much more widely used method of accounting is the accrual method. Under the accrual method, income is regarded as income only when earned, not when received; expenses are apportioned in the same way. The cash method gives a more accurate picture of when money was actually received and spent by a company; the accrual method gives a truer picture of when a company's income is actually earned, and for this reason the majority of companies use it. But both methods used properly give the same results.

The casualty insurance industry is unique; it uses a "combination method" of the two. The insurance companies accrue one twelfth of the premium you pay for insurance, and put the remainder in the unearned premium fund, while at the same time they charge all their expenses on a cash basis against their income. Naturally, they will show a loss. For example, if on December 1, 1968, an insurance company wrote a twelve-month policy, with an annual premium of $120, and paid an agent's commission of 20 percent and 15 percent for other expenses in connection with writing the policy, the company's books would look as follows if it closed its books on December 31, 1968:

December 31, 1968	Profit Computation
Income (1/12 of $120)	$10.00
Expenses:	
Sales Commission 20%	$24.00
Additional Expenses 15%	18.00
Total Expenditures in Writing Policy	$42.00
Underwriting profit or loss	($32.00) loss

Although the company wrote a new policy on December 1, 1968, and took in $120, by its unique accounting method, it shows a $32 loss. And as long as it keeps increasing its business each year, it will show a loss. The beauty of the system is this: the more that business increases year by year, the more money the company would seem to be losing. The defense that the insurance companies might make is that they are merely following state law, which specifies that premiums are earned by the company proportionately as each day passes. That portion of the premium which is not earned is required to be set aside in the unearned premium reserve.

The key point is, however, that the insurance industry is not making the losses it claims on auto insurance. In fact, many companies are making a profit. The only way they show a loss is by failure to make an adjustment on their annual statement which would reflect the 35 percent profit that their unearned premium reserve contains. This results in an understatement of profit from their total operations of approximately 6 percent. Some companies do make this adjustment on the annual statement to their stockholders, but the adjustment is rarely the full amount. As Senator Philip A. Hart stated in a speech in October, 1968, stock property and casualty companies reported an underwriting *loss* of $713 million from 1958 to 1967 under one accounting system, while under another, *profits* of $413 million were indicated.

Furthermore, it is of interest to note that Section 832(b) of the Internal Revenue Code allows a stock casualty company to report and tax its income on the combined accrual basis for income and cash basis for expenses. In addition, only 15 percent of dividends are taxed, and long-term capital gains are taxed at 25 percent. Considering the huge amounts

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of money in the reserves which are not currently taxed, the effective federal tax rate for such companies is only 4 percent. This results in a tax windfall of hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

Determining Insurance Rates

The fact that the automobile insurance industry uses a misleading method of accounting and ignores profit from the investment of their various reserve funds has some very important consequences for the insurance buyer.

Insurance companies, like public utilities, operate under supervision of state commissions. In order to raise their rates within a state, they must apply for, and in most states justify, the increase before the state's insurance commissioner. Most of the insurance companies feed their individual statistics to organizations known as rating bureaus, which then compile the overall statistics and appear on behalf of the insurance industry in the various states whenever from their computations a raise in rates seems justifiable. They are the insurance industry's agents for getting higher insurance rates, and they have served their principal exceedingly well. In Michigan, for example, from 1964 through 1968, the rating bureaus were successful in obtaining five increases in liability premiums, raising rates more than 58 percent. In fact, the average price of auto insurance rose from December, 1963, through December, 1968, by 30.3 percent, while the overall consumer price index rose less than half that amount—that is, 15 percent. In many parts of the country, insurance premiums have risen by more than 50 percent. A 1967 congressional investigation found that the premium on liability coverage for a family car (driven occasionally by an eighteen-year-old son) increased between 1960 and 1966 by 90 percent in Sacramento, 107 percent in Indianapolis, 128 percent in Lansing, and 134 percent in Des Moines. And one minor accident can up these increases substantially. Of course the insurance industry could argue that these increases in the cost of auto insurance are merely the reflection of the skyrocketing medical costs, auto repair costs, and average weekly earnings. But as Senator Philip A. Hart stated in a 1968 speech, "Since 1957, insurance premiums have risen nearly one third more than medical costs, average weekly earnings, and automobile repair costs."

Let us picture the scene of an auto insurance rate hearing. We enter a small hearing room in a state office building. Behind a table sits the Commissioner of Insurance or one of his deputies who will decide the matter. The representatives, often attorneys of the rating bureaus, argue for the increased premiums. To substantiate their claims, they have brought with them documents which run into hundreds and sometimes thousands of pages, containing numerous charts, diagrams, statistical tables, and so on. But there is no attorney there to represent the public, cross-examine the people who prepared the documents, and ask on what basis they were prepared. The consumer is completely left out. Is it any surprise that the rating bureaus always obtain rate increases? From October, 1965, to October, 1966, insurance rates were increased in approximately forty-five states, usually without an open hearing. For example, prior to December, 1965, the Maryland Insurance Commissioner had no reason to hold an open hearing on a rate increase matter. No one had ever demanded an open hearing. The same was true in Maine until July, 1966.

The rating bureaus use a very complicated rate formula to justify their requests for rate increases. Simplified, the formula demands that *earned* premiums exceed all expenses by 5 percent, including claims paid, an estimate of unsettled claims, underwriting expenses, and claims expenses. In other words, the rating bureau on behalf of the insurance companies demands of the state commissioner that he take their own often exaggerated estimate of unsettled claims, ignore the income derived from the investment of reserve funds, and raise rates to the point where the companies will receive a 5 percent additional profit.

Here is an example of the way premium dollars are budgeted for rate purposes:

Sales, General, and Administrative Expenses	30%
Profit and Contingencies	5%
	35%
Losses and loss expenses (including estimates of future losses and claim expenses)	65%
	100%

If losses exceed 65 percent, the excess reduces stockholders' surplus. Therefore, whenever losses exceed 65 percent, the rating bureau files for additional rate increases. The insurance companies are allowed a constant 30 percent for expenses regardless of the total premiums they write. This would seem not to encourage efficiency but on the contrary would be an open invitation to keep expenses at the allowed level even where they could be easily reduced. Another way to look at this is that with costs allowed at a constant 30 percent whenever losses exceed 65 percent, the insurance company's 5 percent pure underwriting profit is reduced. Therefore, the rating bureaus seek an increase to keep their underwriting profit at the 5 percent level.

The Investment-Income Squabble

The battle over investment income from portions of the unearned premium reserve and loss reserve

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has been going on for a long time. It stems from a 1921 ruling by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, known as the 1921 Profit Formula. The formula, which was specifically concerned with fire insurance, included the following statement: "No part of the so-called banking profit (or loss) should be considered in arriving at the underwriting profit or loss." This principle has been applied to all lines of insurance. The typical approach of the industry is presented in a paper entitled "Investment Income in Rate Making," written by Fred H. Merrill, president of Firemen's Fund American Insurance Companies. Mr. Merrill sets the tone of his argument at the outset:

> In recent months, an old and well-settled question has been raised repeatedly by a group of self-appointed protectors of the public interest:
>
> "Should investment income be included in insurance rate making?"
>
> The occasional resurrection of this complex question—each time as if it were a new concept—can have but one purpose, to confuse public thinking about the overall and profound subject of the true reasons behind the industry's struggle to obtain *adequate* rates.
>
> Time and time again over the last half-century, the industry has demonstrated to practically everyone's satisfaction that investment earnings have no place in insurance rate making.

It is difficult to comment on such a statement. Just who is practically everybody?

Recently, as the pressure has grown greater for the inclusion of investment income in the rate formula, the insurance industry has looked for more sophisticated support of their position. In 1967 the American Insurance Association paid $150,000 to Arthur D. Little, Incorporated, for a study on whether investment income should be used in the rate formula. The study used a great many "scientific" statistics to come to the "surprising" conclusion that investment income should not be used in the rate-making process, and that 99 percent of corporate profits were higher than those in the insurance industry. The "Little Study" supported all the claims of the insurance industry.

Meanwhile, an independent study of the insurance industry was commissioned for $1200 by the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee which held hearings in July, 1968. The subcommittee hired two statistics professors, Richard Norgaard and George Schick of the University of Southern California Graduate School of Business Administration. Their study concludes that the insurance companies are making "exceptional profits" despite their claims to the contrary. They found that the insurance companies have greater risk-adjusted profit rates than 90 percent of the 641 major American corporations sampled. Professor Norgaard said these findings "are diametrically opposed to those recently reported by the American Insurance Association"—in the "Little Report"—although the same basic data were used. As Professor Norgaard explained while testifying before the Senate subcommittee hearing in July, 1968, "The difference in results came about because of the techniques to measure and interpret the data. . . . Insurance companies are sufficiently different from other companies that the traditional methods of determining profits do not apply." The study concluded:

> It is [our] unqualified opinion that major property and liability insurance companies have earned a high rate of profits over the last 15 years. . . . The large, multiple-line underwriters and the companies which specialize in automobile insurance are making exceptional profits.

The New Jersey Battleground

New Jersey best illustrates how clearly the battle lines are drawn and to what lengths the insurance industry will go to fight any change.

In a landmark ruling in February, 1968, New Jersey's former Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, Charles Howell, denied application for a 20.6 percent rate increase filed by two rating agencies. Mr. Howell had approved six auto insurance rate increases in the last ten years. This denial came after the first full public hearings in New Jersey's history, with the public's interest being represented by an attorney, a public defender, appointed by the state.

The commissioner ruled that investment income and unearned premium and loss reserves should be included in determining profits. In addition, profits on "excess limits" coverage beyond New Jersey's basic coverage limits of $10,000/$20,000 bodily injury liability and $5000 property damage liability were required to be included. On the basis of data submitted by the public defender, Commissioner Howell found that the companies were not entitled to the 20.6 percent increase requested and granted them only a slight increase.

The casualty industry has declared war on the commissioner and the citizens of the state of New Jersey. Horace J. Bryant, New Jersey's Deputy Insurance Commissioner, has stated:

> The insurance companies are determined to teach New Jersey a lesson so that no other state insurance department will ever dare to do what New Jersey has done. Commissioner Howell has opened up a challenge to the whole theory of rate-making, and they want to close it fast before somebody else gets the same idea. The whole retaliating campaign by the industry is that simple.

The industry has been using two main weapons in its campaign:

1. *Restrictive and arbitrary underwriting.* It is estimated that since Commissioner Howell's denial

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of the auto premium increase, over 50,000 cancellation notices have been sent to motorists, business people, and homeowners. This figure is based on almost 2500 complaints which have come into the commissioner's office since the rate decision. Officials estimate that they receive only 5 percent of the total complaints.

2. *The consent to rate procedure.* New Jersey's unique "consent to rate" procedure is permitted under a 1962 New Jersey law which allows motorists with poor driving records to obtain adequate coverage, rather than being forced into the Assigned Risk Pool, where only the minimum of liability coverage, 10/20/5, can be purchased. Under this law, a motorist can obtain the coverage he desires but must first sign that he is willing to pay a higher premium. The insurance industry has used this procedure to get around Commissioner Howell's decision. During 1967 there were 25,051 consents; in 1968, 50,995, approximately 85 percent of them for auto insurance policies. The motives of the insurance industry are clearly seen in the words of a memo one company sent to its agent:

> These [consent rates] represent rates which in our opinion are actually commensurate with present day exposures. Most rates will be higher by about 20% than those found in manuals.

This, of course, is almost the exact amount of the premium increase denied by Commissioner Howell.

New Jersey Representative William T. Cahill summarized his views of the conduct of the insurance industry before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee in July, 1968, as follows:

> What is in my judgment so sinister about this de facto withdrawal of property and casualty insurance in New Jersey is the united front presented by the industry members. With thousands of apparently acceptable motorists being turned down, not one company has breached the line drawn by the industry. Again, I am persuaded by the situation that such concerted retaliatory effects present a tacit conspiracy in restraint of trade.

A second, greater, victory came on April 28, 1969, when the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals unanimously overturned an auto liability insurance rate increase granted in 1967 by the State Corporation Commission. The court directed the commission to hold new hearings in the case. It held that the commission erred on two or three major points appealed by the opponents, the Virginia AFL–CIO and a group of Virginia legislators who intervened on behalf of motorists, led by Norfolk Senator Henry E. Howell, Jr., now a Democratic candidate for governor. The court held "that the Commission should consider income from investment of the loss reserve, as well as from investment of the unearned premium reserve, as a 'relevant factor' in fixing a 'reasonable margin for underwriting profit and contingencies.' "

The main credit for stemming the battle thus far goes to T. Grayson Maddrea, a C.P.A. from Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Maddrea has personally testified at hearings in Virginia, Maryland, Maine, Arkansas, Ohio, Oklahoma, and other states to stop the unjustified rate increases. Members of the American Trial Lawyers Association who often represent plaintiffs in personal injury cases have filed briefs to oppose rate increases in some states. The AFL–CIO has appeared in numerous states, including Ohio and Texas, to stop the rate increases. But the important point is this: though stopping the rate increases in itself is an important step, only four states as of this writing have set any new principles for the determination of auto insurance rates. Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey now require investment income from the portion of the unearned premium reserve that represents policyholders' advance payments to be used in the rate formula. New Jersey and Virginia are the only states to include earnings on the loss reserve. (New York also takes investment income into account, but New York's law is unique because it omits the word "underwriting" as a definition of "profit" in its rate regulatory act.)

In the meantime, the insurance industry has been conducting a nationwide campaign to have states adopt "file and use" laws to control rate regulation. Under these, the insurance companies just file with the state their proposed rate increases, and they automatically go into effect. Theoretically, the state reviews them and can disapprove of the increase and require the companies to refund the increase to their policyholders. This, however, rarely happens. Under these laws the entire question of investment income would become moot, since companies would be free to use whatever criteria they thought justifiable in setting their own rates. Instead of the insurance companies having to justify their increase, the burden is placed on the public to show that the increases aren't justified. Fourteen states presently have some form of "file and use" statute, and the industry is quietly working to have these laws adopted nationwide.

To summarize: investment income from the "loss reserve" and a portion of the "unearned premium reserve" should be incorporated in rate-making because it is money earned on funds placed with the companies by their policyholders for future liabilities. The only practical way this investment income can be returned to policyholders is by using it in the determination of future rates. I am not talking about the investment of any company's past profits or about the appreciation of the stocks which may rise and fall as a result of market conditions. If the investment income were used in determining rates, there would be no need to have rates rise again. But nothing will be done about rising insurance rates until an informed and insistent public demands it.

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VIEWPOINT

THE PRESIDENT'S MAKING OF HISTORY

by Herbert Feis

Much has been written about the ways in which historical knowledge has or can influence the making of decisions about foreign policy, either by instructing decision-makers or by providing material for their rationalizations. But should we not be cognizant also of an obverse development? I refer to the extent to which decision-makers are turning into historians, and thereby becoming not only the actors or agents of history but also its creators.

In our days decision-makers, most notably and noticeably Presidents, collect all the papers that enter their offices; they command staffs to catalogue them and prepare preliminary manuscripts. They conceive, before retiring, spacious libraries to house the records of their lives and times and bear their names. Admirers or beneficiaries provide the funds; the government pays the expenses of the operation and in return retains control of the contents. Thus, in honorable, even elegant, retirement, with ample help, with all their source material in hand or at their call, they can pleasantly pass what used to be called their declining years by composing the interpretive histories of their own decisions. Incidentally, they assure the affluence of their descendants.

True, it may make the separation from office less painful. The power may pass. But the glory can be prolonged and the glow kept alive by the sun of memory. The sense of serving the people and country may be preserved. For is it not the sole purpose of this worthy effort to reveal truth and enable others, in due time, to acquaint themselves with it? While the mantle of scholarship for a generation is being tried on by presidential authority for fit and fashion, scholars (historians), if patient, will be rewarded. For the records will, when the trustees so decide, be opened to them too.

The enterprise is not passive and not merely a work of preservation and reproduction of what may be in the documents. It is the source of histories of former affairs and foreign policy which lean on records other scholars may not, for a generation, study. This improves the retired decision-makers' chances of telling and explaining their net decisions, not only fully but, shall I say, creatively.

Most of our earlier Presidents contented themselves with writing farewell messages to the nation, leaving their papers in a public institution like the Library of Congress, and bequeathing their correspondence and diaries to their families. The last of the great ones to do this was Woodrow Wilson.

No longer must Presidents wait for posterity to judge and honor them. Each can plan his own monument, even as Winston Churchill, after writing his great history, planned his state funeral.

It all started so simply. Franklin Roosevelt had the pleasing notion that the records of his life and Administration should be gathered together in a modest stone building close to his house at Hyde Park, modeled on the old Dutch houses which once stood along the Hudson. Whether Roosevelt would have executed the right of eminent domain of these documents (or should I say the right of prior access that was accorded to feudal lords) had he lived after leaving the White House is not to be known. In any event, his heirs and trustees welcomed students into this library as soon as the records were put in order; they did not place restrictions on them or exclude any records but most personal family papers.

How some of his successors have taken off from this simple start! Next, on a small hill on the plains of Missouri, the Harry S. Truman Library arose. Who would grudge the former President the spacious quarters in which he could chat with visitors, answer his correspondence, write his memoirs, and counsel public figures who wished to borrow from his raiment of wisdom? But alas, the most significant records, civilian and military, of foreign policy during his Administration remain closed, clamped by classification, after first use. Not only that, the protective mantle of security has been, beginning with the year Truman

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took office in 1945, lengthened from fifteen to twenty-odd years.

One puzzling point is that while we are adjured not to insist on seeking access to the records until they have been aged in the files twenty-odd years or more, on the ground that it would discomfort governments and imperil national security, the histories written by the decision-makers about the same events are legitimized, presumably made safe by screening or by some instinct of self-preservation.

Similar libraries to house the papers of former Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy are in the course of creation. Eisenhower himself drew upon official records for several volumes of his memoirs. Kennedy was tragically killed before he could complete his records in life, but several of his assistants and advisers have made professionally reputable use of such of the records of his experience as they garnered—particularly Schlesinger, Sorensen, Hilsman.

As historians we are grateful to them. But would it not be pleasant, even sociable, if the rest of us did not have to wait until we grow old, or should I say older, before we can study and judge the whole record for ourselves? Must we continue to be borrowers from the histories of the decision-makers themselves, and weary pursuers of such scattered papers as may have been published? Or students of "inside columnists," or ghouls feasting on knowledge dislodged by controversy?

Now we have arrived at the culmination, up to the present, of this trend in the heart of Texas. What a structure is to be built there in the name of Lyndon Johnson! What truckloads of precious papers, with all the stamps of authority and classification, have been hustled from Washington to Austin. The retired President, the New York *Times* informs us, is "seeking to assemble perhaps the most comprehensive historical record of any administration." In Austin, it is to be hoped, he will have a large enough staff of file clerks, researchers, assistants, interpreters, writers, advisers, and security guards to help in the creative task. What a chance, to repeat, for a decision-maker to become a creative historian and so affect future decision-makers.

The latest word is that President Nixon is going to establish a library adjoining his estate in California. All Presidents, evidently, are proud of their record, and hope that historians will appreciate and praise their efforts more than their contemporaries.

May I offer advice to the men among you who are planning to make their careers as historians about the most promising route to advancement? Do not spend pleasant summers in foreign countries on fellowships, or grim winters in cold boardinghouses studying foreign languages; do not squander your meager funds on books. Train to be President, or if that job eludes you, to be a presidential assistant. Be careful not to be attracted into the permanent Foreign Service of the State Department, for if you are, you will be pledged not to intrude in print on the privilege of your superiors and rival them as historians.

Then, after you have served as President, and either have been worn out by it or worn it out, retire to a sanctuary which will be named after you, and there in splendor become a great historian, largely at public expense.

Bitter truth

The knowledge of history is useful *before* a person achieves power to make decisions and *while* he is exercising power to make them rather than after he has retired. While he is on the way, the study of history can stimulate him, cause him to be more reflective and to acquaint himself more quickly and fully with the issues he must confront.

The long past contains lessons which the recent past cannot as convincingly demonstrate—such as that uncontrolled rivalry in arrangements has always led to war, and that each society must be on guard against decay in its fiber, especially when it is living high and proud. In short, to adapt a phrase of William Faulkner's, it can enable decision-makers to make a better match of event and eventuality.

But the historical knowledge most indispensable to the just and sound resolution of most current questions is of the comparatively recent, rather than the more distant, past. And it is precisely about such comparatively recent periods that governments make it difficult for historians to ascertain for themselves the truth of motive, of intention, and of action. This is the era of human experience and national behavior about which greater openness, by all governments, might improve the health of the international community by nurturing it on the whole truth, even if it tastes bitter.

Let me also suggest the possibility of relevant comparisons. We all know of the time-honored practice of European powers to keep the records of their diplomacy closed until they are dislodged by the next death-bringing war; and of the probable fact that the minutes of conspiratorial subversive groups, such as that which rules Cuba, are destroyed; and that the archives of totalitarian states, such as the Soviet Union, are mortuaries which only licensed embalmers and memorialists are allowed to enter, or from which truth may be set free only by upheavals, to haunt and taunt the past. But the questions remain: What is to be the model for the future? Who is to set the model? The shade of Woodrow Wilson calls for an answer.

The prime professional responsibility of the historian may be to instruct decision-makers about the past. But he has also a prime opportunity so to influence decision-makers that the history of the future can be less sordid, less cruel, less evanescent than that of the past. If he fails in that, he will merely be retelling the tales of vicissitudes recorded by Plato and in the Bible—and perhaps not so well. □

Mr. Feis is the author of many books, among them *Between War and Peace: The Potsdam Conference,* which won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1961. He was an officer in the State and War Departments during the Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman Administrations.

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OIL AND

Taxes and efforts to avoid them are always with us. The price the public pays – in lost tax revenues and in high prices – because of a device called the depletion allowance is examined here in detail. The forty-three-year-old provision in the tax laws benefits all who profit from taking oil and other minerals out of the American soil and even companies that traffic in oyster shells. Now battle over the controversial but durable depletion allowance has been joined in Congress. Another battle over oil-import restrictions, with even larger stakes for the oil companies and the consuming public, looms ahead. The subject is a difficult one, but taxpayers as well as tax-avoiders are urged to immerse themselves in this carefully researched study by a diligent and literate journalist.

Oil troubles the water it floats on this year from the Pacific surf to the Potomac, and even water where it isn't, along the deep blue coast of Maine, is sullen against it. The 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance is in actual danger for the first time since it was passed forty-three years ago.

In Washington, Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House tax-writing committee, has told his colleagues that "oil sticks out alone—it's just a target that way," and depletion must be cut if there is to be any tax reform at all. John Byrnes, the ranking Republican on the committee and "a tested friend of oil," insisted on knowing why Atlantic Richfield, having just drilled two wells into what its partner Humble says is probably the largest oil field ever found in North America, banked its last half billion dollars' profit without paying a cent of federal income tax.

"Is there any justification at all," Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts asked in the spring, "for the present tax treatment of depletion, intangible drilling costs, and foreign royalties, all of which result in countless billions of dollars of lost taxes to the U.S. Treasury?" The last of the Kennedy brothers asking such a question characterizes the situation. The year-in, year-out liberals have been joined by more powerful men in seeking a substantially different approach to one of the country's most political industries. The debate about depletion has spread to oil's basic conditions and arrangements—overinvestment and oversupply, concentration in large companies, government-enforced limitations on production and imports, U.S. prices rising while world prices are falling, even the meaning of the slogan "national security" as a defense for oil's special privileges. The point is getting around that the government, as the Senate

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POLITICS

Democrats' antitrust economist, John Blair, puts it, has been "implementing a cartel" for the oil companies by using the import program and the thirty-five-year-old state production control system to limit the supply of oil. Current investigations into the curious oil import "ticket quota" system may lead to revelations and repercussions even more serious for the industry than tax reforms.

The emotional basis of the situation is a certain national disgust with all things Texan, including, therefore, oil. The events that made oil an "issue" were President Johnson's 10 percent surtax to fund the unpopular Vietnam War, the leaking oil well off Santa Barbara that befouled California beaches and marinas, and the oil companies' price increases soon thereafter. The catalyzing event was a statement by the Secretary of the Treasury in the last days of the Johnson period in Washington, Joseph Barr.

"I will hazard a guess," he told Congress' Joint Economic Committee, "that there is going to be a taxpayer revolt over the income taxes in this country unless we move in this area" of tax reform. "The revolt is going to come," he said, not from the poor, who, he said, do not pay very much in taxes, but from the middle class, "who pay every nickel in taxes at the going rate. They do not have the loopholes and the gimmicks to resort to." The tax system is voluntary, he said, and will not work unless people support it. They want to feel they are not paying more than their share, and they believe everyone should do his part. "This does not happen," Barr said, "when you are running a corporation and you look at the international oil companies and see they pay little or no taxes. They pay huge taxes including royalties to other governments, but not to this government."

The context of this warning was, after all, the revolt of students, blacks, and many adults against the war, our domestic social failures and the increasing militarization of the society, and the distraught national reaction against and awareness of the power of protest. No one needed to explain the possibilities of a tax revolt to politicians, many of whom no doubt damned Barr in their cocktails, and oil's battalions of publicists and cosmeticians must have felt that left-wing Lucifer himself was orchestrating the conspiracy of events.

The alert spread swiftly into four neighborhoods, the House Ways and Means Committee, the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, the Senate Finance Committee, and the offices of the oil industry. Oil-state congressmen began feeling the pressure to get cracking in the industry's defense.

Oil has five or six special tax benefits, of which depletion is only the biggest one. Even President Nixon, whose promise in Texas on the depletion allowance—"As President, I will maintain it"—could hardly be stronger, is letting his people at the Treasury Department make plans for other reforms in oil taxation. Carefully explaining the foreign tax credit as it works to oil's special advantage, Edwin Cohen, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for tax affairs, says, "The President has not indicated to us that the oil tax system is not to be changed."

"There's got to be a *substantial* change in taxation of income developed by extractive industries, which include oil and gas," Chairman Mills said in the midst of his committee's work on the tax bill. He said he himself favored a cut in 27.5 percent depletion, and by more than a token two or three points, and a scaling down of the rates for other minerals. Oil producers have been selling rights to their future income in order to change the

by Ronnie Dugger

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As you make your profit, you are losing about half of it, even though you keep all of it.

timing of their earnings to reduce their taxes, and this, Mills said, will be "cut out entirely." There was also some feeling, he said, against allowing depletion on foreign oil production.

Sensing that something was going to give, oil's defenders began looking around for anything but oil. Late one afternoon Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, the chairman of the Finance Committee, emerged from a lecture by the Democrats' leading tax-reform expert, Stanley Surrey, once an assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, and exclaimed, "The biggest single defect causing people's not paying any tax is capital gains. Then there's the way they tax real estate. Another one is so-called charitable deductions. I got out a list of all the people who made all the money and paid no taxes, and I didn't find out any of them did it because of the depletion allowance. Depletion might have been a part of it. . . . Capital gains—that's the big one!"

Under so many strains, the tanker of "oil industry unity" sprang some leaks. In Texas one learned that certain discussions were going on behind closed doors between the House taxers and the independent oil producers, who do not get as much out of depletion, even proportionally, as the majors. From a spokesman for a major importer one could deduce that 27.5 percent was not quite as necessary to him and his associates as their foreign tax credit arrangements. Then the president of the Texas oil independents, Netum Steed, made public a letter he wrote to Nixon stating that if oil taxation had to be a subject of tax reform, "some reduction in the 27½% depletion factor might well be sustained without irreparable injury," provided a change was made to give smaller producers more depletion than they get now. An executive of an oil association said of men he works with from the major oil companies, "They're scared." The Mills committee showed why, when it recommended cutting depletion to 20 percent. The New Englanders were united against the Southwesterners in a grim struggle for very large prizes, with public indignation working for the Yankees—and the power of oil, as usual, easing in from Texas.

The theory of the oil depletion allowance depends on the assertion that an oil venture's capital is not the same thing as its capital investment. Oil, it is explained, is an irreplaceable "wasting asset," a limited quantity of an elusive substance that is being depleted. Therefore, we are told, when oil is discovered in the ground, it becomes capital that should be valued on the basis of its selling price. Once capital investment has thus been eased over into the more adaptable idea of capital, the conclusion is drawn that the income tax, being a tax on income, should not apply to that portion of the income from the oil which is a return of capital.

By this one turn in economic doctrine, an oilman's capital is cut loose from his actual investment. "No account is taken . . . of the actual cost," explains political scientist Robert Engler. The purpose of the allowance, said *Business Week* back in 1961, is "to permit . . . tax-free recovery of the value of the deposit."

But why should the allowance be, as Paul Douglas of Illinois said when he was a senator, "27½% of gross income up to 50% of net income, world without end, amen"? By the doctrine, the resulting annual deduction "represents the reduction in the quantity" of the oil. It is "the loss in value in the process of working a wasting asset." In the elegant formulation of Humble Oil's economist for many years, Dr. Richard Gonzalez, "The depletion of reserves by production creates a reduction in capital values." The allowance was granted, explained former Jersey Standard president M. J. Rathbone, "on the basis that when a prospector found an oilfield and produced that oilfield, he was in effect going out of business." The calamity increases, the more oil you sell. As you make your profit, you are losing about half of it, even though you keep all of it.

Despite this rather special misfortune, when the time comes to tell the stockholders how much money has been made, oil companies figure it out in the ordinary way. By investment they mean their actual costs. Profit is income in excess of those costs. The effect of percentage depletion in the financial accounts is a reduction in taxes and a higher net profit.

The thought that oil is capital rather than more like a groceryman's stock on the shelf is an article of faith in the oil industry, but is subject to argument. Louis Eisenstein likes the conservative idea that "the capital of a business consists of the actual investment in the enterprise." Or again, "Is it not clear," asked Solicitor General (then Harvard Law School dean) Erwin Griswold, "that income derived from oil production is business income?" Griswold thought this was clear.

Until 1918, oilmen, when figuring their income tax, deducted their costs like other businessmen. That year, however, after the war was over, ponderous, cynical Boies Penrose, the political boss of Pennsylvania and probably the most powerful Republican in the country at that time, spoke a few strange lines on the floor of the United States Senate, and ever since then oil producers have had about half their income tax-free, year after year.

The Wisconsin Progressive Robert La Follette knew what was happening that day in the Senate and cried out in the wilderness he knew so inti-

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mately, but the three Republican Presidents of the twenties, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, stood mute on depletion while their Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon of Gulf Oil, profited from it.

Depletion had its beginning in the original income tax law of 1913, which provided for a depletion deduction up to 5 percent of gross income, limited overall to the original cost of the property or its market value in 1913. The market value option was the pinprick in the law that has been expanded in the course of fifty years into what Douglas calls "a truckhole."

Under the 1916 tax law, to get any depletion an oilman had to show that his actual production was declining, and he could not get back overall more than his actual costs (except on acquisitions before the income tax had gone into effect). Early in 1918 the Bureau of Internal Revenue was issuing instructions on how to compute the actual investment in oil and gas wells.

Later that same war year, a committee of prominent oilmen was formed to obtain tax relief for the industry and warned that the high war taxes would discourage the oil wildcatters who were discovering new fields. The chairman of the committee, who helped lobby through its program, was later rewarded by the industry with $20,000, a trifle, everything considered.

The small companies, said the oil committee's spokesman to the Senate hearing, were discouraged by the high wartime tax rates. And then he mentioned another matter that could be dealt with "in almost a moment . . . a reasonable allowance for depletion without statutory restriction." Oklahoma's Senator Thomas Gore, who was later to become an oil lobbyist himself, first mentioned the new theory, saying that the major part of produced oil represents not profit, but capital. A lobbyist for the big companies testified before the Senate Finance Committee that the oilman "sells his capital assets from the day he begins producing," and it is not fair to treat his business like banking, manufacturing, "and other going industries."

Senator Penrose, the ranking Republican on the committee, was a man of legendary appetites. Someone with an obscene sense of history recorded that one evening Penrose consumed for his dinner a dozen oysters, chicken gumbo, a terrapin stew, two ducks, six kinds of vegetables, a quart of coffee, and several cognacs. On another occasion his repast consisted of nine cocktails, five highballs, twenty-six reed birds in a chafing dish, wild rice, and a bowl of gravy. He weighed 350 pounds.

All sources seem to agree that Penrose sedulously served the large corporate interests. He received their political gifts—on one proved occasion, $25,000 from John Archbold of Standard Oil—and passed out funds to functionaries, but never kept a rake-off for himself. The last of the old-style bosses in Pennsylvania, born to wealth, he was no hypocrite or small-timer. His principal cause was the protective tariff. He told an associate that he had decided early to "control legislation that meant something to men with real money and let them foot the bills." By 1918, the Pennsylvania business baron to whom he looked for cues and support was Andrew Mellon, a leading member of the banking family that had become dominant in Alcoa and Gulf Oil. Two years later it would be Boies Penrose who would say to Senator Harding, "Warren, how would you like to be President?", and then it would be Boies Penrose who would say to Mellon, "I want you to be Secretary of the Treasury."

On December 17, 1918, Penrose presented the Senate the Finance Committee's proposal to stop limiting depletion to the capital actually invested and to base the deduction thereafter, for wells not bought in "proven fields," on the value of the discovered oil. His argument occupies just twenty-one lines in the *Congressional Record*. When, for example, a ton of coal is sold, he said, part of the excess of the price over cost must be treated as a "repayment of what was invested." But then—in one short phrase—Penrose told the Senate that the proposal based depletion for wells and mines on market value "instead of cost."

Arguing for the House tax bill, which adhered to what is now called cost depletion, La Follette warned that under the Penrose plan a mine or oil well might cost $100,000, but on the basis of its enhanced value because of a discovery, the cost might be deducted ten times. He understood, and he opposed. He got only seven votes, including those of William Borah and George Norris.

The chairman of the House tax committee, Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, told the full House that he was opposed to the several provisions for mines and wells as "pieces of special favoritism." He was the House Majority Leader, but he had been pilloried and his influence reduced because of his opposition to Wilson on our going into the war, and one can see in the look of his words on the page that he did not expect to be heeded. He was not, and thus it was that half a century ago depletion was broken free and clear of any limitation to a producer's actual investment.

In our period, Treasury studies show that average oil and gas depletion deductions are ten times what the actual cost depletion would be. In 1948

The oilman sells his capital assets from the day he begins producing, and it is not fair to treat his business like other going industries.

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In equity, this was as great a scandal as Teapot Dome was in fraud.

and 1949, oil and gas producers were deducting more than nineteen times their cost each year. On a group of products, including iron, copper, and silver, depletion deductions in 1960 were *ninety-one times* cost depletion each year. C. Wright Mills has written, "The important point of privilege has less to do with the percentage allowed than with the continuation of the device long after the property is fully depreciated." The late Senator Robert Taft of Ohio said that when a man has gotten back his entire costs, "it does not stop," and another leading Republican critic of depletion, Senator John Williams of Delaware, makes this point even more clearly: "There is no limit."

The Mellons' Gulf Oil and other oil companies began collecting the extra profit the 1918 amendment gave them. Mellon, a spare, handsome, and aristocratic man, stayed on in the Treasury job throughout the twenties. He appears never to have spoken publicly about depletion, but he became entailed in a public "battle of the millionaires" with Senator James Couzens of Detroit, who succeeded La Follette as depletion's nemesis in the Senate. Couzens, who had been in effect Henry Ford's original partner in the Ford Motor Company, charged that Gulf Oil and other corporations had been unduly begifted by tax rebates involving, in part, depletion. In the one year 1919, according to an inquiry Couzens conducted, Gulf's depletion allowance had been 449 percent of its net income.

As administered, discovery-value depletion had not been limited to newly discovered wells. The 1918 law was only three years old when a Treasury tax official who had been working in the minerals section attacked discovery depletion as "an enormous privilege," "really a gift in the form of tax-free income." He explained how, under an artificial definition of what a "proven field" was, thousands of wells were qualifying, making this "unquestionably one of the greatest loopholes of escape from taxation to be found in the entire statute." With the deduction often exceeding the entire income from a well, Congress in 1921 limited it to 100 percent of profit, but again in 1924 a Missouri congressman warned of "a great leak" in the tax law because of the way a proven field had been defined, letting every well drilled in six square miles get "discovery" depletion. The deduction was limited to 50 percent of profit that year, but just about every well was still getting it. Of 13,671 claimants studied by the Couzens investigation, only 35 had been the discoverers of new oil pools; only 3.5 percent of the depletion was going to wildcatters. In Mellon's Treasury, depletion had become a well of flowing gold for the oil companies.

In equity, this was as great a scandal as Teapot Dome was in fraud, and could have been the basis for reform, but there was another difficulty—there had been administrative problems. How could anyone estimate the value of the oil under a well in the 1920s? You had to know how much oil there was down there and its fetching price in the future; one guess multiplied by another one, as a senator said.

One day late in 1925 Mellon's spokesman had just told the House tax committee that depletion should be limited to "the man who makes the discovery" when the chairman of the committee said he wanted to wipe it out entirely because it was a wartime measure and was no longer justified. Representative Cordell Hull, who wrote the original income tax law, agreed. The committee, however, limited itself to reporting that obviously discovery depletion, "the purpose of which was to encourage the wildcatter or pioneer, should be limited to those who make an actual discovery."

Disregarding this report, Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania, whose father had been one of the original members of the Mellon syndicate in Gulf, suggested simplifying things with "an arbitrary percentage for all taxpayers." Reed related to his fellow Finance Committee members that he had been told by the president of the Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association at lunchtime that the industry had spent more money for drilling in 1925 than the value of their oil production. "So," concluded the senator, "the industry can truthfully say that it has not made a cent on all its business of last year." The Mid-Continent man, Reed added, had suggested a deduction of 25 percent of their gross income. This appears to be the earliest printed proposal of a rate for percentage depletion.

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, one of Russell Long's predecessors as chairman of the Finance Committee, assured Senator Samuel Shortridge of California that in taxing income from mineral production, the cost of production didn't matter, it just didn't matter:

> The Chairman: There is no depletion on this program. The question of depletion is entirely wiped out.
>
> Senator Shortridge: Well, what would be the basis then?
>
> The Chairman: That is for us to determine. . . .
>
> Senator Shortridge: No matter what it cost to produce it? . . . the cost of producing an ounce of gold may vary extremely in different sections.
>
> The Chairman: Well, it would not matter whether it was of the same value or not. You can produce gold perhaps cheaper in California than we can in Utah, but we can produce silver cheaper than you can.
>
> Senator Shortridge: Yes. . . .
>
> Senator Reed of Pennsylvania: In other words,

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you take account of depletion by giving them a lower income tax rate?

The Chairman: That is exactly it. . . .

Senator Reed: We deduct depletion based on gross income.

The Chairman: Oh, we want depletion done away with entirely . . . we would get away with the question of depletion entirely.

Not from. He said with.

Reed carried the 25 percent proposal in the Senate debate, contending that the oilman's "capital is constantly disappearing" as it is "depleted by the flow of oil and gas." Couzens, himself forty times over a millionaire, tried to limit depletion to actual investment. Discovery depletion, he said, had awarded $4 million to Gulf Oil alone in two years, and Gulf was hardly a wildcatter. With the war over, the supply of oil ample, and the wildcatters all but forgotten as the pretext for the allowance, Couzens remarked, he did not see why "the Standard Oil Company, the Gulf Oil Company, and other big oil companies" could not pay their income taxes like every other company.

It was a bitter debate. Couzens and an oilman-senator from Oklahoma named William Pine differed over whether one of them was a liar or the other an ignoramus.

"We owe it to the people of the country to simplify this law," Senator Reed stated. "The whole thing is in the line of simplification, getting rid of this everlasting accounting." By one vote the Senate defeated an amendment to approve a rate, not of 25 percent, but of 35. A member of the Finance Committee, William King of Utah, called what the Senate was doing "gross favoritism . . . under the guise of simplifying the law." In what reads now, after the passage of years, as resignation, Senator King, a Mormon and former jurist, said, "I cannot understand this great solicitude for the Standard Oil Company, the Shell Oil Company, the Sinclair Company, and the other great organizations, whose annual profits are many hundreds of millions of dollars. . . . I am afraid we are blinded because of the power and the bigness of great corporations and sometimes deal unjustly with the people." The Senate approved 30 percent by a vote of 48 to 13, and the conferees accepted (as a compromise on behalf of some sentiment in the House for 25 percent) the figure of 27.5 percent.

Although rattled by Couzens' attacks on him, Mellon had maintained his crusade to lower taxes on wealth and business, and the 1926 revenue bill was widely regarded as his triumph. When President Coolidge signed it into law, Mellon was standing beside him. During Mellon's tenure as Secretary of the Treasury, his family's Gulf Oil more than doubled its assets.

Bromides about the history of depletion often emphasize that 27.5 percent was adopted in 1926, but the killing off that year of the restriction of the privilege to wildcatters' newly discovered wells was a change at least as important as the percentage system. The original idea of a specific incentive to expand U.S. oil supplies was blurred, and a new privilege began to generate its adaptable new reasons for existing.

As soon as the Democrats swept in, President Roosevelt began trying to abolish percentage depletion. His Treasury Secretary, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., told House taxers in 1933 that it was "a pure subsidy to a special class of taxpayers" and should be eliminated. Among the few senators who agreed was Russell Long's father, Huey, who said its elimination would prevent "those who have already had 100 percent coming back and getting another 100 percent." In 1937, two weeks after Lyndon Johnson was sworn in as a freshman congressman, Roosevelt sent Congress a message condemning depletion and other loopholes as attempts "to dodge the payment of taxes" and "mulct" the Treasury, and Morgenthau called depletion "perhaps the most glaring loophole." In spite of the Depression, the New Deal, and Roosevelt, Congress did nothing.

Came the war, "the crisis of democracy." Six weeks after Pearl Harbor, Morgenthau again spoke against depletion and was promptly told by the chief lawyer of the Independent Petroleum Association of America that "this issue, if pressed, will force practically every oil producer in the country to abandon his work and come to Washington." Morgenthau implored the Congress: "This loophole," he said, "is a special privilege," and the money was needed for the war. Senator Taft observed that 27.5 percent was "to a large extent a gift . . . a special privilege beyond what anyone else can get." For the industry, former Senator Thomas Gore said depletion had worked, providing an adequate domestic supply of oil, "and we are now asked to abandon that policy in time of war." The Congress answered the Administration's appeal by extending depletion to ten new minerals, including ball and sagger clay. When Roosevelt vetoed the 1944 tax bill, citing as reasons the extension of depletion to potash and mica and a comparable special treatment for timber, Congress overrode him.

"I know of no loophole . . . so inequitable," President Truman told the Congress in 1950. It bore, he said, "only a haphazard relationship" to encouraging oil exploration. In 1942 Morgenthau had tried to stop oil's second most important tax

"I cannot understand this great solicitude for organizations whose annual profits are many hundreds of millions of dollars."

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"We gonna move heaven and earth to protect 27.5 percent."

privilege, the immediate writing off of intangible drilling and development costs on successful wells; Truman's Treasury chief told Congress that depletion plus the write-off provided a mechanism for pyramiding oil assets without paying any or much income tax.

Finally, a reform movement with staying power took hold on the Hill. "It began in 1951 when they brought in a new tax bill," Paul Douglas recalls in his office in Washington. "Hubert Humphrey organized a seminar. A man would come in from the Treasury in secret, at night. It was like Christians meeting in the Catacombs."

The Truman Administration was on record, but, Douglas says, "They didn't mean it. They gave us no help. Truman didn't really mean it on civil rights, didn't really mean it on tax reform." The band of liberals pressed the fight, but felt increasingly isolated, abandoned, and assailed.

Sam Rayburn, a rural Texan, was Speaker of the House. Dwight Eisenhower, a Republican born a Texan, became President. Lyndon Johnson, an ambitious Texan, took over the Senate. And then Robert Anderson, a canny Texan who was intimate with each of the other three, became Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury. In such a context, the demands of La Follette, Couzens, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and the others that depletion be abolished were given up as hopeless, and the reformers retreated to a strategy cajoling for reductions. How about 15 percent? No? Well, then, what about 15 percent just for the very biggest oil companies? No, the question in the fifties was not, would oil lose depletion; the question was, what else would it get?

The history of depletion was summarized, somewhat personally, by Speaker Rayburn in an interview in 1960, the year before he died. "Depletion has been in effect for thirty-four years, and the Democrats have been in control twenty-eight of those," he said. "Do you suppose if we'd wanted to do anything about depletion that we wouldn't have done it by that time? But," said Rayburn, who regarded oilmen as ingrates at election time, "they just hate." They had tried "to destroy me. Destroy Lyndon Johnson. Destroy me." His biographer, C. Dwight Dorough, said Rayburn was close to tears and covered his face with his hands.

Even so, sentiment for reform had built steadily. In 1951 only nine senators voted for Humphrey's cut in depletion. Seven years later thirty-one voted for Proxmire's. Five years ago thirty-three voted for the Williams cut and thirty-five for Douglas'. Douglas and Humphrey are gone, but so are Johnson and Rayburn.

As chairman of the powerful Finance Committee, Russell Long is the most strategically placed congressional ally of the oil industry. He is probably the shrewdest and most active defender of depletion in the Senate. He knows the subject and pounces at once when someone slips in debate. He often cites statistics prepared at his request, as he says, by the staff of the committee; his chairmanship entails his managing the tax bill on the floor. Whatever the House was to do on depletion this year, no one gave the reformers much chance in Russell Long's committee. They would have to make their charge from outside the walls as in the days of yore.

"We gonna move heaven and earth to protect 27.5 percent," says Long's friendly, country-style administrative assistant, Bob Hunter, "I couldn't kid you if I wanted to—we're *violently* interested! We're not gonna be lulled by 26 percent, 25, 24 . . ."

Senator Long is also an oilman. He readily acknowledges that he inherited valuable oil and gas properties and that he has participated in drilling thirty or forty wells. He says his income from the inherited properties exceeds what he makes in the Senate. When asked how much he has also made in drilling wells, he answers vaguely.

Hunter says that the few shares of stock Long held in the Win or Lose Corporation were "worth quite a bit. He has these oil holdings all over the state because of that. He has no conflict of interest."

During the full debate on depletion in 1964, Long placed charts on the oil industry's profits in the rear of the Senate chamber. Senator Douglas observed that they were well-fashioned and bore evidence of being an expert job, but left out the income from overseas operations.

There was an unusually personal exchange between Long and then Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. Clark, a committed foe of depletion, remarked that for many years his own main source of income had been his royalties from Humble Oil holdings. Long observed that as a matter of fact, under the Douglas amendment to cut depletion on very large oil incomes, which Clark was at that moment supporting, Clark's income would have been protected from a depletion reduction.

"The oil depletion allowance is so unconscionable that I cannot sleep very well some nights when I realize that I am the beneficiary of it," Clark retorted to Long. Unfazed, Long asked Clark if he was making more than a million dollars a year from his royalties—no, $60,000 to $70,000 a year. Clark replied. Well, then, said Long, the Douglas amendment left Clark "well protected."

"In my judgment," Clark said, "there is no conceivable excuse for my getting tax-free income because my great-grandfather . . . had the good fortune or the good luck to squat on that land."

Senator Long's Populist father, Huey, went into

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the oil business under dubious circumstances in the last year of his life. Those were brazen days in Louisiana. The Kingfish had such total control of the statehouse that his wealthy foes called him a dictator, and with cause. After he was elected to the Senate, his hand-picked successor as governor, O. K. Allen, and the entire Long slate were elected by the believing people. The time was the fall of 1934, about six months after Huey had sided with Kenneth McKellar's amendment to abolish percentage depletion.

From its inception the Win or Lose Corporation looked like a political oil company. The president was State Senator James A. Noe, a good friend of Huey's. The vice president was Colonel Seymour Weiss, whom one Long biographer called Long's "prime minister and chancellor of the exchequer," perhaps because Long did too. The company's secretary was Huey's personal secretary, Earle Christenberry. And these three men were the only incorporators.

Russell Long says Senator Noe told Huey Long that he wanted to apply for a state oil lease in the part of the state he represented (the leases were not awarded by competitive bid in those days), and that his father told Noe that he was agreeable to going into the business if it wasn't going to cause him "a political problem." Lease No. 309, executed on behalf of the state by Governor O. K. Allen, gave Noe the right to drill a minimum of fifty wells on state lands in the bed of a river and five bayous. This is the start that gives Russell Long his inherited oil income, because as of 1940, as records on file in Baton Rouge show, Huey's widow owned thirty-one shares, a third of the company, and was the president. When it was liquidated in 1951, she owned eleven shares, and Russell Long six. O. K. Allen, Jr., had four.

After Huey Long was assassinated in 1935, the company obtained a number of other state leases, Russell Long says; but he emphasizes that he of course had nothing to do with this. "What I inherited," he says, "was the equivalent of 6 percent of the stock in the company."

In addition, Russell Long has participated, with his mother, brother, and sister, in the drilling of about thirty or forty wells in Louisiana's Sligo field and in De Soto Parish south of there, the senator says. It began when his mother was offered the opportunity to participate as a partner in drilling a well between a dry hole and a gas well. With "the children's insurance money," she went in on it, and a very good gas well came in. "As a partner she participated in other wells, and because she had good fortune, she offered her children the opportunity to participate in it."

Long was elected to the Senate twenty-one years ago. How much has he made from this drilling? "I guess we're probably ahead, but not by a great deal," he says. "In drilling and producing we've probably made . . . we're doing . . . at least it's made me conversant with what we're talking about."

In 1957 Long defended 27.5 percent in the name of Grandma Jones, the holder of a little bit of stock in an oil company who would lose $5 a year under a proposed reduction of depletion. Holding forth in the best Louisiana tradition, he declared, "I would like to protect Grandma Jones's little $20 dividend." It appears that he is also protecting his own oil income of some sum in excess of $42,500 a year. The oil depletion allowance enriches him personally.

Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, vice-chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, asked what he thinks about oilman-senators taking part in debates and votes on oil matters, said at once, "Certainly those with oil interests ought to disqualify themselves on the issue." There is no way to know how many senators this would silence on depletion, since their statements on their holdings are shut from public view in sealed envelopes in the U.S. Comptroller General's office, but if Proxmire's opinion were the rule, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee would have to step aside.

Long sees no conflict or impropriety in the situation. "I come from an oil-producing state, and if I was not cooperating with oil against those people who are out after it, I really don't think I'd be representing my state," he says. In Louisiana, he says, just about everybody who has much is in oil. It also brings the state 74,000 jobs. "I've never heard anybody complaining about someone from a state that produces cotton being interested in cotton"—and the same goes for electronics, or tobacco, he says.

Once he and Senator Eugene Millikin of Colorado were discussing this very subject, Long says, and Millikin told him that anytime he, Millikin, had a financial interest in something "parallel to the best interests" of his own state, he never worried about it. By that doctrine, Long says Millikin told him, the Colorado senator had an interest in shale oil.

Besides, when Long was in state government as an aide to the governor, he says, he helped treble the state severance tax on oil and gas. "I don't know of any way you coulda raised my taxes more than that."

He contends, "We just haven't come down to the thing yet that a legislator has to have no interests or dispose of his outside interests. Theoretically a

"I've never heard anybody complaining about someone from a state that produces cotton being interested in cotton."

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legislator is not expected to be unprejudiced and unbiased. . . . If someone has a conflict of interest, that's something that should be considered when he's up for re-election."

His argument is not unprecedented. Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, as the second-ranking Democrat on the Finance Committee in the fifties and early sixties, candidly and effectively protected depletion while profiting from it himself. Senator Douglas remembers how Kerr would hunch his chair around to share the head of the committee table with the chairman, Harry Byrd, who was getting old. Kerr parried charges of conflict of interest with the argument that the people of Oklahoma knew he was in the oil business and elected him because they approved of what he was doing.

Kerr and his family owned about a fourth of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Incorporated. Records at the Securities and Exchange Commission show that in the seven years before Kerr died, this company paid less than 13 percent income tax on total aggregate profits of $77 million. This was about usual for oil companies at that time. In 1958, for instance, companies producing oil, gas, and the products of these and coal paid 13 or 14 percent federal and state corporate income tax. The effective rate for all industries was 50 percent. With oil and gas paying a third of that paid by other industries, Senator Kerr had something to defend, just as Senator Long does.

In the protection of the industry's privileges, oil money in elections is even more important than oilmen in high office. One of Congressman Lyndon Johnson's services to the New Deal was raising money, including Texas oil money, for Democrats running for the U.S. House in 1940. The notoriety of contributions from such Southwestern oil millionaires as H. L. Hunt and the late Roy Cullen cannot rival the ubiquity of contributions, season after season, from the nation's leading oil families. Only the historically famous slipup involving $2500 shadily offered to a righteous senator prevented a bill to free natural gas from federal price control from becoming law in 1956. Officials of twenty-nine of the largest companies gave (in sums of $500 or more) a recorded $344,997 to Republicans and $14,650 to the Democrats in the 1956 general election campaign. That same year, three family groups whose wealth is associated with oil—the Mellons, Pews, and Rockefellers—contributed $469,554, all of it to Republicans. In the year of the Kennedy-Nixon campaign, officers and directors of the American Petroleum Institute gave Republicans a recorded $113,700 and Democrats $6000; in 1964, a significantly different situation, $48,310 to Republicans and $24,000 to Democrats. And these figures are just the spray from the gusher.

When a man gets roughly half his income tax-free, his idea of common prudence often impels him to invest some of it in the election of his political friends, and usually he can decide who they are by how they vote; but new candidates can be a special problem. In the midst of the intensifying assaults on depletion in the Senate in 1957-1958, oilmen had more than the usual interest in how the new candidates of 1958, especially the unreliable Democrats, might vote if elected.

One consultant and functionary of the Democratic senatorial campaign committee was dispatched to the West with certain instructions. According to former Senator Douglas, who says the consultant told him the story while the two of them were driving one night from Pullman, Washington, to Lewiston, Iowa, Frank Moss, a county attorney, was running for the U.S. Senate in Utah. The Democratic messenger reached Moss by telephone and said to him, "Judge, would you like $10,000?"

"Would I like $10,000?" Moss exclaimed. Why, it could make the difference between victory and defeat. He could finance two TV programs and probably three on radio, which would mean a great deal in a state like Utah. "Have you got the $10,000?" he asked.

"Well, I'm sorry to say there's a catch to this. You can have the $10,000, provided you will agree to maintain the 27.5 percent allowance on oil."

There was a silence on the other end of the line, and then Moss said, "Well, I don't know. We've struck oil in this state. It may be all right. But I don't *know* about it. I don't know about it, and I don't want to commit myself on something I don't know about. If the only way to get the $10,000 is to be for something I'm not sure about, I'll just have to say I won't accept it."

The man from Washington said, cursing to himself, "Oh, my God, we've got an honest man, and we're sending him down to defeat."

He then telephoned a wealthy liberal Democrat in New York and told the story. The Democrat asked the candidate's name again, and where he was running, and wrote a check for $10,000, with no strings attached. Douglas told this story in Utah and thinks it made the difference: Moss won.

Moss gave his own interestingly different recollection of the incident. "It's basically correct," he said.

Mr. Dugger, thirty-nine, a graduate of the University of Texas, is publisher and editor-at-large of the Texas *Observer*, a fortnightly; has reported and written for the Time Inc. magazines, contributed to more than a dozen newspapers, and is the author of two books. With a commission from the *Atlantic* and the help of a Stern Family Fund grant for investigative reporting, Mr. Dugger traveled, researched, and interviewed over a six-month period to collect his facts.

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"I do remember this man calling me and saying he could get me some money and that all I would have to do would be for him to be able to assure the donor that I would support the oil depletion allowance when it came before the Senate. . . . He just said, 'I can get you this money if I can assure them. . .'"

Moss says the man did not name the donor, nor does Moss recall a sum being specified. "I have heard him say since that he had tears in his eyes even though he had had to be the conduit for the offer," the senator adds. Moss has always felt friendly toward the man for going on and helping him in the campaign.

The emissary, who works in Washington now for a union-related group, says the conditional offer he bore west that year was not just for Moss, but for a number of senatorial candidates.

"I was informed that if I could get some of these fellas out west to express their fealty to the golden principle of 27.5 percent, there might be a pretty good piece of campaign change involved," he says. Operating out of Los Angeles, "I passed the word to a number of the candidates." He named, offhand, five of the candidates in whose races he took or sought to take a hand.

Although Senator George Smathers of Florida was chairman of the Democratic senatorial campaign committee in 1958, Lyndon Johnson ran it, along with Bobby Baker. That year the committee reported expenditures of $319,000.

Who was the donor, or who were the donors, behind the political munificence in 1958? "Oh, that wouldn't be fair," the messenger said. And what did the other candidates say? He laughed. "You figure that one out," he said.

Of the other four candidates he named, one was not elected; another was elected but has since died. A third, Senator Gale McGee (Democrat, Wyoming), who now upholds depletion, says that he recalls no discussion with the man on it nor any contributions from its beneficiaries, who, McGee says, backed his opponent that year. The fourth, Senator Howard Cannon (Democrat, Nevada), says he "did meet" with the man in 1958, but they definitely did not discuss the depletion allowance. The messenger later said that Moss was the only senator he talked to personally about it.

Senator John Kennedy voted to reduce depletion, but when he ran for President with Johnson on the ticket, he needed campaign money; he equivocated on depletion. As President he proposed certain reforms to increase the industry's share of the tax burden, but when Senator Williams asked Kennedy's Treasury Secretary, Douglas Dillon, if 27.5 percent itself should be changed, Dillon replied, "We have studied that matter at some length. We probably have not studied it enough. I do not know how to study it enough."

Oilmen figured correctly they had little to fear from Johnson on depletion (everybody understood that, and the debate just died away). Robert Kennedy was out of the question for the oilmen—they sensed in him an enemy—but Eugene McCarthy's record was complicated. His first five years in the Senate he voted in committee and on the floor to reduce depletion, but early in 1964 he voted against the same reduction he had supported before. He characterizes his record as always voting for a reduction "when the procedure was orderly or had some chance of success." There are some reports that he raised $40,000 for his campaign one day at the Houston Petroleum Club. He recalls that the guests were listed as a business group, not oilmen particularly, and says that while contributions may have developed from the meeting, he does not know in what amount or from whom. J. R. Parten, a liberal Houston oilman who supported McCarthy, was present, and it was on this same occasion that Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas (who votes for depletion on domestic production while criticizing allowing both depletion and huge foreign tax credits on foreign production) became one of the few senators to endorse McCarthy.

Vice President Humphrey was yet another question. Murray Seeger has reported in the Los Angeles *Times* that when Humphrey's man refused to assure a group of oil millionaires in the Houston Petroleum Club that Humphrey would support 27.5 percent, they shut their wallets against him. Richard Nixon was still for depletion, like a substantial majority of Republicans in Congress, and his campaign was funded accordingly. Preliminary reports indicate that the Mellons gave the Nixon campaign $215,000 and the Pews, of Sun Oil, contributed $84,000.

When a man gets roughly half his income tax-free, his idea of common prudence often impels him to invest some of it in the election of his political friends, and usually he can decide who they are by how they vote.

The oil industry has three distinct kinds of privileges, or, if you prefer, incentives: proration, import controls, and tax advantages. One of the choice moments during the Hart antitrust committee's hearings on oil imports last spring occurred in the context of the melancholy amusement of Dr. Blair, the group's chief economist, that such

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energetic proponents of free enterprise rely on state intervention to such an extent. Harold McClure, Jr., president of the Independent Petroleum Association of America, was on the stand.

> Blair: Your industry enjoys various exemptions from the antitrust laws. . . . You do not have a free market.
>
> McClure: In the *United States* we don't have a *free market?*

An oil industry program to get a production-limitation movement going in the 1920s was aborted when the U.S. Attorney General ruled in 1929 that the plan, advanced in the name of conservation, would be an attempt to win immunity from the antitrust laws. The companies then turned to the states. In 1930 the great East Texas field came in, leading to overproduction, waste of oil, and very low oil prices. As W. J. (Jack) Crawford, the tax administrator of Humble Oil, says, "We had to let a president of Humble quit to become governor to establish proration," that is, production control. Governor Ross Sterling, the former Humble president, ordered state troops into the oilfield to stop all that wasteful free enterprise. According to an oil history subsidized by Jersey Standard, the commander of the troops "had been called away from his duties as chief counsel for the Texas Company."

The system, which is most significant now in Texas and Louisiana, tells producers exactly how much oil, and no more, they may legally produce each month. The total production is in effect what the buyers want to buy. On rare occasions when the state oil agencies have authorized more production than the companies have wanted, the companies have refused to buy the excess. This is called "pipeline proration."

Control of production entails control of prices to whatever extent the scarcity of the product affects the prices for it. Thus the states and the federal government (which bans "hot oil" in interstate commerce) are acting in effect as the production limitation division of an oil cartel. If the companies did the work themselves they would be violating the antitrust laws. Proration is perhaps the last significant persistence of the early New Deal experiments in the collusion of government and big business to control production and prices.

Officials of the oil states generally insist they do not intend to maintain prices and that their only purpose is conservation. There is general acceptance of the need to protect each owner's rights in an oil pool and to get the most oil out of it that is technologically feasible. Neither objective, however, entails limiting production to set prices, which is the import and effect of the states' "market demand proration."

As a high Jersey Standard official said in 1939, "Price has influenced the proration authorities. . . . The record is so clear that it would be stupid to say it hadn't. . . . It is quite natural."

When he was chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission, the oil-regulating agency in Texas, William Murray conceded that if the commission dropped oil production way down, the price would go up, and, "If we let the stocks [the above-ground supplies of oil] run up, we would create waste, and you would also break the price." The companies realized proration was to their interest, he said, and "became the biggest policing agents of all. They even had their own detectives."

The U.S. proration system, the Senate Small Business Committee concluded in 1949, forms "a perfect pattern of monopolistic control over oil production and the distribution thereof . . . and ultimately the price paid by the public." A lifelong student of the oil industry, Cornell economist and dean Alfred Kahn, told the Hart committee that as the postwar corporate tax rates increased, skyrocketing the value of the depletion allowance, the industry developed surplus oil that would have lowered prices—except for the sharp production cutbacks which were ordered by the Texas Commission. Instead of falling, U.S. prices rose. Proration, Kahn said, lets the majors "fix their own prices and make them stick."

Even this system, however, could not by itself have protected U.S. oil prices from cheap Arabian imports in the fifties. The Middle East has about 60 percent of the world's oil. It flows up the pipes so powerfully out there, the average well produces 5000 or 10,000 barrels a day compared with the average American well's fourteen barrels a day; it costs only ten or twenty cents a barrel to produce; and it can be delivered to our East Coast for $2, about $1.25 cheaper than U.S. oil. Freely imported, it could sharply reduce the price of U.S. crude oil and everything that comes from it—gasoline, heating fuel, raw materials for the petrochemical industry, and therefore also plastics, tires, sweaters, medicines, antifreeze, detergents, and other things. The fact that this has not happened is not an accident in an open marketplace.

In 1952 the Federal Trade Commission staff reported that seven international oil companies, including the five American giants, constituted an international oil cartel that owned two thirds of the world's oil. These seven—Jersey, Gulf, Texaco, Standard of California, the firm now called Mobil, and the two foreign-based internationals—limited production, divided up markets, shared territories, and followed a system of pricing that eliminated price differences among themselves to any buyer at any given destination point. So said the staff of the FTC. The pricing system, "Gulf plus," set all prices at the proration-maintained Texas coast price

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plus freight. Thus the Texas-based system became the foundation of a world oil cartel.

The great Middle Eastern fields were well known before World War II, but the majors did not produce much from them. During the war, the American firms in Saudi Arabia sold Arabian crude to the U.S. Navy for $1.05 a barrel, although its cost, including royalty, was 41 cents; and thus the postwar pricing pattern was initiated. As the FTC report said, the difference between low-cost Arabian crude and the higher-cost Gulf Coast oil was "intercepted by the major oil companies." The world market was not as pliable as the U.S. market, and the world price fell relative to rising U.S. prices. The majors' imports of the cheap Arabian oil into the high-price U.S. market began at the end of the 1940s.

The question was, how much would be too much? At what point might even the U.S. price break? The majors' interest called for the highest combined profit from their U.S. and foreign sales, kept in a ratio that would not endanger the U.S. price. Meanwhile the domestic producers became concerned that they were losing out in the market to the majors' increasing interest in the $1.25 profit difference on the imports.

Apart from straight protectionism, the only argument for import controls has been the contention that lower U.S. prices would cause high-cost U.S. producers to quit and exploration in the United States to decline. Oil and gas now provide three fourths of the nation's energy supply, and visions are conjured of enemies torpedoing our tankers and America "running out of oil" during a national emergency. The traditional protectionist solution would have been a sharp increase in the ten-cents-a-barrel tariff. The Kefauver antitrust committee suggested this, noting that the revenue would become the government's; Yarborough of Texas proposed 84 cents a barrel but could not get his bill out of committee.

Instead, there somewhat mysteriously appeared, in the 1958 Trade Agreements Act, an authorization for the President to establish mandatory controls over oil imports if he found that they threatened to impair the national security. (They did not have to impair it—the threat was enough.) Majority Leader Johnson had declared the year before that the imports were "an immediate threat to national security." In 1959, with Robert Anderson presiding over the Treasury, Eisenhower promulgated a mandatory quota program which gave the profit differential not to the government, but to owners of U.S. oil refineries. Importers and the domestic majors were mollified by this one stroke, at once so costly to the government and consumers. The "import tickets" given to the refineries were worth about $1.25 a barrel and have actually become negotiable; they are bought and sold among companies. The oilworker union's publicity director, Ray Davidson, says they are "just currency issued by the Department of Interior." Oddball arrangements like the "Brownsville turnaround" for Mexican oil and quota allocations in U.S. territories justified by related social purposes have contributed to a certain uneasiness among the informed, some of whom have said aloud that it's a wonder there hasn't been a scandal.

In 1962 the approved import percentage became 12.2 percent of the demand east of the Rockies. Today about one fifth of the nation's oil consumption is provided by imports. Jersey estimates that in another fifteen years the imports will be meeting about three fourths more of the U.S. demand than they are now.

U.S. independents, who naturally want imports reduced, have been looked upon as the guarantors of competition in the industry, but a certain fatalism about their plight seems to have set in—even in the dens of the Hart committee, where competition is the code word. Economist Henry Steele of the University of Houston told the Hart panel that $2-a-barrel oil in the United States would entail the loss of only 5 percent of U.S. production. Others estimate that such a change might save U.S. consumers between $2 billion and $7 billion a year by forcing down prices. Republican Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska warned that the more-imports line of the liberals like Senator Philip Hart of Michigan would be "driving all the business into the hands of the majors," but the antitrusters were not fazed. The newer question among them is whether imports can be increased rapidly enough so that U.S. prices can be reduced. The wishes of the importers are fugitive in words, but have been approximated (by a New York oil investment banker testifying for the industry this spring) as "modest relaxation of the import quotas year by year." Nothing too sudden, such as Machiasport.

Senators Kennedy and Edmund Muskie of Maine, two leading figures in Democratic presidential politics, have joined their fellow New Englanders in support of an ingenious proposal that would in effect exempt New England from the import controls. The federal government would authorize Occidental Petroleum to import its low-cost crude oil from Libyan fields into a "free trade zone" at Machiasport, Maine, refine it in Maine, and sell the products, especially heating oil, at lower prices in New England. Virtually the whole American oil industry opposes this, for it would breach the high-price dike.

Washington, one can see, has awakened to the question the majors started worrying about at least twenty years ago: how much is too much, or, to phrase the issue from the consumers' point of view, why aren't gasoline prices falling?

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An important segment of American industry is also becoming restive. Perhaps there is, as a Houston banker has remarked, a kind of gentleman's custom in business circles that unless your own interests are directly affected, you do not criticize another segment of business, but the petrochemicals people believe they are being hurt directly by the import controls. They say the liquid raw materials (called "petroleum feedstock") on which they soon must rely will cost them 60 percent more than foreign petroleum companies pay, and the U.S. oil industry has been trying to raise the U.S. prices even further. Threatening to build their new plants abroad so they can get the cheaper feedstock, the nine biggest petrochemicals firms have banded together to seek their own exemption from the import program—their own Machiasport, as it were.

John Blair engaged in a revelatory colloquy during the Hart hearings with M. A. Wright, president of Humble and therefore a top official of Jersey Standard, of which Humble is the wholly owned domestic subsidiary. Blair presented facts showing that in the last few years, Jersey has lowered its price for Arabian oil in Japan while the price of gasoline in the United States has gone up four or five cents a gallon. Then:

> Blair: Are we to conclude therefrom that at the same time that you were raising the price to the American consumer, your company was reducing the price to foreign buyers?
>
> Wright: You are working in two separate worlds when you speak about what you do in the U.S. compared to what you do abroad, and what you say is exactly right.

Blair said it would seem to weaken, not strengthen, national security to have Americans paying higher prices for their basic materials while foreign competitors get lower prices. Wright said the purpose of the system is our assuring ourselves of an adequate supply of oil within the United States.

"And when we have controls," Wright added, "we naturally are supporting a price situation. That is true."

Everything seems to be cohering now in this controversy. Look here, remarked Dean Kahn earlier in the year, the first five companies that raised U.S. oil prices all produce more than 70 percent of their own crude oil, which they also buy from themselves: they are increasing their own profits in their end products. Ah-*ha!* charged in Proxmire staffer Marty Lobel. Paying themselves more for their own oil, they increase their apparent profit at the producing end so they can claim more depletion!

Instead of deducting all their costs, oilmen can ring up, free of tax, 27.5 percent of their gross income on oil and gas production, up to a limit of 50 percent of their net income from it. In practice this means that in the oil- and gas-producing business, between 40 and 50 percent of net profit is tax-free, year after year as long as the production continues. When depletion passed in 1926 the corporation tax rate was 12.5 percent. The impact of the formula was magnified by the World War II rates. Taking the present corporate rate and surtax into account, the effect of the original formula has been quadrupled.

In 1960 the oil industry received 44 percent of its pre-tax income tax-free. The Treasury's 1958-1960 depletion survey indicated an even higher rate of about 55 percent tax-free, with the realized rate as a percentage of the gross running just a point or two below the 27.5 percent maximum. For these three years, Treasury said, all mineral producers, considered together, claimed as depletion more than 50 percent of their net income from extraction.

The income thus placed beyond the reach of the tax collector has been increasing steadily. Early in World War II the estimate was $80 million—then $200 million. By 1950 it was half a billion; by 1960 $2 billion; by 1962, the Treasury estimates, the total depletion allowances for all minerals were close to $4.5 billion, $2.3 billion of that for oil and gas companies.

Looking at it from the investor's interest, *Fortune* (April, 1963) estimated that the thirty largest U.S. oil companies took $1.9 billion in depletion deductions in one year early in this decade. The top ten companies had $1.5 billion. The estimated one-year tax-free allowance for Texaco was $216 million, for Gulf $228 million, and for Jersey $399 million.

It seems conservative to estimate that depletion will have placed $20 billion of pre-tax oil income beyond the reach of U.S. income taxation during the 1960s. This means that other taxpayers have forked over an extra $10 billion or so in one decade. The Johnson Administration Treasury Department tax-reform studies of 1968 say the tax loss from depletion is now $1.3 billion a year. If the government doesn't get the money it needs out of one hide, it has to take it out of another.

Corporations get about nine tenths of all depletion, and naturally the bigger corporations get most of that. One percent of the crude oil and gas and petroleum refining companies got 87 percent of oil's corporate depletion in 1960—they were the three dozen companies which each had total assets of $100 million or more. The bulk of the companies, 95 percent of them, got just 4 percent of the depletion. They were the twenty-nine hundred companies that each had total assets of less than $10 million.

This is the pattern that gives a sharp edge to former Senator Douglas' long-standing proposal, now being carried forward by others, to leave the allowance at 27.5 percent for taxpayers making less than $1 million and drop it to 21 percent for

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those between $1 million and $5 million, but cut it to 15 percent for those making $5 million or more. Very carefully, (for their big brothers really are watching) some of the independents are now explaining in Washington that since the smaller operators are often the high-cost producers, they have a lower net in ratio to gross, and therefore the 50 percent of net limitation should be graduated to carry out the purpose of the Douglas proposal.

Little by little, through analogy but mostly by political tit-for-tat, oil's percentage depletion has spread into all the natural resources industries. Fearing, perhaps, that water fountains or air conditioners might be next, the Congress has actually specifically excluded "soil, sod, dirt, turf, water, mosses, minerals from seawater, the air, or similar inexhaustible resources." That tiny concession to 1913 market value, granted because of a court decision, thus gives us a classic example of the self-enlarging capacity of a loophole. Tax-free income is now allowed, at rates ranging from 5 to 23 percent of the gross but always limited to half the net, in every mining business "from aluminum to zinc"—coal, sulfur, iron ore, uranium, clay, stone, oyster shells, clam shells, even sand. Almost 1500 companies took depletion on sand, gravel, and stone in 1960. Timber gets 50 percent of its operating income exempt from tax. Humble's Jack Crawford thinks one might well ask why coal gets a 10 percent allowance when we have enough coal to last us 1000 years. "Or oysters." Gulf Oil's uppermost officials take the more usual industry approach—they warn, or exult, that "any change in the depletion law will affect every extractive industry from gold to gravel." One is almost grateful that we don't have diamond mines.

In ordinary industries, capital costs have to be deducted over a period of years. In oil and gas, the costs of dry holes are deductible at once as losses, "even though in the large," the tax-reform study says, "the expense of nine dry holes is part of the cost of one producer. . . a 90% writeoff in one year is an enormous advantage under a tax rate of 48%." There is more. If a well comes in, from 75 to 90 percent of the capital costs of drilling and developing it can be and usually are also deducted as they are incurred. These costs are called "intangibles" and include labor, fuel, overhead, land clearing, and in general all costs other than equipment with salvage value. Economist Kahn calls this write-off "clearly a special privilege in every sense." Expenses similar to intangibles in industries other than natural resources must be capitalized and written off over a number of years. The tax-reform study says the tax loss from the intangibles write-off is $300 million a year.

As Treasury Secretary John Snyder explained in 1950, if 90 percent of the costs of a producing well are recovered tax-free at the outset, only 10 percent of the investment remains to be recovered through depletion; hence depletion based on the entire income in effect overlaps the deductions for intangibles. This leads critics to charge that "a double deduction" is being allowed—"a double benefit," Stanley Surrey, Johnson's Treasury tax expert, calls it. Industry people say that two different concepts are involved. Since intangibles are not depletable, the two deductions are mutually exclusive, a California Standard spokesman insisted in 1959.

Oilmen can also, because of intangibles and dry hole deductions, "drill up" their profits in a given year to the extent they find advantageous on their tax returns. As Senator Williams says, a man can make a million dollars and live off the nontaxable depletion allowance "by piling all his other income into intangible investments."

The effective income tax rate for all manufacturing is 43.3 percent; for petroleum, it is 21.1 percent. Only other mineral industries, lumber, and financial institutions receive comparable consideration, nor do even these figures showing oil paying half the going rate reach the extent of the matter. The tax-reform study says that the 21.1 percent is derived from returns that cover both extractive and nonextractive activities of the oil industry, whereas an integrated company could earn equal amounts from each kind of activity, pay nothing in tax in production and 46 percent of the rest, and show an overall rate of 23 percent.

The industry counterattacks with figures showing that excluding excise taxes, it pays about the same percentage of its gross income in taxes (in the range of 5 percent) as other industry does. "The total impact on your business is the important thing, not the technique for collecting the tax," says Crawford. By the time Senator Long reaches the end of this line of thought, he is contending that "the oil industry pays more taxes than anyone else."

In recent years the minerals industry has been making tax use of contrivances called "carve-outs" and "ABC transactions." Both are based in "production payments," which are rights that are "sold" to profits from future production from a well or mine. Johnson's and Nixon's Treasury people agree that these devices are now costing the United States $200 million a year, and they are spreading. Nixon wants them stopped.

The carve-out works this way. The year the producer sells his "carved-out production payment," he reports the sale price as income subject to depletion. This lets him make an end run around the 50-percent-of-net limit on depletion by artificially increasing his "income" that year. But then his expenses in later years, to produce the oil he is making the payment with, are deducted from no or reduced income. He is "losing money" for tax purposes. By changing the timing of his income he pays less tax over the period.

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A little oil company in the Southwest explained to its stockholders in 1968, concerning its sale of a $6 million production payment on one of its properties, "This transaction shifted taxable income from 1969 into 1968 and will produce a greater depletion deduction for the two-year period." Representative Sam Gibbons of Florida has explained how a company can operate two equally profitable properties with carve-outs timed to alternate each year so that they wipe out each other's taxes entirely and leave an additional loss to be deducted against income from other sources.

The ABC deal is a complicated and variable three-party transaction. A, the owner, sells his mineral interest to B for a reserved production payment, but then sells the production payment to C. A gets capital gains, B excludes the production payment from his income, and C gets income subject to depletion which is usually enough to eliminate his taxable income.

Atlantic Refining Company and then the merged Atlantic Richfield paid the United States no income tax at all from 1962 through 1967, although its net profits aggregated almost half a billion dollars. It was this situation that provoked the ranking Republican on Ways and Means, Byrnes of Wisconsin, to say, "Frankly, I no longer know what to write my constituents." Gibbons said it was rather inconsistent to report half a billion of income to the SEC and tell the tax collector you didn't make anything. No one contended it was illegal. The point is, it is legal. What is more, the New York *Times* has reported that the president of Atlantic Richfield, without a sign of emotion, will argue that the oil depletion allowance should be higher.

The company has recently offered a written explanation of its taxless years to the House Ways and Means Committee. It had acquired the oil-producing properties of two companies through an ABC transaction for $75 million, but one of the two firms' properties "did not generate taxable income until 1967." Atlantic also engaged in extensive exploratory efforts that "generated tax losses." In 1968 it made a small federal tax payment, and this will be increasing now. The company's big strike on the North Slope proved, the company said, that its program and the related tax incentives "have accomplished what they were intended to do." The company's 1968 annual report states $149 million in profits; there had been a stock split in the summer.

Senator Albert Gore, the Tennessee Democrat, and Representative Gibbons have called attention to an ABC transaction whereby Continental Oil Company bought Consolidation Coal, the world's largest coal company in terms of sales. Under IRS rulings, the net effect was that the oil company paid no income taxes at all on its $460 million of profits from operating the coal company—profits with which it was buying the company—but *was* permitted to deduct its $128 million in coal-mining costs. The coal company paid no taxes on its income from the sale because it was liquidated under a certain section of the tax code. "I can foresee a situation, not far off," Gore warned, "when we will no longer have an independent coal industry. We may well have all major energy sources—petroleum, coal, uranium—under the control of a very few powerful corporations."

"We may well have all major energy sources – petroleum, coal, uranium – under the control of a very few powerful corporations."

On foreign production, U.S. companies can take the U.S. depletion allowance, reducing their potential U.S. tax liability. The Texas Independent Producers and Royalty Owners Association, which flirts with opposing foreign depletion publicly every few years, has pointed out that it gives majors a great advantage because net profits are so high abroad in relation to the gross. Johnny Mitchell, a past president of TIPRO, wrote the top officers of more than two dozen oil companies proposing that the foreign deduction be whittled down, but TIPRO pulled short of backing him up.

Of probably greater practical significance is the foreign tax credit, which is available to all U.S. firms abroad but is uniquely important in oil because of the high foreign levies on oil companies. Except for long-standing royalties of about 12 percent, U.S. oil companies apply their large payments to foreign governments, dollar for dollar, as offsets against the remainder of their U.S. taxes due on their foreign income. Usually this cancels out these U.S. taxes.

It is a fair question to ask how much U.S. income tax, on both foreign and domestic profits, is paid by the five international majors that dominate the U.S. industry, Jersey, Texaco, Gulf, Mobil, and California Standard. The answer is that during the five years 1963-1967 these companies paid, on total net profits before income tax of about $21 billion, federal income tax of about $1 billion. Their five-year U.S. income tax rate was 4.9 percent. They paid foreign governments more than five times as much.

Jersey's five-year rate was 5.2 percent, Texaco's 2 percent, Gulf's 8.4 percent, Mobil's 5.2 percent, and California Standard's 2.5 percent. On the basis of figures in George Spencer's *U.S. Oil Week,* the twenty-three largest refiners in the United States, including the big five, paid in the same period $2 billion U.S. income tax on total earnings before income taxes of $30 billion. The aggregate rate for the

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"If a bird looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, you call him a duck."

twenty-three firms figures out to about 7.2 percent.

Compute these figures up, down, or sideways, they tell a similar story. Backing up the Texaco figures to the beginning of the sixties, the company's U.S. income tax rate for the first seven years of the Kennedy-Johnson era is 2.1 percent. On pre-tax income of almost $6 billion in the decade 1958-1967, Gulf paid U.S. income taxes of a third of a billion, a rate of 5.7 percent. California Standard's ten-year average is 2.3 percent, Mobil's 4.4 percent. In 1967, twenty-nine larger oil companies with net pre-tax income of $8 billion paid 8.6 percent U.S. income tax, compared with 20.9 percent which they paid to foreign governments and some states.

The foreign tax credit probably lies behind an interesting inversion in Jersey's tax patterns since World War II. Through 1953 the federal income tax the company paid as a portion of both U.S. and foreign income was about 16 percent, while its payments to foreign governments averaged another 19 percent of its pre-tax income. In 1954, however, as foreign-earned income came piling in and the foreign tax credit and foreign depletion worked their wonders, Jersey's U.S. tax payments dropped to 11 percent as its foreign payments turned upward. By 1958 the nation's largest oil company paid the U.S. Treasury one percent, while it paid foreign governments 40 percent, of its pre-tax income.

For Gulf the turnaround year was 1952. It had been paying about a fourth of its U.S. and foreign pre-tax net to the U.S. Treasury, but the fifteen years from 1953 to 1967, its U.S. income tax on total pre-tax income of about $7.6 billion was less than $400 million. For three straight years in the late 1950s it was less than one percent. While turning over just one twentieth of its pre-tax income to the Treasury since 1953, the company the Mellons built has been paying more than a fourth of it to foreign governments.

This has been the pattern for California Standard, too. For the first nine years of the two decades 1948-1967, its U.S. income tax was five times its payments to foreign governments. In the rest of the period it paid about one seventh the U.S. tax rate it had before, while its rate of foreign government payments increased about threefold.

"I want you to tell me the whole story," Wilbur Mills said to Humble's M. A. Wright this spring. "Why is it a company that operates here and abroad can . . . pay an effective tax rate of 1.6 percent on its total tax income?"

The figures showing Jersey's tax rate at 1.8 percent or some such are quite prejudicial, the reasonable and equable Jack Crawford of Humble says, because first, they imply that other companies are paying the full statutory rate, whereas the investment credit alone can reduce taxes a fourth; second, Jersey, operating in seventy countries and earning half its income from abroad, has many factors applying to its tax rate, including the foreign tax credit; third, including foreign income in the U.S. corporations' tax rate is "patently unfair," and fourth, the foreign income tax paid is sometimes not even mentioned.

With a show of emotion evidently unusual for him, Crawford, discussing the situation in his Houston office, exclaims, "All you have to do is convince the man in the street that the oil companies are getting away with murder. 'I'm paying 30 percent, and Standard Oil of New Jersey is paying 1.8 percent. Those rich bastards!' "

Jersey's domestic subsidiary, Humble, earned $607 million in 1967, 51 percent of Jersey's total income. As a proportion of its domestic income only, Jersey's federal tax was about 26 percent. The company told House taxers that the equivalent figure for 1968 is about 30 percent and that its U.S. and foreign income taxes are about 45 percent of its U.S. and foreign income. The Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association has come up with a similar retort, to wit: eliminating foreign income from the figures, the twenty-one largest refiners paid 19 percent of their income in U.S. taxes in 1966 and 1967; including foreign income and taxes, they paid 37 percent of total income in U.S. and foreign income taxes. But are the majors' payments to foreign governments taxes, or are they actually royalties paid to the oil-owning governments and therefore ordinary business deductions? The difference is a dollar-for-dollar credit versus a deduction worth 50 cents on the dollar.

"It *is* an income tax," says Crawford. Chairman Mills, noting the similarity in the size of the U.S. and foreign levies, agrees. They are "quite clearly royalties," says Senator Edward Kennedy. "If those same payments were made to the landowners in this country, they would be royalties and would be deducted, not credited." If a bird looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, you call him a duck, Kennedy said during the Hart hearings. "Someone was very clever in naming this as a tax."

A U.S. government taxman has acknowledged that in 1948 he briefed Saudi Arabian officials on "the difference of the effect on the [oil] company between a royalty and an income tax." In 1950 the government of Saudi Arabia levied an income tax for the first time. Subsequently the various foreign oil-owning governments have added what are called taxes of 50, 60, and even 65 percent to their take from the profits of the U.S. firms. The result has been to transfer U.S. income taxes to foreign countries.

Dr. Blair has estimated the tax loss to the United

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States. Working from income statistics for 1961, he concluded that in five major oil countries abroad, U.S. firms had almost $700 million in foreign taxes available to offset estimated U.S. tax liabilities of more than $500 million, which also resulted in $169 million in excess credits, applicable either against U.S. taxes due on income earned in other foreign nations or to carry back or forward to reduce taxes in other years. Dealing with the payments as royalties instead of taxes would have netted the United States about $175 million.

"The first thing you think about is, is this really a tax or a royalty?" says Nixon's taxman at the Treasury, Edwin Cohen. The idea that royalties only go up 12.5 percent is a mirage, he says. "We've found royalties up to 97 percent."

Cohen is also interested in the writing off of intangibles abroad, which lets U.S. firms generate tax losses deductible against U.S. income. The proviso is that they must be reporting to the United States from abroad on a country-by-country basis, but except for Jersey (which has an unusual situation), almost all the companies do. Drilling up on the margin to generate losses, Cohen says, "They never pay anything. We never get any benefit."

He is considering whether the intangibles write-off overseas should be prohibited, or the companies required, when they find oil abroad, to restore to the United States the drilling tax losses they claimed earlier. Compared with this issue, he says, foreign depletion is an idle question. "We are subsidizing their foreign exploration and getting nothing in return." He is also weighing eliminating the country-by-country reporting option and dropping a tax wall between U.S. and foreign income.

The main objections to depletion and other U.S. oil policies now under criticism are that they are unfair to taxpayers and consumers and enhance monopoly trends in the oil industry. The central line of defense is that the national security requires a strong domestic industry, which in turn requires protections and tax advantages. Representative Lloyd Meeds of Washington says, "The salient fact is that the individual must bear the burden of this loss." Representative Charles A. Vanik of New York estimates that since it was first allowed, depletion has cost about $140 billion, "paid at the expense of almost all of the other taxpayers of the country." These men are members of the House Ways and Means Committee.

Their theme runs through the debate of the last two decades. Back in 1950 President Truman told of an oil millionaire who raked in $14 million over a five-year period but paid only $80,000 income taxes for the period, about half of one percent, compared to the lowest rate of 20 percent for a single man who earned less than $2000 a year. Senator George Aiken, the Vermont Republican, said in the 1957 debate that others must "dig into their pockets" to make up the money lost by depletion. Now Proxmire says the ordinary taxpayer must wonder why he pays 14, or 16, or 20 percent of his hard-earned money to the federal government when a company like Atlantic Richfield pays nothing whatever.

Another approach to the same point considers what the lost money could have been spent for. Ten billion dollars in the 1960s would buy a lot of model cities, an expanded public-housing program, more scholarships for college students, more war on poverty. A Yale research economist told the House taxers this year that the loss from depletion is three times federal spending on law enforcement, three times the school-lunch and food-stamp programs, six times our spending for public housing, three times the expenditure for the Alliance for Progress.

Then there is the dimension of unfairness to other industry. The IRS reported that in 1964 the petroleum industry reported net income after taxes of $1.7 billion as per the Internal Revenue Code, but $5 billion as per its own books of account. This ratio of 33 percent compared with a ratio of 88 percent for all nonpetroleum manufacturing.

The spread of the depletion privilege into other natural resources can only have contributed to the general cynicism about it. When professional football players seriously asked the Senate Finance Committee for a personal depletion allowance, Paul Douglas countersuggested allowances for movie actors, poets, and mathematicians, all of whom deplete themselves with the passing years. The late Senator Richard Neuberger of Oregon introduced a bill to let any taxpayer deduct one percent of his income for each birthday after he became forty-five on the theory that "a locomotive engineer's eyes, a schoolteacher's frayed nerves, a day laborer's legs, an author's brain . . . wear out, also. . . . We should have a depletion allowance for people."

Industry people often express pride that they are selling better gasoline for only slightly more, exclusive of taxes, than in 1926, and they predict that tampering with depletion will result in higher prices. Indignations about depletion are futile to whatever extent a higher corporation oil tax would be passed on to the consumers in prices. However, as Proxmire says, if it could all be passed on, why are the oil people "fighting like tigers"? Senator Williams says: "Yes, if we increase taxes, some of it does siphon down to the consumer, but not all of it."

Much of the argument for depletion is based on the riskiness of drilling for new oil. Before committees in Washington, oil's witnesses concentrate on

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"The little man can't get in the door anymore."

figures showing that such drilling is down, rigs are stacked, oil-field employment is declining.

Gulf's president, Bob Dorsey, told House taxers this spring, "About one time in ten, those investing in wildcat drilling will find oil, but only about one in fifty has a favorable return on that kind of investment. Yet such investments have been made possible because of . . . percentage depletion." Senator Mike Monroney of Oklahoma makes the argument vivid: "People simply will not put nickels in slot machines unless there are nickels in the jackpot."

The often used one-in-ten (or one-in-nine) figure, however, applies to new-field wildcat wells, which make up only a seventh of the wells drilled. The success ratio is higher for every other type of well. The chances are three out of five that any of all the wells drilled will be a producer. The exploratory wells, including those "new-field wildcats," have two out of five chances of being producers. Three out of four of the development wells, which drain proven fields, are successful.

The majors drill mostly development wells. In 1967, Gulf drilled or participated in drilling 1242 wells, of which 964 were producers. Mobil drilled 397 producers and 133 dry holes. California Standard drilled 533 producers and 159 dry holes. It is the independents who do most of the exploratory drilling, 85 percent of it, says IPAA's McClure. Yet the depletion allowance goes in overwhelming bulk to the majors, not the independents, and it rewards not discoveries, but pumping oil out of the ground. For a dry hole, you get nothing.

"The oil industry has become a business for investors interested in precalculated expenditures and returns. . . . The little man can't get in the door anymore," says Texas independent Johnny Mitchell. Representative Minish says, "Oil has one of the lowest rates of failure in any business in the United States, and two thirds of the depletion allowances are claimed by companies with assets of over a quarter of a billion dollars."

If oilmen are so venturesome, why do they need subsidies? Representative Bush of Texas has divested himself of his oil holdings, but was in the business for eighteen years. On an NBC program, Representative James Scheuer of New York asked him, "Why should we take the risk out of your oil business? You don't want us to limit your profit, George, why do you want us to limit your risk?"

"The whole case for the 27.5 percent depletion allowance rests upon national security," says J. R. Parten of Houston. "We have fueled two world wars, largely out of our oil and gas resources, and in my opinion this would not have been possible without the tax incentives," depletion and the write-off.

In its statement to Ways and Means this year, Texaco said that the present tax treatment of oil has been one of the most significant factors in developing oil production and reserves essential to the national security and that any action to "impair the present incentives . . . would be to gamble with national security."

Giving oil every credit to which it is entitled, does the national security argument still hold? The rationale of the import system as well as percentage depletion is based on it.

As Kahn says, "People just say 'national security,' and everybody is supposed to turn his tail and run." Instead, Senator Kennedy began inquiring last spring. "What," he asked Wright of Humble, "do you consider to *be* our national security? National security against what? A ground war in Western Europe . . . a land war in Asia . . . guerrilla wars. . . ?"

"We're not thinking about protection from atomic war," Wright said with candor; "the thing we are endeavoring to guard against is the termination of imports abroad due to political emergencies." He mentioned strikes, turnover in political parties, and boycotts against shipments to the United States; but that was all. "These kinds of things we want to be able to survive," avoiding some other country having control over "our economic destiny," he said.

Senator Long would add the chance of war in the Middle East, and even with Canada. Senator Tower would consider rising Soviet power in the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean. "We could conceivably get in conventional war with Russia, although I don't foresee it," Tower says.

To Proxmire, the national security argument is ridiculous. "Import controls and proration are programs to create an artificial scarcity and high prices." There is a lot of flexibility, he says, in our need for and supplies of oil. Kennedy, too, asks whether the remote possibility of rationing might be less costly than the present program costing $4 or $5 billion a year.

One is forced to the factual question, how much oil have we and what other fuels could we use? In "proved reserves," the United States has about 31 billion barrels of oil. At present levels of consumption this is a ten- or eleven-year supply. Nuclear war would wipe out the cities where most of the oil is used: people, if any, would be needing drinking water, not oil. What kind of prolonged emergency, then, would require more than a ten-year supply of oil? If this is an awkward question, it is an even more awkward fact that our capacity to refine crude oil now exceeds our capacity to produce it by a million barrels a day.

"Proved reserves" is a concept that excludes known reserves for which available methods of pro-

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duction have not yet been installed. And secondary recovery methods (such as pumping water, gas, or even air into the oil reservoir) are frequently less expensive than discovering new oil. By 1965 one third of domestic oil was produced by such methods. The Interstate Oil Compact Commission estimated in 1966 that our proved reserves could be increased by *more than half* simply by installing additional equipment for these proved methods, and that more than 60 billion barrels more are probably physically recoverable by newer methods, including injecting steam or hot water into the reservoirs. This increases our actual probable U.S. reserves for emergency needs to about 110 billion barrels, a supply for fifteen to thirty years. And these figures do not include the new finds in Alaska.

Beyond this, other kinds of fuel are available. There are about 2000 billion barrels of shale oil in the West, 80 percent of it owned by the people of the United States, and even the established oil industry increasingly concedes that great quantities of this oil will become commercially available. Oil production from tar sands is another newly developing technology. The government is experimenting actively in the hydrogenation of coal into oil. Why, one might ask, has not the oil industry conducted a crash program to open up the fabulous oil shale reserves?

In sum, it is almost impossible plausibly to imagine a national emergency sufficiently prolonged that the United States is cut off from abundant foreign oil, runs out of its own oil, and cannot contrive substitutes. And if this analysis is correct, oil's main line of defense is chimerical.

However, some of oil's Washington critics have taken a different tack. As Jerry Cohen, staff director of the Hart committee, says, their idea is to hear out the tale of woe about declining exploratory drilling and shrinking U.S. reserves and then, instead of arguing, agree and ask, "Yes, well—since the policies we have are not working, what shall we change?" Having described the troubles of the industry, Wright found himself saying in effect that it's really not as bad as all that. "They're caught in their own trap," Cohen says.

Other serious challenges to the national security argument of the industry have come from a study conducted for Johnson's Treasury and finally (after much obfuscation and delay) made public. The CONSAD Research Corporation's technical study said percentage depletion is "a relatively inefficient method" of encouraging exploration for new reserves—more than 40 percent of depletion is paid for foreign production and nonoperating interests in domestic production. The report concludes in effect that for each $10 in tax benefits, we get only $1 more worth of oil reserves than we would be getting anyway. Wilbur Mills said that despite the industry's story about depletion and domestic reserves, "Now, we're not so sure."

The clamor against depletion is unfair, oil's defenders say, because it assumes that the companies are making unreasonable profits, and they are not. Oil's most aggressive counterattack relies upon statistics showing that on the basis of net assets, oil's profit rate is about the same as that for other manufacturing.

"The oil and gas industry does not make excessive profits," Texaco's J. Howard Rambin, Jr., told the House committee. "Studies by the First National City Bank of New York of corporate profits over the twenty-year period, 1949 to 1968, showed that the rate of return on the net assets of the oil and gas industry averaged 12.8 percent, virtually the same as the average for all manufacturing industries." During the last decade, he said, it was half a point lower than all manufacturing.

Crawford says he assumes that the producing end of the industry is making a greater rate of return than the rest of the industry. "I frankly don't understand," he says, "why we don't make more money than other industries." But, "if our profits are out of line, who can say that depletion is not justified?"

The industry's profits figures distort the realities in some ways. As Douglas pointed out in 1964, they may exclude foreign profits, which are dramatically higher than their domestic profits. Even so, profits are higher in the producing part of the business, to which depletion is solely pertinent, than for the integrated ("downstream") operations. First National City Bank figures for return on net assets of leading oil companies show a spread of two to five points between these two kinds of income in the last five years. In 1967 the bank's figures showed integrated operations making 12.7 percent and producing operations making 15.9 percent.

The example of Amerada Petroleum, almost entirely a producing company, is instructive. It had the highest rate of earnings on sales of any of *Fortune's* 500 industrials for every one of the eight years 1958 to 1965. By 1967 the foreign tax credit had become a factor for it, and on total pre-tax earnings of $104 million it paid less than $1 million U.S. tax.

There is also the question of the *bulkiness* of oil's profits. Jersey now makes $100 million a month.

The New York *Times* reports on 500 companies in the manufacturing and service industries. For 1967, the 33 oil companies in the 500 companies got more than one third of *all* the 500 companies' total earnings.

First National City Bank's "Monthly Economic Letter" for last April surveyed 2250 manufacturing companies in 41 categories with net income of $26 billion in 1968. Ninety-six oil producing and refining companies had a total net income of $6.1 billion, almost one fourth of the income of all 2250 companies.

Fourteen senators protesting the oil-price in-

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crease this year noted that the combined net profits of the twelve largest oil companies had increased by 33 percent in just four years and that each of them has set new profit records for itself in each of the last four years.

Perhaps another part of the explanation of the industry figures lies in the industry's high relative profit rate as a percentage of sales, instead of assets. As *Fortune's* reports show, oil and mining have the lowest sales per dollar of invested capital of any of the industrial groups. Taking *Fortune's* listing of the top twenty companies, the seven oil companies had a profit rate as a percentage of sales twice as high as the thirteen that were not oil companies, 10.4 percent to 5.3 percent. (In absolute terms, the one third that were oil companies had total profits that equaled those of the two thirds that were not oil companies.)

It does not seem likely, as Senator Williams has remarked, that the oil industry will have to pass the hat. But to whatever extent it is true that oil's profits are not, in reality, as high as one would expect under the circumstances, overinvestment may be indicated. Economists of the marginal analysis school in general believe that if there is a prospect of high profit in an area of business and free access to it, capital will flow into it until the prospect for returns declines toward or down to the level for other investment opportunities. It is in fact one of the weightier charges against depletion that it has caused a serious misallocation of economic resources in favor of oil and gas.

Finally, there are some problems of consistency in the industry's various defenses.

In 1959 Wilbur Mills told a panel on depletion that he worried that foreign depletion was shoring up oil production that might be "taken by somebody else and inure to their defense." Scott Lambert of California Standard replied that by and large the oil was available to us and helped develop our allies. Yet, Mills rejoined, we encourage the use of American dollars to develop the foreign resources and then "say it is contrary to the national interest for those same reserves to come to the United States." Lambert retorted, "But we are realizing the benefits fully when these resources are developed by our citizens and sold overseas. We are getting profits." That hardly put the question to rest.

By rewarding production rather than discovery, depletion encourages the depletion of domestic reserves, contrary to its frequently cited purpose of building them up for national security. The imports reduce the need for U.S. oil and the motive to drill for it. Yet both depletion and imports are defended in the name of national security.

The government in effect puts a floor under oil prices, but as Proxmire says, will not intervene to keep them from rising. Kennedy asks why imports are never increased as a means of offsetting unnecessary price increases.

In 1963, President Kennedy tried for four minor changes in the law affecting oil taxes; he got one, worth about $40 million revenue a year. "So you have reduced the special privilege by two and two thirds percent," Douglas said to Secretary Dillon. "It is a small percentage," Dillon said. "A very small percentage," Douglas said.

Senator Kennedy proposes decreasing depletion to 15 percent for larger companies, eliminating it for the largest foreign producers, ruling out the fast write-off for intangibles, and eliminating the foreign tax credit for what are actually foreign royalties. He would make certain mineral production payments ineligible for capital gains treatment. Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut wants to stop the intangibles write-off and cut depletion in half.

The political power of oil is the main force at work against such reforms, but there is also a feeling that these subjects are impenetrably complex and nothing can be done with assurance. Yet, as economist Kahn has said, "it seems intolerable to have to decide about everything before deciding about anything."

Since "market demand proration" and the enforcement of its effects through the Connally "hot oil" act amount to government price-fixing for oil, such proration should be repealed, leaving actual oil conservation programs intact. Oil imports should be increased rapidly, as by the Machiasport and petrochemical companies' plans, until the U.S. oil price breaks downward toward the world price. To whatever, if any, extent controls continue to be justified, the "import ticket" system should be replaced by a straight tariff, giving the profit from the controls to the Treasury instead of the refiners.

These changes would help consumers, but hurt the highest-cost U.S. producers. Since these latter include many of the oil people who can be considered small businessmen, tax changes should help the independents and help retard monopoly trends in the industry.

One recurrent sophistry in the defenses of the depletion allowance is a refusal to distinguish between the major companies and the rest of the industry in tax policy. "Today the oil-producing industry is sick and cannot afford the burden of increased taxation," John Connally, the then Vice President's sidekick and governor of Texas, told the House tax committee in 1963. There is an international oil industry dominated by five U.S. companies. There is a domestic oil industry, made up of companies varying from huge to small and of many individuals. Tax policy can make these distinctions.

The most notorious of the loopholes, percentage depletion, should be repealed, in gradual steps to ease the pain and facilitate necessary adjustments,

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Give them this day their daily bread.

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon... and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers ... and their children... with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

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but in the end, entirely. As La Follette, Couzens, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and many others have said, the principle is entirely wrong. Profit from the sale of discovered minerals is income, not capital. Repealing percentage depletion would permit every businessman to continue to take full depreciation or cost depletion on all actual investment. Oil and mineral producers, like other businessmen, would also continue to recover all their operating costs, but then they would have to pay ordinary corporate tax rates. Such a thorough reform would go a long way toward assuring the public that Congress may also do what it should about the exclusion for capital gains, "charitable deductions," real estate write-offs, the tax "losses" of hobbyist-farmers, and the rest.

But if Congress will not repeal 27.5 percent, it should be graduated or restricted to benefit the independents and small companies that actually do the exploratory drilling. Certainly there is no sense in allowing companies foreign depletion for depleting oil that belongs not to them, but to foreign nations.

The fast intangibles write-off for the minerals industry is simple favoritism and should be stopped, except perhaps again for the drilling and development of wells or mines that are actually discoveries, or else according to a limit on the taxpayer's taxable income. The use of production payments to wipe out tax obligations obviously should be stopped and probably will be.

Proposals to cut or abolish the foreign tax credit meet the rejoinder that the foreign governments would increase their take from the companies for the difference. As the *Economist* says of the Middle Eastern governments, these oil-owning nations are getting better and better at "squeezing the oil companies without actually strangling them to death." The emergence of Arab guerrilla movements is also a factor.

In the alternative, the pre-1918 situation could be restored, whereby the U.S. companies are permitted to deduct their tax payments to foreign governments from their gross income. But the situation is too technical and too honeycombed with competitive effects on many companies in different environments for a simple solution.

As Treasury's Cohen says, the problem is not which rules to change but just to get a fair quantity of income from U.S. companies operating in the flush foreign oil fields. The write-off for intangibles should be disallowed abroad, and Cohen's other ideas should be listened to with attention. As it is, the oil companies are administering their own foreign aid program with U.S. money.

And there are deeper issues, still. Nine of the 20 largest industrial corporations in America, ranked by assets, are oil companies. Of the top 10 in profits, 5 are oil. In the last 13 years, 20 oil companies with assets of more than half a billion dollars have acquired 226 other companies and 18,737 gasoline service stations. This, in the national economic context now of the one hundred largest corporations owning nearly half—48 percent—of the nation's manufacturing assets.

Senator John Carroll, of Colorado, told the Senate during the depletion debate in 1958, "The moral question . . . is, Why did Congress enact such a tax law? Why has it remained on the statute books through the years? Why does Congress permit these huge tax windfalls?" Robert Engler wrote in *The Politics of Oil,* "Few questions are asked about this furthering of private wealth and power and its impact upon the American society."

The tax gifts from politicians are given back to them, in part, as political contributions. Legal or not, this is a kickback to politicians. "I'll give you tax money assuming that you'll give me some of it back for my career in politics." That, making due allowance for every principled exception, is the truth of it.

The nation should be producing its own oil from its naval reserves or offshore. This would give us an independent standard by which to evaluate the performance of the subsidized oil industry. The nation, through a public oil company, should be planning to produce oil for the public treasury from the publicly owned oil-shale reserves in the West. How else can the growing concentration of the industry in a few companies be stopped? How else can the public equities in public property be preserved?

On successive days last April on the Senate floor, two American senators, both Democrats, one from the South, the other from New England, summed all this up, in their very different ways.

"As one who represents a state producing a good deal of oil," said Russell Long, "I do feel a sense of compassion for someone who so poorly understands Americans as to think they are corrupt and pirates when they are in fact good, hard-working citizens, trying to make an honest buck, the same as everybody else."

"The whole matter of quotas of oil importation has developed into a national scandal. It is a scandal," said John Pastore of Rhode Island the next day. "We in New England, perhaps naïvely, never really knew the depth and breadth of control that the oil industry had fastened on the government . . . . Can you imagine a company [Texaco] with a net profit of $754 million paying a federal tax which amounts to only 1.9 percent of its before-tax income? . . . the unholy alliance I spoke of before has, in the past, reached to the very highest levels of government . . . this is a time of consumer revolt. This is a time of taxpayer revolt."

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Preface to ANONYMOUS MAX

After I beat the boy I'll stroll down to the plaza and get drunk for the first time. It will be an additional relief, boozing seriously. I'll try the local gin; I would enjoy taking it straight, or with ice alone, as Negroes and alcoholics are said to do. But I would regret becoming sick in public. I have seen people empty their stomachs on the bar, at tables, out of bus windows. You never forget the face of a person who does that. After a series of discreet triumphs, I cannot risk public display. I'll think of a suitable mix while writing this.

I am working up ardor. Nicky provides a reason every minute or two. He harasses her constantly —jerks a toy from Silly's hand, pushes her aside to get to the rocking horse, something. For weeks I have gone to bed enchanted by the prospect of beating him eventually. I believe he has become an obsession, not my first. For various reasons, which I have not time to relate now, I have let him slip away. Today, which is exactly like all the other days, I will not. My plan is to complete this, the preface to my incredible memoirs, hurry in, wait until any offense is committed, beat him, go to the plaza, and get bombed out of my skull. And it all has to be accomplished before Nicky's mother arrives to carry him off to the dentist in M—. They are scheduled to be off by one o'clock. I have almost three hours. *Bueno.*

I will call myself Max Cutley; I will say I am thirty-three years old. I am a criminal, a fugitive from justice. The police are looking for me in the United States, one of the many places in which I do not happen to be. They are concentrating their search on the West Coast, where I once hung out. Sooner or later they will find me. I could be—men have been—killed for what I have done.

Silly shrieked just now. The palm of my right hand, my whipping hand, twitched in answer. This is what we mean by obsession. But the governess, whom I will call Miss X, is there and will prevent serious injury. A twitch is not enough at this hour.

Nicky is a fair, handsome, thin boy of about four. His parents are American. His father is a painter, his mother a schoolteacher, as I was once. They had lived together in this village for some months, he painting, she shopping, when a Scandinavian girl passed through and carried off the husband. I have seen her; she is gigantic. She wears filthy trousers and heavy sweaters and sandals. Her feet are huge and black with dirt; her hair is so greasy it resembles stretched strands of chewing gum. The painter and she live together in a waterless abandoned barn on a hillside down the coast halfway between here and M—. They are pigs, the two of them; and I understand perfectly why they choose to live in slops.

I have Nicky in each morning as a favor to the wife, who is trying to pack up for a return to the States. She asks me questions about crating and shipping, the strongest twine, how to pack things. I answer coldly, a yes, a no, whatever comes to mind, without the slightest pause. Having taken the law into my own hands once, I find that I have become the law in all matters.

Kidnapping is my crime. Used to be punishable by death, under the Lindbergh Law. "Their" law, not mine, of course. I have not asked for ransom, and the child is my own, Silly, so I am not certain of its application. I await their justice. *Bueno.*

A story by John Deck

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There is silence now. The good Englishwoman, Miss X, is probably threatening. I will say this about her, and this alone; she is seventy years old, thin, spotted, agile, and mean as an alley cat. Here are three random samples of her "method."

"If you don't eat your breakfast, Miss Silly, your daddy will go away and never come back."

"If you don't take your bath now, your dirty toes will turn into worms in the morning."

"If you continue to cry in that way, the boo-doos will carry you off and eat you for their supper."

I don't stop these threats for two reasons: Silly is accustomed to them now; and disaster does hover over us at all times. We are not safe. I would fire the old bitch in a second, however. She could be a hundred and seventy, starving, and I'd turn her out in a second. No qualms.

It must be clear now that I don't give a damn about anything. Except Silly, at times, and my incredible life.

I will give a few hints about the contents of my proposed autobiography. I was once extremely wealthy, successfully married (for money), and in line to inherit a profitable business. But I gave it all up, except for the child, because I had indirectly committed murder, for money, and knew I would never be caught. I got bored with serenity, safety, my wife's tireless golfing. So I split the scene.

I will add a further enticement: those whom I killed were my parents.

For these reasons I have come to this quiet little town "somewhere" in Southern Europe, and I have begun assembling notes toward the book which at present is called *Anonymous Max*. It is, of course, only a working title. Many of the facts have to be suppressed or altered, because of the police. I will not leave myself open to incarceration. Freedom has perhaps more meaning for me than for any person who might read this.

At the same time, my obsession delights me. Perversity, sadism, madness—these attributes of the criminal do not, as some might imagine, shame him. They enlarge the meaning of "freedom." I have noted somewhere the following: "Punishment would merely have extended my definition of liberty." I confess I cannot recall exactly what I meant when I wrote it; at the time I had in mind the petty thefts of childhood (taking one of each of the duplicated coins from mother's purse). But I can apply it today. Punishment—jail *or* execution —would be perfectly in keeping with beating Nicky, not firing that tyrant of a governess, "holing up" here, in the village of N—, on this coast.

You see, I try my freedom now. I expose myself, a portion, so that I may further value the concealed remainder. I will go further. It is the Mediterranean coast. *Bueno.* (But don't use the Spanish as a lead; it could as well be planted.)

The rocking horse rocks furiously, so Nicky, my victim, is mounted. Silly probably watches with wonder. He is one year her senior, the only English-speaking child in N—.

Time is passing by. They have an imported tonic which others drink with their gin, but it is expensive. I cannot waste money. Perhaps a carbonated fruit juice. Miss X would know the prices.

I'll go back a bit, give the reader a taste of what will follow. I stole Silly away on a night flight. Her mother thought we were watching *The Sound of Music.* During the weeks immediately preceding our departure, I had purchased a complete wardrobe for my daughter, had her inoculated, had her included on my passport. No one knew anything. Her reactions to the shots I blamed on the concessions at Disneyland. And Silly was a little soldier. I convinced her the shots were pleasant. "Look at the doctor's bright, shiny needle. He's going to give you a love pinch." She barely cried at all. I told her the clothes were being saved for her birthday. She accepted that. Of course, my ex-wife's golf helped me in all of this.

Yes, we snuck away one evening, the two of us, off to London. I had arranged for booking through to Rome; I had paid in advance. Only, by God, it would have taken some looking to find us on that flight to Rome. We were in Folkestone, waiting for a ship.

Brilliant. In later chapters I'll recount our itinerary on the Continent proper. It took us almost a month to get where we are. We traveled one way, got off the train, crossed the tracks, traveled back. Our arrival at M— was a triumph. Leaving a few bags at the station, I went out and hired a cab to drive us to C—. There I rented a hotel room, took Silly upstairs, changed her, and back we came to the desk. I swung our suitcases about wildly, asked where in C— I would find a man who repaired suitcase locks. Once outside, I hired another cab, this one to take us to S—, where we caught a train back to M—, recovered the rest of our luggage, and came on to N—, here, by means of a public bus.

I would have given anything to see my former in-laws during that period. "Cousin" Art Cutley and sour old Winnie, with her huge face seared by golf, are big and tan, and go about in their leisure wearing shorts and white canvas sneakers. No socks, although Winnie's ankles are blue with broken blood vessels, and Art's shins are scarred. Football scars, he'll tell you, if you give him the chance. They must have been braying like asses. They are both idiots.

Silly's mother, my former wife, has only one reaction now. She snorts, shakes her head, and reaches for her putter. She lines up her feet and

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Mr. Deck's story "Greased Samba" won an Atlantic "First" award in 1967 and appeared in *The Best American Short Stories, 1968.*

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pokes at an imaginary ball. Sometimes the putter is make-believe as well.

There has been nothing but silence for fifteen minutes. I will go in and see what is happening.

Nothing. Miss X is reading to them. The children listen. Nicky looks particularly good today, because he's off to the dentist. He's clean, in other words. His shoes are shined. I can picture his mother pressing his short pants and shining those shoes, all alone in what was once a studio and a home. Poor. Bereft. I find it rather delightful.

By the way, she thinks I'm a widower. All do here, including Miss X. I stay to myself because of my distress. People are continually coming up to me, when drunk, and saying: "God, old man, it's awful about the wife. What a terrible thing for the child." I affect a lugubrious expression and say nothing, nod leadenly. Soon they drift away, shaking their heads.

It has been great fun. Every bit of it. Worth all. An amazing criminal "getaway."

The boy just came out on his way to the potty. I told him to aim carefully and flush afterward. He shook his head, stared at me for a moment, wistfully. I suppose he wants a father, envies Silly. I don't care. If he wants a father, he'll get a stern substitute in a little while. A walloping. I feel I must, and I will.

Bueno. But if I had perfected this I would not need provocation. I would equal Miss X, the automatic bitch. I would beat first. That sort of spontaneity takes years to develop.

For instance, when I knew my parents were dead, and that I was somewhat responsible but completely safe, according to the law, I feigned deep mourning for almost a year. I had to assimilate the guilt. That I destroyed my marriage, ruined my opportunity with "Cousin" Art, made no difference to me. But I had to prepare myself for what lay ahead. I had to convince everyone that I was mad. So I stayed in bed most of the time, wearing an old yellow dressing robe of my father's, with the blinds drawn and the insurance checks under my pillow. Silly was just learning to walk then. The way the remaining Cutleys worked on that poor child, using her as a lure, is a disgrace to the name. "Max, come in and see Silly run." "Max, Silly just said 'Dada.' Maybe she'll say it again if you'll come in and tuck her into bed." I wanted to go, but I stayed away, for the effect. And often now I regret that it was not *perfectly* in keeping with my character—my remaining in bed.

I was just laughing, to myself. In the book I'll devote several paragraphs to those days when Art marshaled his salesmen and mechanics and sent them to save me. "How's it going, keed?" they'd ask, stumbling into the darkened bedroom. The air was never fresh; I kept it unfresh for my purposes. "When're you getting in the check pool again? We miss the hell out of you at the shop."

Art blew up one day. He came storming in while I was again adding up the money. "Cheryl" was off on the fairways, conveniently. Silly was napping.

"What the hell is going on?" he screamed. He looked shocked. And it had been going on for about six months by then. "I loved Tim and Evelyn as much as anyone. But, by God, Max, you're head of a house now. Soon to take over one of the hottest franchises in Southern California. It's waiting out there for you to pick up, boy. You can't mope like this."

I had a punch ready for him: "I killed them, Art."

Screaming. I go.

Nicky. Little Silly, sweet as you please, clonked him with a wooden block. I went to get him something, a glass of juice, and realized that the carbonated orange drink is the proper thing to drink with gin. Screwdriver, I believe they call it.

She hid that block behind her, Miss X said, and just popped him. It's in the blood.

Back to Art. He scoffed, listened to my "theory," and left. But I prove it, in the book. All of this is much more detailed, and our characters emerge more clearly. If my plans hold up. And the notes I have are sharper, more pungent, than these teasers. There are portions written in the method known as "stream of consciousness." No ordinary narrative method could properly convey the experiences I have had.

My wife could be developed here a little more. She is really an enormous woman from the waist down. From Art she got hips and thighs no father would want to see on his daughter. (Silly is built like me.) She is pretty, though freckles cease being cute at a certain age; her shoulders are delicate, her breasts spritely little things.

Our wedding was dominated by those thighs. Her mincing step in the dress fooled no one. Art's beaming face and Winnie's tearless crying were in celebration of the Great Thigh Nuptials. Afterward, at the reception, a dozen of her sorority sisters filed by me, each assuring me that I had married a "good head." Cheryl had been loved because the thighs kept her home a lot. She took calls for absent sisters, lied about their jiltings, flattered the students of dentistry and engineering who would make them such wonderful husbands later. (When golf replaced me in her affections, the additional weight helped her off the tees.)

After the wedding we spent two months in Europe. It was near the end of summer. While we were gone someone else took my classes in "history" at the high school, and when we returned the new models were selling like mad. ("Cousin" Art Cutley owns what we will call the "Ford" franchise in my hometown.) It was during that trip that I saw N—— for the first time.

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There was more to her than the hams. After she finished college she slipped out of Southern California before she became the eternal bridesmaid. Went off to New York City. Three years later she returned, a heavy ruin. She had not lost an ounce except in her face, and that had never been full. Suddenly, however, the clan was holding dinners every time a holiday came up. And I, the bachelor, found myself seated next to her. One birthday of mine, which I was celebrating with my parents at home, was interrupted by the arrival of all the Cutleys. Champagne, a cake ("Cherry baked it," Winnie whispered), and presents of all sorts. And Art's baritone lifted in "Happy Birthday." Cheryl served me, smiled, brought me another napkin when mine dropped, grinned, knelt before me to pick up the original, skirt straining mightily against the bulk of her.

My father, who hated the successful relative, said: "They're up to something." My mother said: "Let them be." And I did. Our being distant cousins delighted all.

I never found out what happened to her in New York. There was some sort of love affair, but it could have been any sort. In all the time we were together she slipped only once, mentioned a trip to the Virgin Islands during the carnival. "We loved it," she said. "We? Who're we?" She didn't answer. I have evidence to support my opinion that she lived with a Negro dope addict who was either a professional dancer or an architect. If the former, I cannot be sure whether the lover was male or female. The whole New York "question" will be thoroughly discussed. It should be one of the highlights of the book.

I just checked the time. Getting late. Forty minutes remaining at the most.

For me, in all this, there was money and respect. And pleasure. Imagine the prospect of taking over the "Ford" dealership. Including the used-car lot, the business took up an entire block along the main boulevard in our town. Paint out Art, paint in Max. I will try later to re-create the afternoons I spent speeding around, flat on my back on a go-cart, shooting beneath the automobiles to watch the mechanics. By the time I was finished with maintenance, I could adjust any brakes, complete a minor tune-up, replace muffler–tail-pipe assemblies. I worked, and I felt a great sense of accomplishment at the end of the day, when the boys gathered in the washroom and we'd all clean our hands with that ammoniacal cleanser and "shoot the shit." The happiest days of my working life. The younger men envied me. Still, I insisted they call me Max, and when there was a special job that kept us overtime, I would trot out and buy beer. And I wouldn't accept a cent in repayment.

Of course, I hated sales training. Parts shop I didn't mind.

That's about it. If, in reading this over, you detect that I was being "used," rest assured that I too comprehended the scheme, watched it with much amusement. There is reason to believe that Cheryl came back from New York threatening self-mutilation (the hulking thighs); I suppose in this respect I saved her. But with "tongue in cheek."

I'm almost on my way in now, to get Nicky. Mad. *Mad!*

My youth was miserable, as you will see, but I remained quiet. Like another California criminal, I developed slowly. (I am thinking here of the young man "Rattlesnake" Dick Barker. But if I were to pick an ideal from that era and territory, I would choose Juan Soto, a "consummate" sonofabitch. I suppose I bear some resemblance to the PO-8, but I consider him too sweet.)

My time must be about up. There is noise from the nursery, the sounds of play, and it has been growing steadily louder. If I wait a few more minutes, it will culminate in a scream. Always does.

The one item of great interest, which I have scarcely mentioned, is the parricide. I cannot give everything away here. I will say that my father never cared much for me. He was one of those self-made men you never hear about because the job they did was mediocre. My mother brought me up in recognition of this fact. She was sure that his failure would lead him to die first, so that she would be a poor widow. She bought insurance; they were "insurance poor" always.

A theory of inherent weakness was transmitted to me early in childhood. My youth was miserable.

She will be here in a minute, the mother, and still I sit writing, reflecting, awaiting my fury.

The murders seem to be accidents. Only a full presentation of the case would convince anyone. I have studied the reports at length. The thickness of the ice, the distance of the skid, traffic conditions that night. There's no doubt.

Screams. I go.

The odious, conniving, dismal little sneak! His pants were covered with rivets. And he had some hard object in his back pocket, perhaps a hunting knife. Or a stone. I almost broke my hand, can hardly hold my pen. He didn't cry. Two swats and I was wounded. Silly, however, shrieked. Because I jerked him away too roughly, shouted. He was flipping her with his forefinger, had already started her howling.

Still, I beat him. Miss X had a properly surprised expression.

I had better clear out now, in case the mother comes. He's certain to tell her.

I have left the house. I am on the plaza. I brought along the journal and pen. I am drinking gin with the carbonated orange drink. Too sweet. And I'm afraid to go back to sweet vermouth and soda. Mixing is always a tricky business. I write a line

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or two, then hold my hand on the cold glass. It's swelling, I believe. Oh, I beat him. The insanity was there. I was uncontrollable. But I'm not satisfied. The urge to show contempt is even greater now. Crimes of passion I will not commit. Crimes of contempt are for me.

A bastard of a boy his age should not be allowed to carry knives.

Perhaps I should hold back on the autobiography until I've done something more spectacular. But, as in the cases of Juan Soto and Black Bart, there may be a Harry Morse at my back right now, to end the spree before I have hit my stride.

They were on their way to Lake Tahoe one Saturday night. It was winter. The roads over the hill to Bakersfield were iced up. He, who had never received a single traffic ticket in forty years of driving, was traveling at *sixty miles an hour!* There can be only one reason: they were arguing. They had only one thing to argue about: their son.

I will dramatize the spat. I know exactly what I had done to enrage and disgust him. And her defense would have been the old one: "If Max is bad he got it from you." This scene will be among the most brilliant in the book. It could be made into a movie, though I can't think any American producer would have the guts to tackle it.

All of it is indeed fantastic. All I've written here are just chips off the diamond. This can't be expected to convey all the intricacies, squalor, contained violence, explosive emotions that have made up a great portion of my life.

And there's more to come! There's reason to hold off awhile.

I sit here. The plaza is empty. I have a table to myself. It is quiet. But the lull is portentous. I feel as Ney might have felt, that afternoon when his few remaining troops were crossing the Dnieper at the iced-up bend. Kutuzov at his heels. The ice dangerous. The dreary prospect of continued retreat ahead—retreat with honor, of course.

But Ney could not freeze water; by himself he could not round up strays enough to assemble a force. He had exhausted himself getting where he was. So he sat down on the frozen embankment. And he went to sleep.

I'm not a Ney—no—but there is much behind me and all of it fantastic, and it has been exhausting. I need rest, repose. What interests me most is what awaits me. Forces—my private Platov—assemble across the river. I will rest in N—, store up for the attack. And when it is finished I will write these memoirs.

I've tried the gin again. Not so bad if you swallow quickly, and immediately take a drag from your cigarette. A waiter with bad teeth stands about a yard off my right elbow. He watches me as I write in this journal. I wonder what he is thinking.

I wonder if I am like a figure out of a newspaper story or a moving picture to him. (They have movies here.) A thin, quiet figure, carefully dressed, drinking steadily, lighting and casting away cigarettes. My face, unlike those of the other foreigners, is very pale. I can't swim; I refuse to sunbathe.

Odd, that man, the waiter must be thinking.

Bueno.

An Unknown Western-Union Boy

by L. E. Sissman

Fifteen years in this down-at-heel arcade
Your face has crossed mine like a concave blade,
The new moon's arm cocked on the old, a scythe
Reaping a field of people, a long horn
That holds one worn note constantly, although,
Boy, now your head sustains a fall of snow,
And your cheeks deepen with erosion, lose
Their fertile topsoil, carried down by days,
A Mississippi, to your delta mouth.
Your glasses flash a message still; your neat
And backhand figure prints on serif feet
Communication's progress; your bent hand
Grips in its quiver yellow arrows of
Desire, dismissal, supplication, love,
As ever. Best regards. Please expedite.
Order today. Tomorrow is the night.

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ADVENTURES IN THE SPONGE TRADE

by Peter Throckmorton

The most renowned danger area in the Mediterranean for both modern and ancient mariners is probably the entrance to the Aegean Sea, past Cape Malea. A submarine ridge between Malea, at the southernmost tip of the Peloponnese, and Grambousa, at the west end of Crete, runs for sixty miles, averaging 300 to 500 feet in depth and nowhere more than a mile wide. Both sides of the ridge slope down to the deep central sea floor half a mile below. From the ridge rise the islands of Kythera and Antikythera, Pori, several sunken reefs, and some islets, including the rock where H.M.S. *Nautilus* sank in the winter of 1807.

The place can be a caldron of gales in winter, and the current unpredictably treacherous. Thus Captain Palmer of the *Nautilus,* sailing west through the strait on a dark night, worried about a southerly current that might pile him up on Antikythera, and he drove instead on an uncharted rock north of the island. The skipper of the big Roman ship that struck on Cape Glyphada on the northeast side of Antikythera in the first century B.C. could have been set south by the same current.

Antikythera had been something of an obsession with me ever since I had written a paper on the fragments of planking in the National Museum in Athens. I had bothered the librarian at the American School of Classical Studies until, in desperation, she had translated the scanty Greek archaeological reports for me. Eventually I chased down all the printed material on the Roman wreck. I learned, finally, enough Greek to read the yellowing newspaper reports in the Greek National Library, and at last found John Lyndiakos, whose father and uncles had owned the ships commanded by Dimitrios Kondos, the Greek captain who found the Roman wreck in 1900. Lyndiakos had spent a year on Antikythera as a boy, when his father was working there. He was the last surviving participant of the expedition, but said apologetically that he had been eight years old at the time, and could remember only the things a boy would remember.

As I listened to the old man, it wasn't hard to imagine what had happened. On the autumn day that Kondos found the wreck, he wakened in his bunk, and from the change in the rhythm of gusts rattling the rigging, he knew yesterday's gale was dropping. Like several hundred other sponge captains in the Aegean and off Africa on that day, he crawled out of his bunk and climbed the ladder of the stuffy little aftercabin. On deck he shivered.

Although it was still blowing, the men would be able to work on the protected north side of the island, under the cliffs. It was a difficult place to dive in, because the cliffs fell steep to great depths, but the slopes of the island would surely yield a day's wages. Anyway, the activity would settle the crew, who were getting bored and restless after three galebound days in Potamos Bay.

The diving boat was moored alongside the schooner. She was what the sailors from Syme call an *aktarma,* a double-ended rowing and sailing boat, about thirty feet long, with flaring bows that threw spray outward so the decks stayed dry. Mercurio, the divers' tender and the second man in the crew after Kondos, was already up, shouting to the sailors as they pulled in the stern mooring.

It took a big crew to work the hand-pumped compressor and to row the boat. Divers can stay for limited times under water over thirty feet deep, and so a diving boat had to carry at least four divers, more commonly six or eight, as well as men to row and crank the compressor. Since so many

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men could not live comfortably on a boat small enough to be a maneuverable divers' tender, they had devised the system of the two ships working in tandem. On the big boat, the *deposito,* meals were cooked, sponges were cleaned, and the men slept.

It was still dark when the rowers went over the side of the schooner into the *aktarma.* The divers were already huddled together in their privileged territory on the foredeck, smoking cigarettes for breakfast. They never ate before diving, as they believed it brought on the bends. Mercurio took the tiller, Kondos the captain's place in the tiny round forehatch, and the rowers bent to the big sweeps, which they worked facing forward, standing in the cluttered hold of the boat.

A gray dawn broke as they pulled around the big cape south of Potamos Harbor. Although the wind screamed at them from the tops of the cliffs, the water near the island was calm. Kondos knew that a slight easterly current ran along the north side of Antikythera when the south wind blew, so he decided to head for the nearest promontory, Cape Glyphada three miles away, and work back to Potamos with the current.

It was Elias Stadiatis' turn to dive. He flipped his cigarette into the water, dipped some soft soap out of the can that always hung on the mast, and sloshed his wrists with it. Then he picked his way through the lounging divers to the dressing bench, where the ship's boy waited with the diving dress.

The sun came over the horizon as the boy worked around Stadiatis under Mercurio's watchful gaze. Captain Kondos, right up in the bows, legs curled crablike in the little round hatch fitted into the tiny foredeck, strained his eyes to see a ledge or the bottom through the glass-bottomed bucket. He must have been thinking as he did so that this was a god-awful ugly deep place, with the pure blue of deep water to his left and the cliff on his right falling sheer without a ledge or even an easy slope where a diver could get the buoyancy of his diving dress under control after leaving the shot line. It takes no mean skill for a helmet diver to float along a sheer wall, adjusting his weight with perfect delicacy by little taps of his head on the valve in the helmet. Hands are a final control, but the weeds of the cliff offered only an insecure grip. A diver rigged too light can rocket upward, out of control. Too heavy, and he can sink, to die of squeeze caused by the difference of pressure, unless the boy on the hose and the tender are careful.

Kondos nodded to Mercurio, who handed the helmet to the boy. The boy slipped it over Stadiatis' ears and locked it. Two sailors stood to the cranks. Air rushed into the helmet from the pump. Old Mercurio banged Stadiatis' battered copper helmet twice. The diver swung his right leg over the side, and pushing himself outward, splashed into the water facing forward, his left hand holding the descending line. The boy, midships in the boat, began calling the depth in fathoms from the gauge on the pump:

"Five, seven, seven . . ."

The diver reached the end of the descending line and balanced his weight, releasing himself then to float under control to the bottom.

"Eight, nine, ten . . . eleven, twelve, twelve, fourteen, fourteen, fifteen, fifteen . . ."

Kondos nodded. The boy turned to a little shelf on the mast and inverted the minute glass.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen . . ."

The diver was well under control now, with old Mercurio holding the hard-twist lifeline. The sand ran out. The boy turned the glass again. The pressure gauge turned smoothly to 30 fathoms, 180 feet. Kondos made sure of the time, since too much time at that depth was very dangerous. The gauge settled at thirty. A steady chant came from the boy on the depth gauge: "Thirty, thirty . . ."

"Five minutes," Kondos thought. "I'll let him stay five minutes."

Then the boy, his squeaky voice rising, shouted, "Twenty-eight, twenty-seven, twenty-six, twenty-five, twenty-four, twenty-three . . ."

Was Stadiatis blowing up? It shouldn't happen with an experienced diver. The gleaming copper helmet broke surface in a ring of foam near the boat. Kondos slipped the loop that held the diving ladder out of the water, and lent the tender a hand on the lifeline. When they had pulled the diver to the ladder, he clambered up it far enough so that the helmet protruded over the bulwark. The boy bear-hugged it, twisted to unlock it, and straightened up with it in his arms. Kondos leaned the diver over, so that the water that had leaked into the fold of rubber under the breastplate could splash onto the bulwark.

Stadiatis' eyes were rolling, and he was sickly pale. He was babbling, half screaming, something about women. Kondos shook him.

"What was it, man?"

The diver mumbled "Holy Virgin" over and over, as they brought him to the bench in the bow. He was trembling. They sat him down, and Kondos asked again what the trouble was. "Never mind virgins," said Kondos very steadily. "What's wrong?"

"Horses, women, naked women, beautiful women with syphilis . . ."

"Somebody give him a cigarette." Mercurio reached into the pocket of his dirty shirt and fumbled out a mashed cigarette, lit it, and put it into Elias' mouth. He took a deep drag. Kondos felt past the copper breastplate for his shoulder, and shook him. "Come on, Elias. Calm down, man. What happened? What did you see?"

"People . . ." Stadiatis tried desperately to explain that he had seen dead naked women, their obscene flesh half eaten by disease or the fish, and horses.

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"Like a city, with men and horses . . ." His voice trailed off.

When Stadiatis had gotten out of the diving dress, Kondos put on his own socks and crawled into the damp canvas dress. In five minutes he was on his way to the bottom, ignoring the oarsman who asked him to bring back the best of the girls. Stadiatis sat crouched beside Mercurio in the bows, mumbling about the city and horses upside down while the tender, his hands very delicate on the lifeline this time, waved directions to the oarsman. At just under thirty fathoms the chant steadied: Kondos was working on whatever it was. The lifeline jerked. Mercurio let it go slack. The boat rocked, silent except for the slap of the compressor, the panting of the men turning it, and the squeak of the oars against the wooden tholepins.

It seemed longer, but after less than five turns of the minute glass, the man tending the hose felt three jerks, the signal that Kondos was on his way up. When Mercurio began to heave in the lifeline, it was stuck fast, a sign that Kondos had taken it off and tied it onto something. He was coming up on the hose.

He surfaced near the side, and when he was on deck with helmet off, he gestured toward the line. "Heave it in, boys."

Half a dozen men gave the lifeline a final heave, and Kondos' find came over the side to land with a thump on the foredeck. The men stared.

It was a man's right hand, half-size, of green metal filled with sand. The first two fingers were extended as if to hold an object which had long since disappeared. Kondos laughed. "Statues, you cuckold idiots, statues. A whole shipload of statues."

There are several versions of what happened next. The official story, published in the Greek archaeological journal *Ephemeris Archaeologiki* soon after the wreck was salvaged, says that Kondos found the wreck in the spring, took only the bronze arm, and went to the Greek government in the fall from motives of pure patriotism.

This version is hard to swallow for several reasons. It is extremely unlikely that any sponge boat would return from Africa in the spring of the year. Sponge expeditions from the Dodecanese traditionally sail just after Easter to the banks off Africa. It is reasonable and normal, however, that a boat should return in October or November, which is also the right time of year for the kind of southerly gale which drove Kondos into shelter in Potamos. Such gales are rare in the spring. Furthermore, it seems equally improbable that a crew of sponge divers would abstain from looting a wreck for patriotism or sentiment of any kind. Most of the crew were shareholders in the expedition and would have forced Kondos to make whatever profit he could.

In Syme they say that Kondos and his men salvaged what they could before the weather changed, and that the small bronzes they got were sold in Alexandria between 1902 and 1910. The proceeds are supposed to have been invested in a schooner which had a lurid and highly profitable career smuggling surplus French army rifles to the natives in Cyrenaica.

Neither version can be proved definitely unless someone locates the bronzes, which, after sixty years, seems unlikely.

There is another indication that Kondos and his men "mined" the wreck. Like all Aegean sponge divers, they were familiar with ancient wrecks and generally regarded them as heaps of clay jars or bits of calcined wood or piles of copper ingots. Usually, sponge divers pick the sponges off the clay jars, search the area for lead or copper, and move on. A diver who finds a heap of clay jars on the bottom is likely to find nearby large "bars of lead"—ancient anchor stocks. The anchors' flukes were made of hardwood, as were the shafts, but since a wooden anchor would not sink to the bottom, ancient Mediterranean seafarers cast the crossbar of the anchor in lead in order to sink the wood and cause the anchor to lie on the bottom at an angle which let the flukes dig in. There has never been a recorded find of a lead anchor stock in the Aegean, although every sponge diver has seen them. Hundreds of stocks, however, have been found in the western Mediterranean, which has not been combed by Greek divers.

The Antikythera wreck was a ship of the right size and period to have carried at least five large lead-stocked anchors, the stocks weighing from 500 to 1000 pounds apiece. Although tons of material were eventually salvaged from the Antikythera wreck, the only anchor found was a rusted iron fisherman's anchor, undoubtedly modern. If Kondos and his men had salvaged what they could from the wreck when they first found it, they would certainly have removed the anchor stocks to sell for scrap. If other divers before Kondos had found the wreck, they would certainly have taken the lead anchor stocks and probably the portable bronzes as well, leaving none for Kondos. It follows, then, that Kondos was probably the first to find the wreck, and decided to get out of it whatever he could.

They stayed on the place for several days, making three five-minute dives per diver per day. The wreck, they found, lay parallel with the face of the rock on a sandy ledge which jutted out at the thirty-fathom level and ended at thirty-five fathoms in a steep slope leading to very deep water. If the ship had sunk fifty feet further out, it would have hit the slope and slid down it, to be lost forever.

The shape of the ship was outlined by the great oblong heap of statues which had frightened Stadiatis. This heap was cemented together by a thick layer of sea growth nearly as hard as concrete and

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several feet thick in places. The divers found several smaller statues and other things in the interstices of the heap and pried them out.

Then the weather changed. When it turned cold and big waves began to break on the cliffs, it was time for Kondos and his men to sail for home.

Syme, like the rest of the Dodecanese, was at that time under Ottoman rule, and the people of Syme had a fierce feeling of Greek nationalism. For the first time in history, Greek education, at least on the mainland, was out of the hands of the Orthodox Church, and Greeks were being taught to take pride in their pagan ancestors.

It seems likely that rumors of a load of statues in the sea came to the ears of A. Economou, who was from Syme, and who was a professor at the University of Athens. Perhaps the owners of the boats, the Lyndiakos brothers, and Kondos approached Economou, and he persuaded them to offer their find to the Greek government.

In any case, on the sixth of November, 1900, Professor Economou, accompanied by Captain Kondos and Elias Stadiatis, journeyed to Athens, where they called upon the then Minister of Education, Professor Spiridon Stais. As evidence of their find they brought the bronze arm. When the arm had been examined, Kondos offered to raise the remaining statues if he and the Lyndiakos brothers were paid their full value, and if the Greek Navy would provide a ship that could winch the heavy objects off the bottom. Stais, one of the best ministers of education that Greece has ever had, was fascinated. It took him only two weeks to get the Kondos-Lyndiakos offer officially accepted, and to arrange a formal guarantee of funds and a Navy ship. He and Economou both believed that Stadiatis might have stumbled on a ship carrying Greek art back to Rome.

Kondos, his divers, and the government that employed them were not aware that they were undertaking the deepest salvage job in the history of diving up to that time. There had been only one comparable job, the recovery in 1885 of 90,000 gold pounds from the strong room of the wreck of the steamer *Alphonso XII,* which lay at 160 feet in the English Channel. Alexander Lambert, the diver who did the job, was struck by bends and paralyzed for life as a consequence.

But divers from Syme and Kalymnos had been going to the 300-foot theoretical limit for compressed-air diving for years, and most of the twenty-two men in the boats with which Kondos returned to Antikythera seem to have come from Syme.

The government expedition arrived off Cape Glyphada early in the morning of the twenty-fourth of November. Big swells from the north were breaking on the cliffs and a gale was brewing. The captain of the Navy transport *Michaeli* took one look at the place, with its sheer cliffs and steep shoreline that made anchoring almost impossible, and brought the *Michaeli* around the cape to Potamos Harbor.

Kondos squinted at the clouds and decided to risk a dive. With the rowers straining at the sweeps to keep the boat headed into the waves, the divers made one dive each to attach lines to small objects. At noon they ran back to Potamos with the boat's spritsail pulling hard in the rising wind.

Professor Economou and the crew of the *Michaeli* gasped at the finds that were heaved over the transport's bulwarks. There was a life-size bronze head of a bearded man. He was probably meant to be a philosopher, but his face was so overgrown with sea growth that he looked like a boxer. Even through the sea growth, Economou could see that the head had been done by a great sculptor of classical or Hellenistic times. There was the bronze arm of a boxer, broken off at the shoulder but in very good condition; a corroded bronze sword, evidently part of a statue; two badly corroded marble statues of men, one life-size, the other slightly smaller, both lacking heads; and there were a couple of boxes full of bits of other bronze and marble statues, bronze bowls, clay dishes, and a sack full of broken pottery.

By the time they had transferred the finds, the wind had increased to a gale, and it was obviously not wise to remain longer in Potamos Harbor. The *Michaeli* got under way to Piraeus, and the diving boat headed for the nearest good harbor, San Nikolo Bay in Kythera.

In Piraeus pandemonium broke loose at the ministry. Stais had been right. Kondos had the biggest hoard of ancient Greek bronzes found to that date. The first haul had included parts of at least ten statues, picked from what Kondos said was a huge heap on the bottom. The marble was badly pitted by marine worms, and some of the bronze was so fragile that it broke like bad pottery.

Red headlines appeared in the Athenian papers next day: TREASURE AT KYTHERA . . . ARCHAEOLOGICAL TREASURE. Professor Economou and the officer commanding the *Michaeli* reported that the transport was too large for the job, and that a smaller, more maneuverable ship able to work close to the cliffs was needed. The Navy ministry assigned the steam schooner *Syros,* which arrived in San Nikolo, where the divers were still sheltered, on the third of December. That day the storm subsided. Now the man in charge was the director of antiquities, Professor George Byzantinos. Economou apparently stayed back in Athens. The divers made two or three dives per man each day, each lasting four or five turns of the minute glass. The weather was calm enough so that the *Syros* could steam close to the cliff and pass a line to the diving boat. The line could then be attached on the bottom to heavy objects, which were raised by the ship's winches.

It took several days to free the marble statue of

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a boy from the mud. The first diver who saw it thought that it was a "little dog." It took three dives just to lash the lifting cable. When it was on deck the divers and rowers crowded around. The last diver, says Byzantinos, cried, "Little devil, you didn't want to be tied, you wanted to stay down there and eat crabs." The Navy crew cheered.

When the weather broke at the end of the week, they had stripped a colossal marble bull from the diminishing heap of stuff on the bottom, along with bronze parts of other statues and bronze fittings, probably parts of furniture.

When *Syros* got to Piraeus, the statues were carried to the Ministry of Education, where they were put on public view. Long files of admirers passed through the hall to see the first major archaeological discovery made in Greece by Greeks. The wonderful wreck at Antikythera was full of Greek statues stolen by a foreign conqueror. Now it was being excavated by Greeks without foreign help.

While Athens admired the sea-grown statues and politicians made speeches about the unity of Greece, the divers at Antikythera began to suffer from exhaustion. Tempers frayed as enthusiasm waned and the work got harder on the bottom. Mr. Byzantinos soon wearied of expedition life and appointed a Mr. Kritikos, an accountant in the department, as his replacement.

Kritikos was the first of a long series of junior officials who were in charge at Antikythera, and his appointment set a disastrous pattern which was characteristic of the archaeology of the day. In 1900 most archaeological excavations tended to be salvage jobs, with gangs of hired workmen more or less unsupervised as they dug for objects of value, which the archaeologist then classified and catalogued and commented on.

The idea of a sunken ship as a slice of a day in the far past, preserved under the mud like an insect in amber, was a long intellectual step from the state of mind of archaeologists of the time. They saw the Antikythera wreck as a marvelous treasure trove, unconnected with anything that they understood. The series of officials representing the department of antiquities seem to have been sent only to make sure that nobody stole anything. None of them seems really to have talked with the divers. If they had done so, they might have learned that the lead weights on the divers' suits had been cast from chopped-up Roman anchor stocks, and that the copper they used for repairing their compressors had been mined in Cyprus 3500 years before, and that the Aegean was full of ancient pottery.

At the end of January the divers struck for more money, and demanded that the government hire more divers. At the same time there was a well-publicized accusation that the divers were smashing antiquities on the bottom, and that the bronzes came up in pieces because they were handled carelessly.

This was denied by the Ministry of Education. But the divers were being paid by the piece. Therefore they had to use their time on the bottom in salvaging material, not in thinking about how to salvage it. They had no means of digging into the muddy sand which overlay most of the wreck. John Lyndiakos remembers the ramrods they used to probe the bottom, "to find objects to attach ropes to," so that the object could be pulled out of the mud by a winch from above. He says that many broke in the process.

In any case, whether or not their methods could have been improved on, their efficiency was lowered for other reasons. Recent studies carried out by a British physiologist, A. D. Baddley, show that with aqualung divers, mere immersion in the water causes efficiency to drop 28 percent, while at 100 feet a diver is 50 percent less efficient than on the surface. The Antikythera divers, at over 180 feet, were at what we could consider today the limit of practical compressed-air diving. Down there, the effect of narcosis is rather like a couple of stiff whiskies on an empty stomach. Antikythera divers would have denied that they were drunk as hoot owls on the bottom, if anyone had thought to accuse them. But there is no question that they were, on purely physiological grounds.

All the researchers have discovered that diving deep, a diver is strong and active, and can work fast and well at a familiar job. It's the unknown and the unexpected that he can't deal with.

At the beginning of February Stais decided to go to Antikythera himself. A group of dignitaries came with him, among them Mr. Kavvadias, the new director of antiquities, and Mr. Emmanuel Likoudis, the ministry's lawyer, who was expected to straighten out the disagreements between the divers and the ministry concerning their salaries and advance payments. They arrived to find the divers tired to the point of mutiny.

Stais and Economou pleaded with them, and they finally agreed to go back to work after Economou guaranteed that they would be paid for the first statues as soon as they could be evaluated.

A heap of statues still remained on the bottom. They had been made into an almost solid lump by white coralline limestone growth. While the panjandrums argued about what to direct the divers to do, the divers themselves explored the central heap and found a group of amphoras, mostly upright, three-quarters buried in the sand. The upper parts of the amphoras were covered by sea growth. They got cables around some of them and heaved them up. The amphoras were filled with sand, and the sand in some of them was full of olive pits. They raised twenty-seven jars.

But they could not move the great stones which crushed the wreck. The solution was to tie them on

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the bottom with five-inch manila cables so that the knots would hold temporarily while the *Michaeli's* sailors maneuvered close alongside the cliff. The men then winched up the great weight until the cable began to stretch and the ship listed ominously. The operation demanded judgment and skillful seamanship and was done with a party of sailors standing by with axes to chop the cables if the *Michaeli* heeled too far.

When half a dozen boulders had been pulled off the wreck, it was possible to raise the statues which had lain under them. In a few days the *Michaeli's* deck was cluttered with a collection of more than a dozen marble statues, all of them deformed by sea growth and partly destroyed by borers. Sometimes ropes broke, and knots tied at thirty fathoms failed to hold. Once the statue of a horse slipped from its sling just as it was coming out of the water and fell, irretrievably, into the abyss.

There were still several great boulders preventing statues' being raised. At the risk of sinking the ship, Stais ordered the next one brought to the surface. It was not a boulder after all. Through the clear water everyone saw that it was a huge statue of Hercules, with club and lionskin. In fact the "great boulders" had been statues all along, so improbably big, so corroded and overgrown, that ignorant men with depth-fuddled brains did not recognize them.

After a few dozen more marbles and pieces of marbles were raised, the divers began finding other things as they explored in the mud covering the lower part of the hull. There were flat roof tiles and rough kitchen pottery; beautiful glass bowls, blue and brown, some made of glass mosaic and mostly unbroken. There was a handsome gold brooch showing Eros holding a lyre and set with seed pearls. By the time the weather changed again, the *Michaeli's* deck was so full that the sailors had trouble moving around.

On the recoveries, the mollusks which had destroyed the polished surfaces of the marbles rotted and stank in the winter sun. The divers were completely worn out. Before Stais had to go back to Piraeus, he and Economou persuaded them to work for one more week. When that time was up, not even Economou could persuade them to work anymore, for any amount of money, until after Easter.

By the beginning of June all visible loose objects had been removed from the wreck. All they could see now on the bottom were thousands of bits of broken pottery and smashed marble that covered the area, 100 feet long by 40 wide, where the deck cargo once protruded above the fine sand. It was like a scar on the bottom. When the divers dug into the sand they continued to find objects, but little of value. They had no tools to dig with except their hands. Shovels and hoes had been tried, but did not work in the sand, which floated up in clouds and then settled back again after the befuddled diver had surfaced. The divers reported seeing other statues almost hidden under layers of sea growth, but they could not be sure. In any case, the authorities had lost interest in the wreck, and so, at the end of the summer of 1901, the work was temporarily suspended.

Kondos and his divers were paid off and went home for the winter. The men received 500 gold drachmas apiece, the equivalent of about a thousand dollars in today's drachmas, as a bonus, plus a share from the Lyndiakos brothers, who received a total of either 150,000 or 190,000 gold drachmas (depending on the source consulted), half of which they shared with Kondos and the divers.

The wreck was forgotten for fifty-two years, until Captain Cousteau and his crew visited the site in the spring of 1953.

In the years that followed, there was much controversy over the date and provenance of the ship. Most of the material was never systematically studied, although many archaeologists were involved in the excavation. The material was stored in the National Museum in Athens, where it was examined piecemeal by dozens of experts.

The bronzes were identified as belonging to the fourth century B.C. The corroded marble statues turned out to be later copies of classical originals. There was a heated scholarly controversy between J. N. Svoronos, who was convinced that the ship had been loaded at Argos and was on the way to Constantinople in the fourth century A.D., and K. Kourouniotes, who turned to the domestic pottery found on the wreck and maintained that it showed that the ship had gone down in the first century before Christ. He was correct, but it took more than sixty years before his thesis could be proved.

Several heaps of unidentifiable material, roughly classified into groups, had been piled up in the storerooms of the National Mueum. Nearly a year after work had ceased, Valerio Stais, a young archaeologist who was the nephew of Spiridon Stais, was going through a pile of metal which had been put aside as possibly belonging to the statues. He noticed that a calcified lump of corroded bronze had split open as it dried out, revealing fragments of what looked like clockwork. Closer inspection showed a mechanism which he decided was either a clock or a navigational instrument. Parts of the machine were inscribed in ancient Greek astronomical terms.

Some experts decided that it was an astrolabe. Others maintained it was a medieval instrument which had found its way by chance onto the wreck site. In any case, the "astrolabe" cum "clock" remained unique. Nothing like it was ever found again. In 1958 Dr. Derek de Solla Price, an English physicist and mathematician and student of the history of science, who had been fascinated by the in-

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strument for years, got a grant from the American Philosophical Society which let him visit the National Museum in Athens to study the instrument.

Four major pieces and several fragments had survived fifty-odd years of what Dr. Price refers to as "the delicate cleaning operations being carried out by the museum's technicians." From these he was able to reconstruct the instrument on paper. When new, it had looked like the working part of a small grandfather's clock, with brass gear wheels inside a wooden case, which had dials on the outside, one in front and two on the back. The front dial had two scales: one fixed, which showed signs of the zodiac; the other on an adjustable slip ring, showing months of the year. Both scales were marked off in degrees.

The hand which was connected to the inside mechanism indicated key letters corresponding to other letters on an inscribed plate attached to one of the doors. These letters predicted the risings and settings of the major stars and constellations. Price suggests that the back dials indicated lunar phases and the setting stations and retrogradations of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and possibly other planets.

The instrument was, in short, a computer. The complicated gearing inside the wooden box, when operated by a drive shaft that Price thought might have been made to run off a waterwheel, turned the hands of the dials so as to predict movements of the stars.

He argues convincingly that the computer was made in Rhodes, because the most complete inscription on the machine is like part of a surviving astronomical calendar written by an astronomer named Geminos, who lived in Rhodes at the beginning of the first century B.C. Price deduces that the machine was made about 82 B.C. and that it was repaired in 80 B.C., according to the position of the slip ring indicating the positions of the stars. It was probably set for the last time shortly before the ship sank. The gears were cut from a sheet of bronze two millimeters thick, and the gear teeth were cut by hand at the same angle, so that any one would mesh with any other. It was a working machine. Price found that it had been repaired twice.

When he visited the museum to study the "clock," he noticed that considerable material was still in the storerooms of the museum. Although most of it was uncatalogued, it obviously came from the sea. Some of the material mentioned in the early publications had been lost or mislaid because of the vicissitudes of the Second World War and administrative changes in the museum, but enough remained to show that it came from Antikythera. Mrs. Gladys Weinberg of the University of Missouri, for many years editor of *Archaeology* magazine, collected a group of specialists who undertook to study the bits of glass, amphoras, clay pots, and bits of fragile, desiccated ship's planking, which had shrunk with the years to a fraction of their original size.

The answers that Mrs. Weinberg's group came up with are a good demonstration of the progress made in archaeology in less than sixty years. The "junk pile" of material that had been put aside in 1901 had at last become meaningful and could be used to tell a good part of the story of the wreck.

When, after some months of negotiations, I was finally able to get into the National Museum's storerooms to study the wood that remained, I found a box of powdery dried-out fragments that were fantastically light and broke with any pressure. The best-preserved piece was only two feet long by about six inches wide. This piece and the several others stored with it tell a great deal when they are compared with the wooden planking from other wrecks excavated in the 1950s.

A pattern of copper nails shows that the Antikythera ship was covered below the waterline with a layer of lead sheets, like the Mahdia ship and the big wine ship which Captain Cousteau excavated off Marseilles. The United States Department of Agriculture analyzed a bit of the planking and concluded that it was elmwood, which is only used for planking below the waterline today because it tends to rot if it is continually soaked, then dried, but lasts well if kept either wet or dry.

Like the other big ships of the period that have been found, the Antikythera ship was copper-fastened and was built shell first—that is, the frames or ribs were put into the ship after the shell was built up, held solidly together by its tenons. Although the planks do not prove that the ship was big, I estimated roughly she was three hundred tons. She was probably decked, because I found lead scupper pipes in the bottom of the box that contained the planking.

The wood from the wreck yielded another bit of evidence which would have been inconceivable to the researchers of 1900: a radiocarbon date.

A tiny piece of wood was examined at the radiocarbon laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania Museum by Dr. Elizabeth Ralph, who concluded that the tree that formed the plank had absorbed its C-14 between 180 and 260 B.C. Miss Ralph remarked that "if large logs were used, the particular sample which was dated may have come from the center of a log and would therefore have been earlier than the cutting of the tree by an amount equal to the age of the tree."

We can perhaps extract another hypothesis from the fact that the Antikythera ship was planked with elm below the waterline. Modern Greek ships are

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Mr. Throckmorton is a marine archaeologist and author of *The Lost Ships*. This excerpt is taken from a chapter in his forthcoming book, *Shipwrecks and Archaeology: The Unharvested Sea*, to be published by Atlantic–Little, Brown.

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often constructed from Samos pine. Ancient Greek ships seem to have used either Samos or Aleppo pine. Elm is commoner in Central Italy.

If the Antikythera ship had been built in Italy, she could have traded between the Aegean and Pozzouli, near Naples, along the standard ancient sea road down the west coast of Italy to the Strait of Messina between Italy and Sicily, or around Sicily if the weather were favorable; then a passage reaching with the northwesterly behind them until she made a landfall at the mouth of the Aegean. The way back, in the fall, was not so easy, because the weather was erratic. Many Roman ships sailed from the Antikythera channel to near Methone, in the southwesternmost corner of the Peloponnesus, to wait for a favorable wind that would take them either up the coast to Corfu or Zakynthos, then a run across the mouth of the Adriatic to Brindisi, around Cape Santa Maria di Leuca to Taranto, then down to Messina or around Sicily. The Antikythera ship's Tarantine jars could well have been picked up when the ship stopped at Taranto or Brindisi sometime before she was lost.

According to Plutarch, Sulla was at Ephesus, about a hundred miles from Rhodes, in the spring of 83 B.C. The astronomer Geminos, who, says Dr. Price, probably made the "computer," is known to have been in Rhodes in 77 B.C. The scholars who studied the pottery from the wreck are all convinced that the cups and bowls and dishes came, if not definitely from Ephesus, at least from that region. The island of Kos, where some of the commercial amphoras came from, is about midway between Ephesus and Rhodes. The fact that Koan and Rhodian jars were found on the wreck does not necessarily prove that the ship stopped at those islands. Both were big wine exporters, and one would suppose that any considerable merchant in the Aegean at that time had a stock of Rhodian and Koan jars. Still, it is agreeable to speculate.

We can go still further. Sulla landed in Italy in the summer of 83 B.C., after leaving his legate Terentius Varro in charge of a scratch fleet of warships in the Aegean. Sulla stormed the colline gates and entered Rome in the fall of 83 B.C. Dr. Price is certain that the computer was made in 82 B.C., used just long enough for repairs to be necessary, and last set in 80 B.C.

How then can the ship, if she is indeed Sulla's, have been delayed for two years? (There is of course the freak possibility that the computer did not really stop in 80 B.C., but was set inadvertently a couple of years ahead by some curious cabin boy.) And why did she sail in the late fall?

We can only guess. The Romans, when they suppressed Rhodes, unleashed a terrific wave of piracy in the Aegean, since the Rhodian fleet was no longer able to keep piracy down as they had previously done. The pirates joined Mithridates, a bloodthirsty Asiatic warlord who was forced to sign a shaky peace treaty with Rome in 84 B.C. Varro's fleet was enough to keep down Mithridates, but not sufficient to protect Aegean shipping effectively from pirates, especially the pirates of Cilicia, who waxed fat on the trade coming out of the Antikythera straits, as the Maniots did eighteen hundred years later. The Cilicians, like the Maniots, used small, fast rowing vessels.

It is foolish to propose that the skipper of the Antikythera ship was being chased by pirates when it smashed into the rocks under Pinakakia, but reasonable to say that during that period the straits were as dangerous as they had ever been. With a big, seaworthy ship, one sure way of avoiding the Cilicians in the first century B.C., or the Maniots in the eighteenth century A.D., would have been to wait in the garrisoned and therefore safe port of Milos for a moderate northerly gale, and then run the straits at night.

We could go on and on, but the answers to the many questions remaining about the wreck lie in the elmwood hull, 180 feet below the surface, beside a great rock with poseidonia weed growing on it, beneath about three feet of muddy sand. The obstacles to work on the site are formidable. It is exposed to the prevailing north winds of summer, and to the winter's dangerous northerly gales. Ships can lie there safely for only two or three months each year. The depth allows bounce dives, but not the steady detailed work required for serious investigation. It can only be challenged by using advanced methods of diving, which are still, in 1969, both too experimental and too expensive to be adapted to archaeological expedition work.

The most formidable obstacle is the Greek government's attitude toward marine antiquities. The official policy is that the necessary work will someday be done by the Greek department of antiquities, when money and personnel become available. This is likely to be a long time from now, considering that the cost estimate for an excavation of the Antikythera wreck comes to half a million dollars, five times the Greek government's expenditure for all archaeological research in 1965. □

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ROSIMAYA

1

You stone
my Saturdays,
You waste
my Wednesdays,
And tear up
my Tuesdays
Into two;
You snare
my Sundays,
You squeeze
my Saturdays,
And toss
my Tuesdays
Unto thorns.

2

You feign
you feign
you
Feign
you forget my face
In even
The pious presence
Of God our God,
The Father Almighty,
The maker
Of heaven and earth,
Including all—
Even you and me,
Who today
Both hold on to worlds
As different
As the land from the
Sea!
Why can't you tell
Me
You no more love
Me?
Or why not tell
Me
You can love me no
More?

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3

You scorn
my Sundays,
You freeze
my Fridays,
And sink
my Saturdays
In a swamp;
You wet
my Wednesdays
You soil
my Saturdays,
And milk
my Mondays
Of their mirth.

4

You feign
you feign
you
Feign
I did not tell you
The time and
Place we were to meet;
But I know
I know I did tell you—
You did
Repeat it to yourself.
My witnesses
Are your innocent
Ears, not your
Faithful tongue and eyes
Who'd also
Refuse to remember;
Why can't you tell
Me
You never have loved
Me?
Or why not tell
Me
You just will not love
Me?

5

You slash
my Saturdays,
You tease
my Tuesdays,
And snob
my Sundays
In the sun;
You mock
my Mondays,
You wreck
my Wednesdays,
And smother
my Sundays
In the smoke.

6

You feign
you feign
you
Feign
you do so love me
But the truth
Is now like the rain;
He who sees not,
Feels it on his skin,
And with
A deep paralyzing pain,
Erodes away
The still-wet walls of
Our strong castles
Built in my dreams.
The terrible truth
Is now like the sun—
Where it is
Not seen, it is felt;
Skin of your words
Show a telltale tan,
Scales blinding
My eyes start to melt.

7

You foul
my Fridays,
You starve
my Saturdays,
And mess up
my Mondays
In the mud;
You shun
my Saturdays
You maim
my Mondays,
And heap
heavy sorrow
Onto my soul.

by John Okai

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BOOKS AND MEN

PEOPLE ON SPITS AND OTHER NICETIES

by Louis Kronenberger

Pirates, one of the blessings of childhood, would seem, to judge by the impressive bibliographies they boast, to have distinct appeal also for grown men. The appeal could indeed be many-sided: villainous crime or dauntless courage or plunderlust in perilous seas; or simply the eternal boy in man, or, simpler still, the almighty dollar. Verbally, privateering may lack the grim glamour of piracy, as it legally lacks the grim fate; but despite these and other differences, the two are yet blood brothers, equally seeking treasure, equally inflicting torture, both of them a dramatic part of history, and in their combined total assets a sort of kindergarten of Big Business.

Having myself pretty much taken leave of piracy when I did of the Boy Scouts, I have no clear sense of just how large and erudite a cult it boasts; or of how much of its lure is mere lore, or of its annals is old hat. But, having noticed that two new books about pirates were appearing within weeks of each other, I felt, after so many negligent years, not only a certain cultural obligation to see the Jolly Roger hoisted again but a certain real desire. Though otherwise unlike, Hugh F. Rankin's *The Golden Age of Piracy* (Colonial Williamsburg, $4.95) and Alexander Winston's *No Man Knows My Grave* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) both begin, and quite well, with general historical summaries. Mr. Rankin reaches back to the Bible and to Julius Caesar being captured by corsairs and held for ransom. Mr. Winston, conceding that "piracy is as old as boats," but whose main text runs to privateering, starts when it did, in 1243 with Henry III of England licensing three private sea captains to harass France, and brings privateering to an end during the Civil War, when a rusty Confederate tugboat "staggered into Nassau harbor and was sold for junk." (Incidentally, the Americans during the Revolutionary War launched "the largest privateering operation" of all time.) Mr. Winston also reminds us that for centuries England was anything but a sea power, and became one by virtue of its merchant marine; under Elizabeth, the same ship might go in for piracy on one cruise, for privateering on the next, for naval service on a third. Under Elizabeth, too, the "Great Age" began. Though Spain ruled four of six continents and allowed no foreign ships to enter its colonial ports, it yet, instead of adequately fortifying them, put its money into armed convoys for its treasure galleons. Hence the French, by the 1550s, were burning and pillaging throughout the Spanish Caribbean and West Indies, and by the 1570s Drake had swept round to the Spanish Pacific, sacked Peru, and, bringing home an estimated £2,500,000, repaid the backers (Elizabeth among them) 47 for 1.

With Spain weakened in the West Indies after the Armada, the French and English colonized what Spain had left untouched, the English also seizing Jamaica by force; and privateering gradually became regularized. It differed from piracy not simply from being government-commissioned and therefore lawful, and from its booty needing

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legal condemnation before it could be divided, but also from its being variously owned or backed, where a pirate ship was always owned by its crew (with the captain in full command only when under fire). Where privateering, again, chiefly flourished and was justifiable only in time of war, piracy was a great peacetime refuge for the unemployed, the disreputable, and the down-and-out. During the 1600s Spain's overseas possessions were harassed legally, pseudolegally, and altogether illegally by privateers and pirates, buccaneers, freebooters, and water thieves.

The Golden Age had picturesque outlawry, heroic villains, and spectacular feats enough, but was so much richer in malodorous deeds than derring-do that it could at most be said to reek with romance. Even its leisure hours ran to monumental swilling and mass rape. It also went in for such atrocities as piercing live human bodies with spits and then roasting them over a slow fire; for such absurdities as celebrating Mass aboard a captured ship and firing off salvos of cannon at the Sanctus, the Elevation, the Benedictus and Exaudiat; for such anomalies as *matelotage,* with two pirates tossing for a woman, one marrying her, the other enjoying her for stated periods while the husband made himself scarce. Pirates often had other occupations; one of them, according to Horace Walpole, became Archbishop of York. At the same time, some of the best-known pirate customs are among the least true. There is of record only one man who made his victims walk the plank; largely mythical is the business of hidden treasure, and greatly exaggerated, the number of pirates hanged.

The main matter of Mr. Rankin's book concentrates on pirate activities along the Atlantic coast from the Carolinas to Massachusetts, portraying most of our colonies as avid receivers of stolen goods. Mr. Rankin puts particular stress on Virginia, which doubtless accounts for his book's Williamsburg imprint, the more so as Virginia was relatively very virtuous about pirates. But by the late seventeenth century they were widely accepted along the seaboard, both for having money and spending it, and for bringing booty that could be bought cheap and sold dear; indeed, so many colonies all but greeted a red flag with a red carpet that London thundered a sharp royal reprimand. Colonies with surplus cash found piracy one of the sounder investments; frequently, well-to-do citizens formed syndicates, fitting out the ships and fattening off the spoil. Eventually the Red Sea outranked the West Indies, as less hazardous for plundering and so profitable that young men of good family signed on as ordinary seamen. At home, and especially at high levels, there was admirable cooperation. Governor Markham of Pennsylvania, a "steddy friend" of pirates, sold protection at £100 a head and beamed on a pirate son-in-law. Governors of Massachusetts were said to grow rich off bribes, one of them specifically inviting pirates to chuck Philadelphia for Boston. Connecticut governors winked at piracy, for, being elected annually, they did not want to lose the merchant vote. In New Jersey magistrates upbraided people who "disturbed" pirates; in Delaware a naval officer was threatened with arrest for pursuing them. Governor Fletcher of New York equally sold protection and privateering commissions and was sent tokens of esteem, such as a captured ship.

With such welcome signs out, there were by 1700 so many pirates off the Atlantic coast that they had great trouble making a living. What saved them was the War of the Spanish Succession in 1701, which made it easy to get privateering commissions and to go greater distances after richer prey. But in 1714 the end of the war threw great numbers of seamen out of work and back into pirate ships. By then piracy had aroused strong opposition in the colonies: for one thing, it had grown more vengeful and murderous. Another fifteen years and the word "piracy" was seldom mentioned and the deed itself relatively rare. Presumably piracy was doomed in the colonies when crime cost a community more than the police did.

Though Mr. Rankin's book is well documented, and its own survey of the colonial seaboard has documentary interest, it is rather pedestrian about pirates themselves, and makes rather colorless reading. There is too much mere stringing out of small incidents and facts, and even when Mr. Rankin shifts from his seacoast chronicle to individual pirates' careers, he is not a very accomplished storyteller. Pirates, privateersmen, and their solid-citizen customers were all too often cruel, corrupt, extremely unsavory; but in chiefly making them dull, Mr. Rankin has taken the romance out of piracy the wrong way.

Mr. Winston's book treats primarily, with skill and narrative vigor, of three men, the first two very famous—Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, and Woodes Rogers. The three worked different waters, during different decades, under different sovereigns, and are most alike for sharing unknown graves. Anyone whose knowledge of such leaders is a little spotty should find Mr. Winston's account of them a pleasant refresher course.

Henry Morgan was so decidedly a leader as to have probably been the greatest of all buccaneers. Welsh-born and Jamaica-based, he had prowled and plundered with a voided commission when the Jamaican governor was playing a double game of conciliating the peace-with-Spain party in England and being stealthily enterprising against Spain at home.

In 1665 Morgan was made vice admiral of a privateering expedition that sacked and seized

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Spanish territory by using a Portuguese letter of marque. Only mildly rebuked by the governor, Morgan next set forth, this time as admiral, to storm Cuba's Puerto Principe and sack it, torturing prisoners wherever necessary till they blabbed of hidden treasure. But the booty proving scant, the crew growled, and to recompense them Morgan promised immediate great riches by a daring assault on powerful, triply fortified Porto Bello. Approaching it by night and then attacking it by land—"each man a clanking arsenal" of weapons—they won the Gloria fortress and blew it up with all its defenders inside. Besieging a second fort, they scaled its walls by using priests and nuns as shields, killed its governor, and possessed the town. Taking the third and last fort, they possessed the town's possessions, grabbed everything in sight while gorging and guzzling and raping; made an either-or of a huge ransom or a burnt city, got the ransom and much booty as well, to sail home with 250,000 pieces of eight.

Despite Spain's protests to London, London's to Jamaica, and other deterrents, Morgan went on steadily amplifying his merciless success story. In 1669 he attacked a Maracaibo that had made itself a deserted town; finding the treasure had vanished with the townspeople, Morgan first sent out search parties and then applied torture to get hold of the booty. He next went and took a second town, Gibraltar, with once again the townspeople fleeing and the treasure, not long after, forthcoming. On returning to Maracaibo, however, the victors found themselves bottled up in the harbor by three Spanish men-of-war; but after Morgan ran a fireship into one vessel, which went up in flames, a second fled so ineptly that it sank, and the third, when attacked, surrendered. There was still a menacing fortress to reckon with, but by feigning a land attack the buccaneers slipped out of the harbor by night. After such triumphs, Jamaica was forbidden to go near anything Spanish, and Morgan lay low for a while before sailing off on his most ambitious and arduous project—Panama, reputedly "the richest town in Spanish America." Preceded by a nine-day crossing of the isthmus under a hellish sun, with starving men bedeviled by swamps and snakes, vile insects, and Indian arrows, the fight for Panama itself ended with the city a gutted, smoking ruin. One hundred and seventy-five mules, it was said, were needed to transfer the booty.

Jamaica voted Morgan thanks, but Spain's pressure on London ended by his being summoned there to "answer for his offenses." Once in London, however, he went not to the Tower but to noblemen's dinner tables, and his official hearing two years later amounted to putting him on the honors list. Charles II gave him a jeweled snuffbox, a knighthood, and a deputy governorship of Jamaica. Back home he had, over the years, his ups and downs; playing politics he viciously persecuted his former confederates, the buccaneers; became an ailing, monstrous-bellied drunk; died well off; was given a state funeral, with a tremendous salute of guns, and buried on the waterfront, only for a Morgan-hearted earthquake to heave his resting-place into the sea.

If Morgan was clearly a success, Captain Kidd was from the outset a failure. A middle-aged New York man of property, he went in 1695 to London to seek command of an English warship. But meeting a fellow New Yorker, Robert Livingston, and through him New York's and New England's new governor, Lord Bellomont, Kidd was worked upon to command a privateering venture backed by such notable Whigs as the Keeper of the Great Seal, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State. The project—to go to Madagascar and the Red Sea, capturing outgoing cargoes from Europe and incoming ones from the East—was not to Kidd's advantage: his crew, themselves raw and inadequate, were given just a fourth of the booty, while most of it went to the backers, whom he and Livingston had to repay if the project failed. He seems to have given in for fear of damaging his future.

He damaged it almost at once with a series of blunders—going first, for example, not to Madagascar, but to New York to improve his crew, and collecting wharf rats and the like who impaired it. He then, with his first strike, incurred a charge of piracy; he later, in a rage, cracked the head of a defiant gunner and killed him. As the voyage proceeded, he captured three prizes (two carrying French—i.e. enemy—passes, justifying seizure), and then with the *Quedah*, when his own *Adventure* was falling apart, made a big haul; but, once paid off, seven eighths of his crew deserted him.

The *Adventure's* first voyage was its last. Kidd, already condemned as an "obnoxious pirate" in London, turned homeward a hunted man; reaching Boston, he let Bellomont have his precious French passes, cached booty instead of offering it for Admiralty condemnation, was arrested, put in heavy irons, and ordered at length to England. There, "the Kidd affair" became Tory fuel to roast the Whigs. First kept incommunicado and then imprisoned in Newgate, Kidd, when finally questioned by the Commons, proved truculent and self-vindicating; had he vilified his Whig backers, he might have been let off. Instead, he was ordered to trial. With the key French passes missing from his papers, with the £50 the court allowed him for counsel arriving too late to be of much use, with Kidd only then learning he was charged with the gunner's murder, and with the testimony one-sided and hostile, it took a jury an hour to find him

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Mr. Kronenberger, though far from a pirate, is a seeker after the treasures that are occasionally buried in books.

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guilty of murder, as after three separate piracy trials he was three times found guilty again. At his hanging the rope broke, he fell to the ground, was dragged back up a ladder and finished off.

Mr. Winston seems judicious on a subject that leads to such partisan extremes as to execrate Kidd as a fiend and to exalt him as a martyr. The trial, Mr. Winston thinks, was a fair one for 1701 but not for today. Kidd could not testify in his own behalf, the justices showed great bias, and their summing up was little less than a directed verdict of guilty. In terms of evidence, the important "lost" French passes (though they covered only two of five piracy charges) had actually, it transpired, been read out to the Commons and gone word for word into its journals. On the other hand, there were charges brought against Kidd he could not refute, and charges he brought against others he could not substantiate; and he undoubtedly "transgressed every regulation governing lawful privateers who took prizes." As for the man himself, he was all too ambitious and not very bright, fatuously thinking his royal commission and his grandee backers unchallengeable sureties. Yet in one sense Kidd's ambition has, I think, been fulfilled—to the untutored, his is the generic name for a swashbuckling pirate, and his forever-searched-for spoil the englamoured symbol of buried treasure.

Woodes Rogers, Mr. Winston's least well known subject, emerges, partly because he is, the most engaging. There is something really unusual about his humane and dutiful nature, as there is the smack of adventure and exploration about his one great privateering voyage. At the same time, being richer in sharp-etched incidents than big events, the voyage is not easily summarized. At twenty-nine, having never been more than an apprentice mariner, Rogers was chosen during the Marlborough wars to command a terrifying voyage around the Horn, with commissions to attack enemy French and Spanish ships in the South Seas. His backers were Bristol's solidest citizens, happy to mingle patriotism with profit.

The first mistake on the voyage was the steward's: there was far too little liquor for the men, something rectified in the Canaries. Next, and harder to rectify, the men were allotted far too little booty, the backers gobbling up most of it; but Rogers passed on to the crew his valuable "cabin plunder" rights. A decent man, he could also severely discipline a brash agent, a stir-crazy crew, a mutinous mate. The weather turned mutinous also, with rounding the Horn all hideous gales and towering seas. Into the Pacific at last, Rogers' two ships presently sighted one of the Juan Fernandez Islands. A yawl sent into the bay, and then a pinnace, both failed to return, but at length brought back a "barefooted, heavily bearded man, dressed in goatskins" who had for four years been marooned and was named Alexander Selkirk. For a time he was the expedition's only prize; finally Rogers captured a small ship, then a less small one, then two more. Feeling the moment had come for a large strike, he attacked the port of Guayaquil, but by stalling the negotiations, the governor surrendered a town emptied of booty; search parties, however, proved helpful. Prize barques and feverish crews and mock battles followed; then Rogers decided to attack a Spanish galleon out of Manila, "the richest prize afloat." His ships captured a handsome lesser prize from Manila, but the great one murderously mauled its attackers and sailed grandly on.

Its attackers now sailed for home, had a sixty-dish feast on Guam, so lacked food losing their way to Batavia that rats became a delicacy, and what with frighteningly leaky ships, foul weather, desertions, and deaths, were a year in reaching England. For five years thereafter, the booty produced accusations and wrangles and lawsuits, Rogers himself winding up with just enough prize money to pay his family's accumulated bills. Of his notes of the voyage, however, he made a remarkable book, *A Cruising Voyage Round the World,* which had two interesting effects. His account of Selkirk's island solitude inspired *Robinson Crusoe;* his urging England to traffic briskly in the Pacific world was pounced on to push that most insane of speculations, the South Sea Bubble, which sent stocks as high as 1000 percent of par, to plunge catastrophically and fill England with paupers. Meanwhile, Rogers, with six partners, leased the Bahamas, hoping to grow rich off their resources, only to find it his duty as unsalaried governor to uproot the one thing that paid: piracy. Bankruptcy and debtor's prison followed, but then a nice salaried Bahamas job, for a fairly happy if humdrum ending. □

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ARTS & LETTERS:

THE DYING VILLAGE

by Yorick Blumenfeld

AKENFIELD, PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH VILLAGE
by Ronald Blythe
Pantheon, $6.95

"England has changed less in this century than in any corresponding period of time in its history" according to the recent complaint of an editor of the *New Statesman*. Many of the English, impatient with the slow progress of social modernization and economic development, would agree with this provocative statement. However, Ronald Blythe's superb documentation of the changes which have revolutionized modern England is as impressive a put-down of this thesis as could be imagined.

As a social chronicle of the changes in English village life since the Edwardian era, *Akenfield* is without equal. The revolution which swept the horses off the farms, transformed farming from a way of life into an industry, abolished the servile relationship between landowner and farm worker, and immeasurably weakened the power of the Church is every bit as astounding a phenomenon as the cataclysm which forced the Chinese peasants into the communes or which broke up the big sugarcane estates in Cuba. However, while Jan Myrdal's brilliant *Report From a Chinese Village* made the village of Liu Ling in northern China seem far more comprehensible to the Westerner, it was almost impossible for the reader to identify with the young Chinese farmers being trained in the spirit of Mao's revolution.

Akenfield today is equated with what we consider to be the good life:

> . . . a tall old church on the hillside, a pub selling the local brew, a pretty stream, a football pitch, a handsome square vicarage with a cedar of Lebanon shading it, a school with jars of tadpoles in the window, three shops with doorbells, a Tudor mansion. . . .

The almost religious intensity of the regard for rural life which now predominates the English world is firmly exposed by Blythe. In England the urban dweller has always looked upon his existence as a temporary necessity which he would correct one day by finding a cottage on the green and adopting its "real values." This penchant borders on a cult of village happiness, but it is one with which we can readily identify.

The image of this village ideal is more an illusion than it ever was. Today gasoline fumes from the passing traffic pall the summer air, and the roar of jet fighters fragments the quiet of an isolated existence. Precariously balanced between the Middle Ages and the Space Age, Akenfield is already invaded by blaring transistor radios. "Nobody walks about the village anymore," complains the blacksmith. "You don't say you saw your neighbor, you say you passed his car. People wave and look where they used to talk."

Blythe intentionally focuses on the change in outlook to build up the dramatic effect. For literary purposes (and also to preserve a certain amount of anonymity), he has amalgamated two real Suffolk towns. In this modern *Domesday Book* of East Anglia, Blythe lets the village people speak in their own dialect with a minimum of interposition. The voices of the blacksmith, the thatcher, the district schoolteacher, the magistrate, and the gravedigger, to mention only a handful, speak the growing pains of the twentieth century. The characters in Akenfield protest vainly against the social forces which are sweeping them into the unchartered future.

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Not that the inhabitants of Akenfield are nostalgic for the past. "Every bad thing gets to sound pleasant when time has passed. But it wasn't pleasant then, and that's a fact," says one farm worker in his eighties. Life for the women was one of continuous childbearing, tempered by occasional stretches of flint-picking in the austere, wet fields. Life, even forty years ago, was one of strictly maintained rotation: washing on Monday, baking on Tuesday, housecleaning on Wednesday, and so forth. The old people tell of the time when they were virtually serfs —working brutal hours for starvation wages—and when the local farmers used to raid the village school for child labor.

Fred Mitchell, eighty-five, a horseman by profession, described what life was like at the turn of the century. Who knows anything now about the skills involved in plowing a field with a team of horses? Half a century ago a "straight furrow" was all a man had, it was his signature. But the rural dean comments that it seemed wrong to him that "a man's achievement should be reduced to this." Physical strength was the pride of these East Anglian farmers, and as soon as it was gone the men became timid and dispirited. "It was the farm versus their bodies," says one worker, "and the farm always won."

Christopher Falconer, thirty-nine, an estate gardener, perhaps gives the most impressive testament to the proximity of the Victorian era. Christopher began his apprenticeship at the "big house" where lordship and ladyship used to scream at him: "Be alert, boy! Swing your arms!" It was always "swing your arms." The rule was that the gardeners in their green baize aprons must never be seen from the house. It was forbidden. If guests were sitting on the terrace or on the lawn and the gardener had a barrow load of weeds, he would have to push it as much as a mile to keep out of view. Nowadays, says the gardener with a mixed sigh of regret and relief, the newcomers buy "expensive ugly things. Their gardens look like shopping." But as Christopher himself says, there are hardly any gardeners of his caliber left.

Although the blacksmith, the thatcher, the saddler, and the wheelwright all keep on going, it is only because rich, retired people liked to keep up their quaint period properties. The real villagers remain aloof from the Arcadian notions of these urbanized newcomers. The average agricultural wage remains half of what it is in industry, and the young men are resentful. The young worker of the 1960s prefers the impersonal contract of the factory to the farm's "special relationship" where he earns less and has to give more of himself.

Brian Newton, nineteen, is bitter because the farmer he works for likes to give him little perks, like extra gasoline, for good work done. "He needs me to be beholden to him in some way. Loyal. He is emotional and patronizing. He should pay me for what I do and not expect my whole life to be his."

To an extent, the village is still imprisoned by the implacability of the everlasting circle of nature: spring-birth, winter-death, and in between, the harvest. Harvest festivals, with homemade beer flowing in the shade of the hedgerows, used to be the climax of the cyclical year. Now a solitary youth riding a big red combine has replaced that Brueghel-like scene. Instead of living by loyalty, the agricultural technician lives for what he can get. And when the ten-hour day is over, he jumps on his scooter to visit his girlfriend in the anonymity of a nearby town.

Akenfield is becoming increasingly divided. The farmers continue to leave the land to be replaced by outsiders: commuters, ex-colonels, technicians, and city people searching for the realization of their dreams. One wonders how far the process of alienation from the land can go. What will be left of the English village in another hundred years? At the current rate of change it should be unrecognizable, its poetry restricted to the graveyard.

The rural dean confesses that to the young "the past is boring and shabby." They don't even want to know about how their forefathers struggled and suffered. The swinging farmer's daughter in her mini-skirt and mini-car is not interested in "respectability" which restricted the life of her mother and grandmother before her. And if one looks over the past record of incest—and the Chairman of the Akenfield Bench alludes to this—then the new mores may not be all that unhealthy.

(Advertisement)

September Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

Those of you who read the *Atlantic* know that for the past several years its coverage of Vietnam and the effects of the Vietnamese war on the United States has been interesting to say the least.

The very least. We have now selected from it to make a book, and — until you read it — you will have to take our word that the book makes even more absorbing reading than the magazine pieces did. Read as a whole instead of over a period of thirty months, the book, edited by **Robert Manning** and **Michael Janeway** and entitled **WHO WE ARE: An Atlantic Chronicle of the United States and Vietnam,** tells us mostly about ourselves.

"We thought," Robert Manning writes, "there was a need to show how the war was affecting the tone and fiber of life in America." The *Atlantic* did it with poems, reports, essays, debates, stories, letters, and commentary by authors ranging from Leo Tolstoy (the most venerable) to Frances FitzGerald, Michael Janeway, and Orville Schell (the youngest). Others, to name a few, are D. W. Brogan, Oscar Handlin, Bill Moyers, Wilfrid Sheed, James C. Thomson, Jr., Dan Wakefield, Tom Wicker, and Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr. Many of the pieces have won prizes; we immodestly think the book deserves one.

WHO WE ARE

Edited by Robert Manning and Michael Janeway

Cloth $7.95 Paper $2.95

LITTLE, BROWN

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The extremely penetrating changes in the traditional way of life of a people inspire deep, contemplative thought. Somehow, one feels sentimental about all the uprooting. Maybe that is why the farmers of Akenfield feel so resentful of the townspeople who drive out to the lanes and woods in the springtime to tear up the flowers. The spiritual revolution that has swept Akenfield in two generations is a valid commentary on the change that has come over men everywhere, and Blythe makes the most of it. As the village farrier says with genuine nostalgia: "The old people have gone and have taken a lot of truth out of the world with them."

THE SHADOW OF THE STAKE

by Robert Evett

THE WITCHES:
THREE TALES OF SORCERY
by Françoise Mallet-Joris
translated by Herma Briffault
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95

Under the influence of Margaret Murray and her book *The Witch Cult in Western Europe,* English-speaking scholars have, in recent years, tended to accept the view that devil worship—so vigorously prosecuted during and just after the Renaissance—was a survival of an old European religion, and that most of the accused witches who went to the stake were guilty as charged. Not only that, but that they died willingly, as martyrs to their faith.

Mme. Mallet-Joris holds the more conservative and orthodox view that "a doctrine, a theology of sorcery was elaborated out of whole cloth":

> The delusion of witchcraft (sorcery, magic) flourished in a clearly delimited period of time. . . . It broke upon the Western World toward the end of the fifteenth century, flourished in widely varying degrees of intensity for a little more than two hundred years, and ended in about the year 1680. . . . In those two centuries witchcraft was elevated almost to the dignity of an established Religion of Darkness. It was indeed not a majestic relic of the Middle Ages, a somber ruin which the Renaissance would gradually undermine. Instead, it was a new phenomenon . . . an original creation of the Renaissance.

Two other original creations of the Renaissance were the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. Seen from this distance, the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre, the demonic seizure of the convent of Loudun, and the raptures and ecstasies of Saint Teresa seem to be part of the same phenomenon. Then, as always, there must have been lots of people who were indifferent to religion and many, many more who were lukewarm to it. And these must have been in small danger of falling into the hands of the executioner. It was the pious ones who most easily got entangled with the courts on charges of sorcery.

In her new book, Mme. Mallet-Joris brings together the stories of three extremely dissimilar women, all of them people who really lived and whose lives are documented. "Not intending to write a historical work," says the author, "I have not hesitated to bring together or distort certain facts. My aim has been to reconstitute as faithfully as possible the spirit of the time."

Her first subject is Anne de Chantraine, who lived in the early seventeenth century and went to the stake at the age of seventeen. Anne was a motherless child, raised by her father in a milieu of privation and cruelty. When she was eleven and the first few drops of menstrual blood appeared, she became an intolerable burden to her father, who abandoned her to the orphanage-school of a nunnery. Here, the child was on stage for the first time:

> In the parlor she was looked at, was *seen*. Of the twenty some little girls in the convent school she was perhaps the most disinherited, therefore the most interesting. The story of her vagabond life . . . always brought forth shocked exclamations and demonstrations to which Anne was sensitive.

Anne formed a particular affection for a Sister Marie of the Cross—a woman pumping hard for sainthood and putting on a good show in the process. Sister Marie's effect on the child was to make her increasingly aware of the advantage of dramatizing everything. The world became her theater.

When Anne was fourteen years old, the nuns placed her as a maid-of-all-work with a widow named Christiane de la Cheraille. Christiane and her brother-in-law, Laurent, were experimenting with the black arts, and tactlessly took Anne with them to a witches' sabbath where (according to her testimony) she made the pact with "the man in black" (i.e., the devil in the form of his human representative). It was not long before the girl was handing out spells, potions, and powders to strangers. There was a scandal, then a trial. Christiane was first strangled, then burned. Laurent was burned alive. Anne was released.

She continued to work her magic, but it was fairly gray magic—the spells were to help rather than hurt. She was arrested again and put to death in a rather neighborly way:

> They . . . brought baskets of food to her in prison. They gave her a new dress to wear for the occasion. It was her one moment of importance. She mounted the steps . . . as if she were on a stage and about to seat herself upon a throne. . . . The executioners strangled her quickly, and the flames took her into their arms.

In the second of these tales, "Elizabeth, or Demonic Love," the gallows meat is not the woman, but rather the man she loves.

Elizabeth de Ranfaing was the beautiful child of a murderously quarrelsome marriage. Her mother held the view that every amenity of life was a snare of the devil, and that perpetual terror of damnation was a token of sanctity. Her technique for breaking the spirit of her daughter was so expert that the child was hopelessly neurotic by the time she was six.

Elizabeth was sent to school with the nuns when she was seven, and was ready to take the veil at the age of thirteen. Immediately there was a terrible row, because her mother's only goal in life was to impose her own will on that of the child. So a marriage was arranged with a man in his late fifties. The girl consented with the greatest reluctance, bore three children (one of whom sur-

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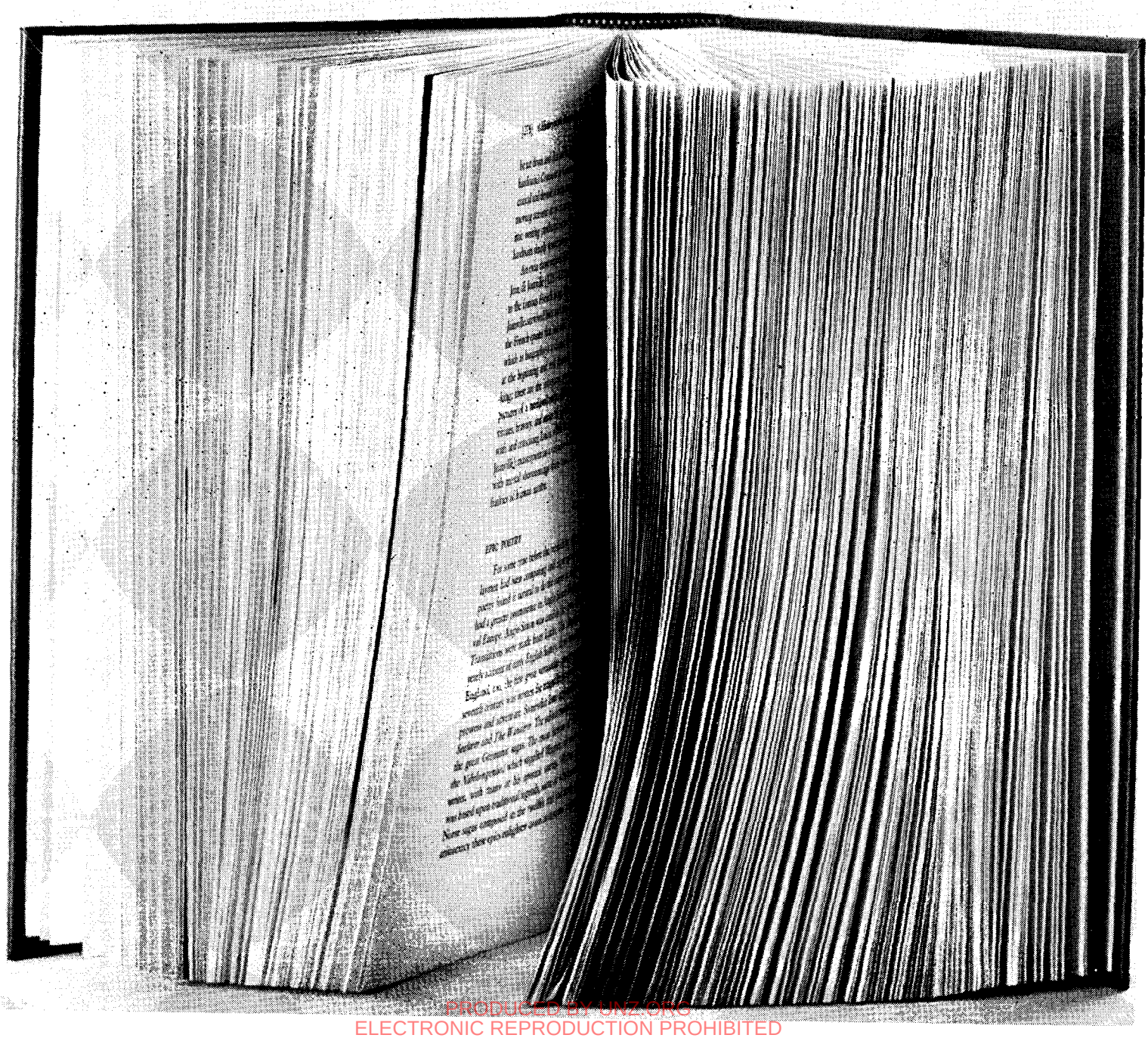

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vived long enough to be tormente in the style of the house), and on her husband's death took a vow of perpetual chastity.

Even before this event, Elizabeth was suffering from migraine, stomach disorders, dizziness, and odd pains, for which she consulted the family physician, Dr. Charles Poirot. He became her confidant and, after her husband's death, the male participant in a love affair which was not platonic but, at the same time, was never consummated. Poirot, for his part, wanted to marry Elizabeth. She was hopelessly caught between God and man, and her physical condition deteriorated. She had fits and convulsions, and in the fall of 1620, was "*officially* recognized as possessed of the devil."

Exorcisms were performed without success. At length, they took her to the chapel of a nearby Jesuit novitiate for further treatment:

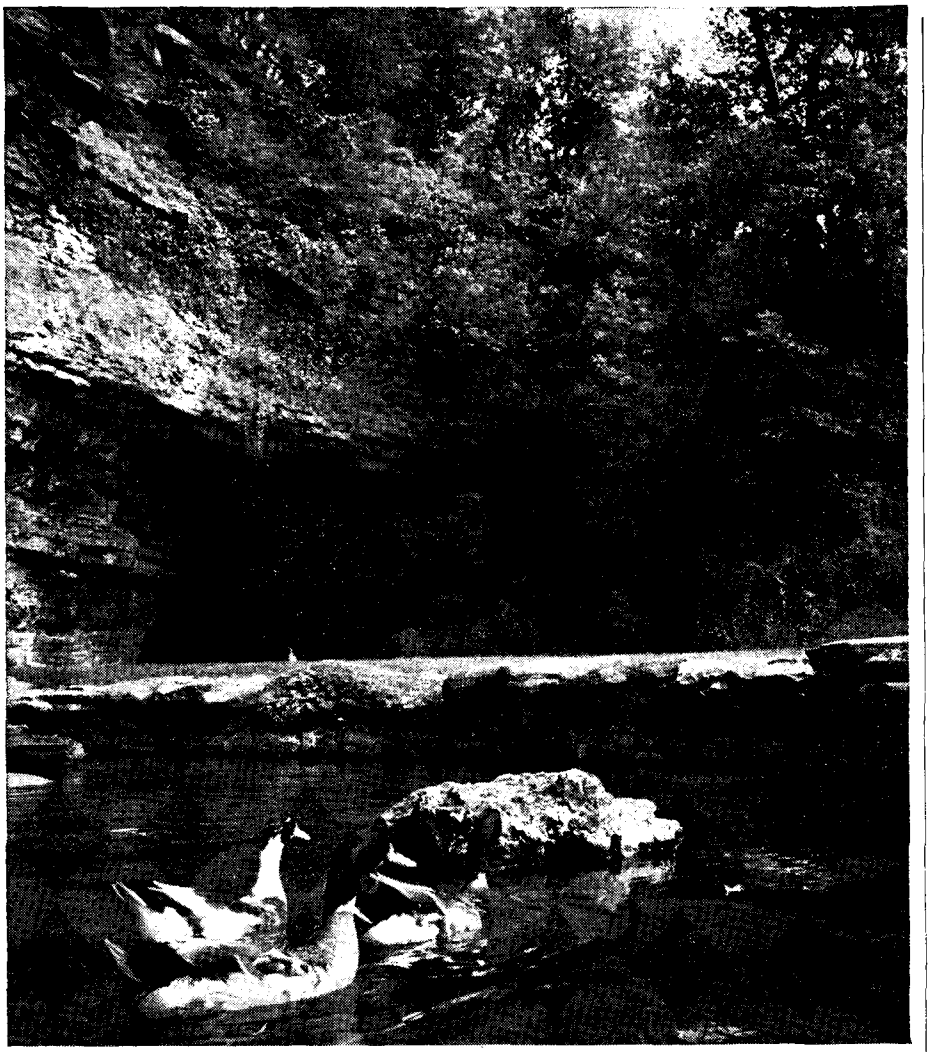
> "Astaroth! Reply!" an exorcist now exhorted the demon. "I conjure thee to reply! Dost though possess the body of Elizabeth? Beelzebub! By the all-powerful Holy Ghost I conjure thee to reply! . . . Demon, whoever thou art who possesseth the body of this woman, I conjure thee to reveal thy name!"
>
> At these words, Elizabeth's body stiffened. . . . Her eyes rolled up, foam appeared on her lips, and a hoarse voice that issued from her throat but was unrecognizable as her voice called out a name: "Charles Poirot!"

Poirot went to the stake and Elizabeth went home, where she exhibited great religious zeal. At the time of her death, she was under suspicion of heresy.

The third of these tales deals with the courtroom battle between Jeanne Harvilliers, an accused witch, and Jean Bodin, her judge.

Bodin was a sixteenth-century political philosopher and jurist who evidently took Jeanne's case because he had never before seen a witch at close range and wanted some first-hand information about the practice of sorcery. Contemporary sources agree that, by the standards of the time, he was a humane man, and certainly not a bloodthirsty judge.

> The bailiff brought Jeanne in, dragging her backwards, as was the custom, for a witch must not be allowed to cast a spell on the judge she was confronting. Once past the first shock, God would protect him.



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Jeanne Harvilliers had Gypsy blood in her. Her mother had been burned as a witch, so when Jeanne was denounced, there was no doubt that she would be put to death. But Bodin, as her judge, could ameliorate her sufferings by sparing her the ordeal of torture and having her strangled at the stake before the faggots were lit:

> He told her quite plainly what he expected of her: that she was to reveal her secrets to him, her methods, her beliefs, and should talk freely, as to an equal, as to a scholar who questioned her without animosity . . . let her regard him as merely a reasonable man wanting to understand and analyze.

Bodin had expected a cooperative witness. He had read some learned books on the subject of witchcraft, and assuming that they were true and that Jeanne Havilliers was a witch, concluded (logically enough) that she could supply corroborative details. For her part, she did not know what the man was talking about, and defended herself vigorously.

As the case became more exasperating to the judge, he began to consider using torture, and kept putting it off. Finally, he felt that he had no choice. In the torture chamber Jeanne, in a virtuosic torrent of mockery, shamed the torturer into leaving her alone, but was overheard to confess to being a witch. Dragged back to face Bodin, she was asked to discuss her pact with Satan. When she denied that there was one, Bodin in a fury ordered her burned alive the next day.

Bodin lived for many years, and wrote a famous book, *De la démonomanie des sorciers.*

Mme. Mallet-Joris' protagonists—the exhibitionist, the hysteric, the rebel—are all familiar as types, and the implication is that in writing about them, she is saying something meaningful about us all. In a sense, all of the characters in her book are victims, and to each of them she brings as much empathy and compassion as she has. Each of her studies is a morality play from which no moral is to be drawn.

Like the tales of Isak Dinesen, these poignant stories lend themselves to an ornate style. The excerpts that I have cited are fair to Herma Briffault's rich and musical translation.

PLOTTER AND PLODDER

by Charles Nicol

Mile High
by Richard Condon
Dial, $6.95

Richard Condon's best known novel is *The Manchurian Candidate,* which *Time,* with its hopelessly perverse sense of the clever and the possible, labeled as black humor; its author was compared with Joseph Heller. That analysis and that comparison were, of course, the only black humor connected with that book.

The Manchurian Candidate was an ambitious thriller and converted nicely into film. You all remember Laurence Harvey, brainwashed, preparing to assassinate a presidential candidate. Condon has more recently moved toward the "straight" novel, but the characters who march behind him still seem to be suffering from advanced Pavlovian conditioning. Perhaps Condon is like Vonnegut's typical scientist: people aren't his specialty. He is a plotter and a plodder, and we may say kindly that he is indeed a craftsman, an artificer; his novel is an impressive *ballet mécanique.* Like a clockwork mouse, its life is solely in its style. No matted hairs cling.

Not that this style is particularly admirable, merely curious. Condon's sentences are sturdy rather than flashy, and rarely very lively. But his paragraphs are strange constructions, for Condon starts with a statement about his story, offering a reasonable bit of plot or character, and then forces that small item until it fits into place on top of his paragraph like a handle on a lunch bucket. The lunch bucket however, large, black, rusty, and unfortunately empty, is Condon's main concern: listing irrelevant, trivial facts, his characteristic paragraph grinds until it produces a footnote.

Clearly, examples are called for. Let us consider Condon's description of Naples:

> West's carriage rolled past medieval monuments and chirragesque buildings, across the city through the hot sunshine, up the slope higher and higher until he could see out across the pavonine harbor and feel the ancient sleepiness of the crumbling city [so far, not bad; but Condon can't resist his facts:] that had been founded by the Phoenicians, occupied by the Romans in 254 B.C., conquered by the Byzantines in 525 A.D., taken by the Saracen Arabs in 830, overrun by the Normans, sacked by the Spanish, absorbed by Italy in 1860 and was presently owned by the Mafia.

Had he stopped earlier, we would have been left with the attractive question, Why is the Bay of Naples like a peacock? Instead, we are left dully wondering why Condon supplied the dates of the Roman, Byzantine, and Arab conquests, but not those of the Norman, Spanish, and particularly the Mafioso ones. Is his encyclopedia eccentric?

From narrative statement to blatantly irrelevant fact, this paragraph is even more fun:

> He was a flannel-mouthed, burly fairy godfather to all who were loyal. He got the boys out of jail. He saved them from hanging until January 1, 1889, when he began to save them from the electric chair.

Condon's conscious attempt at humor is extremely heavy-handed; the first sentence should have left it "godmother," not that either reference is especially appropriate. Once that dubious metaphorical proximate paternity is established, however, the unconscious humor of that *poshlust* reference to gangsters as "the boys" becomes clear. What is fascinating is that Condon wrote the whole paragraph to tell us about what really interested him, the date the electric chair was first available for executions in New York.

And if you have the spirit of Condon's compulsion in you now, surely you will appreciate the paragraph that starts Chapter Fourteen, Book One:

> Daniel West was born on May 15, 1914, on the same day as his father's favorite mistress's favorite dachshund, missing by six days the first Mother's Day-by-law in the nation's history, which had been

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thunderingly sponsored by Senator Heflin of Alabama.

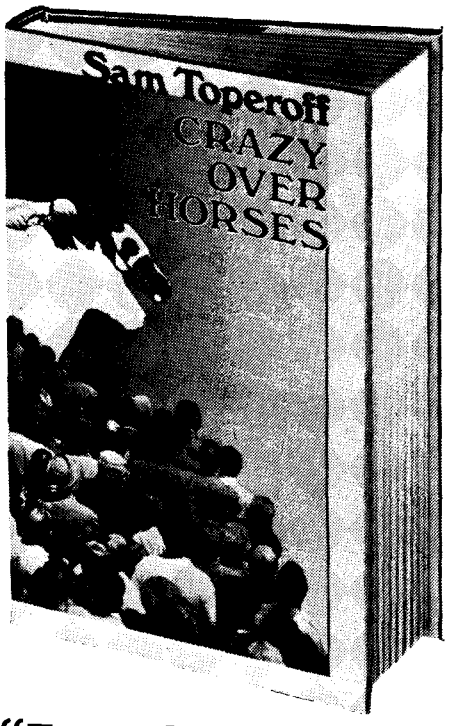
Here, while the dachshund reference seems a deliberate self-parody, the Mother's Day afterthought is the real thing, irresistible to Condon as an itchy ankle.

Facts are neither ideas nor things. When in *Hard Times* Mr. Gradgrind taught his students facts exclusively, Charles Dickens was careful to point out that Gradgrind's model pupil was stiff and bloodless, an educated zombie. Condon is so proud of having learned Facts that the title of his novel is a statistic, and after the title page comes a bibliography, an almost insurmountable feat of *kitsch*. If, as Dwight MacDonald pointed out, Americans are "fact-fetishists," Condon must be an ultimate American.

There are kinds of limited fiction where the facts, ma'am, are more important than the characters. The whodunit is the prime example: once we feed enough facts into the machine, all the characters come up lemons. Eventually, the whodunit becomes the howdunit, plotting replaces personality, the audience comes to respect only the technique of the planning, and it begins to seem unjust for the plotter to be caught.

Richard Condon is undoubtedly a master of such planning. In this novel, the Plan makes E. C. West one of the world's richest men. Starting with his father's share of Tammany Hall power, West singlehandedly invents Prohibition so he can accumulate the lion's share of the profits from bootlegging and the other organized crimes that come with it. Condon is actually able to make this grandiose (and highly impersonal) scheme seem convincing. Alas, it takes up only half the novel, and the second half features West as an older, lunatic millionaire, hiding in the Adirondack Mountains in an exact replica of an enormous Swiss hotel, trying to destroy his son's wife. The novel ends with West's last words, which, together with his reason for uttering them and other incidental scenery, constitute a gross, vulgar plagiarism of *Citizen Kane*.

Mr. Condon is that unique kind of writer who can make a list of automobile replacement parts exciting. Unfortunately, in *Mile High* he has tried a more ambitious project.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING
by Laurie Lee
Athenæum, $5.95

Laurie Lee was nineteen when on a June morning in 1935 after a hearty breakfast and a pat on the back from his mother, he walked away from his country home in the Cotswolds. He was propelled by the traditional forces that have sent so many younger sons out into the world, and the Depression had doubtless strengthened his resistance to the local girls, whispering "Marry and settle down." For his journey he carried a small rolled-up tent, a violin wrapped in a blanket, a change of clothes, a tin of treacle biscuits, and a hazel stick in hand. He planned to walk to London by way of Southampton so as to have his first look at the sea, and for sustenance he would fiddle his way through any hospitable town, his hat at his feet, with a couple of coppers in it *pour encourager les autres*. After London he would take ship for Spain, drawn there by boyhood fancies of Seville. He had already published some of his early pastoral poems and hoped to compose and sell others along the way. But the violin was to be his mainstay, and a bystander warned him not to play too long at any spot lest he lose his audience and the collection.

Mr. Lee's adventures compose a lighthearted, resourceful travel book, *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning*, and the hardihood with which he endured the heat, and when in the mountains, the cold, is a part of the picture. When in town he frequented the disreputable inns—or brothels—where he rarely paid more than a sixpence for a night's lodgings, and when in the open he slept in the fields, bathed in the nearest stream, and as the sun dried him, made a breakfast of goat cheese and berries. Walking, fiddling, or talking in the taverns, all of his senses were employed, including his sense of smell, and his figures of speech are sharp and delightful, as when he speaks of "tea so strong you could trot a mouse on it." The girls were generous to him; so was a professional beggar like Alf, who was "a tramp to his bones"; and a tavern keeper hearing his gay tunes kept Laurie playing for as long as he chose to stay. In London he supported himself by working for a contractor, pushing "barrows of wet cement till my muscles stretched and burned." After he had got toughened up to the job and could use his evenings for something other than sleep, he found friends in the pubs, won a poetry contest, and in the early summer bought a one-way ticket to Vigo, with a handful of shillings to see him safely in Spain.

Laurie was to walk from one end of Spain to the other—"I'd accepted this country without question, as though visiting a half-mad family"—and his impressions are as fresh now as when they first hit him. Here is his first: "I landed in a town submerged by wet green sunlight and smelling of the waste of the sea. People lay sleeping in doorways, or sprawled on the ground, like bodies washed up by the tide." The medievalism, the garish colors, the sudden hospitality of the peasants and the equally sudden cruelty—he reacts to each in his disarming way. Valladolid, with its beggars, conscripts, and priests, he found a heartless place, and he has few good words for Segovia, with its Roman aqueduct and its blood-stained Cliff of Crows. But his spirits rose as he crossed the Sierra Guadarrama at a point almost two miles high ("Gulping the fine dry air and sniffing the pitch-pine mountain, I was perhaps never so alive and so alone again"). Madrid he enjoyed for its cool and succulent taverns; in Toledo he was befriended by Roy Campbell, the South African poet, and they spent hours together in El Greco's house; Cadiz he calls "a diseased hulk on the edge of a tropic sea"; and in Valdepeñas, where the wine was genial, he was happily at ease.

Lee holed up for the winter in an Andalusian village, where he be-

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A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

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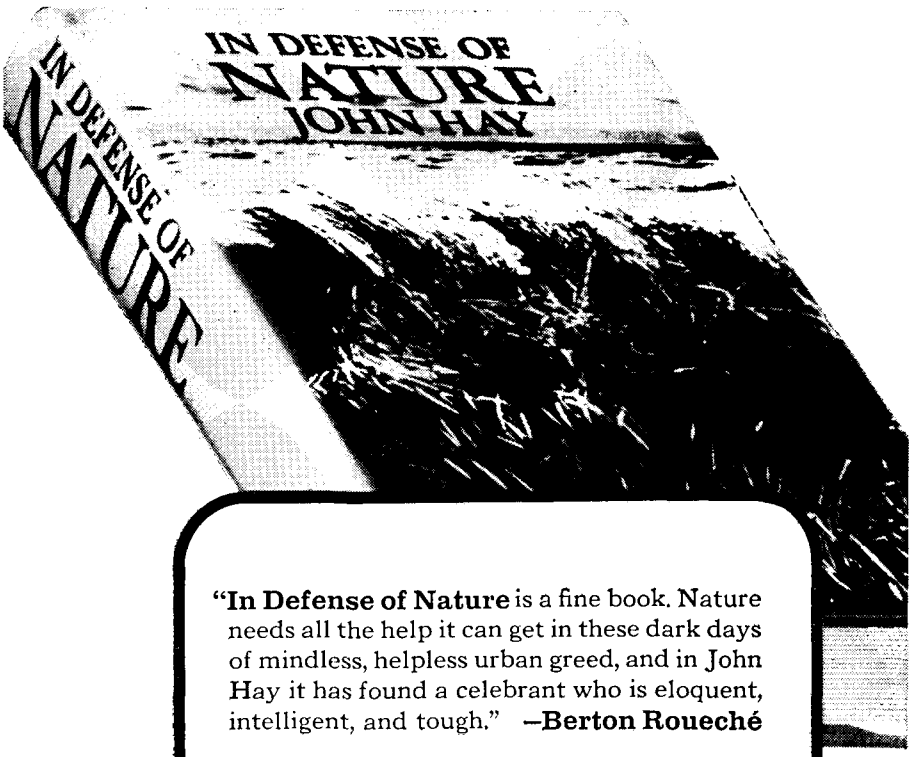

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came half of a two-piece orchestra in a seaside hotel. Here as an outsider he shared in the innocent hope and the fumbling beginning of the Spanish war. But it is never quite clear why he was so insistent on rejoining the Republican forces once he had been picked up and escorted to safety by a British destroyer. His year in Spain had fired his imagination, but his attachment to the people was less than skin-deep, nor had he a mistress to call him back. Why then did he return and what happened after his re-entry?

BLACK OPPORTUNITY
by Jerome H. Holland
Weybright & Talley, $6.95

When in 1939 Jerome Holland graduated from Cornell, where he had been an all-American end and an elected member of the junior and senior honor societies, he was the only one of his class not interviewed for a job—because he was black. In the spring of 1968, 195 recruits from major industrial companies visited the campus of Hampton Institute, of which Mr. Holland is now president, and 85 percent of the Hampton seniors were offered jobs "at a professional, technical or managerial level, at salaries identical with those paid to white college graduates with equal training." This positive comparison, which he states on the opening page of his book *Black Opportunity*, is indicative of the swift change for which President Holland has been in part responsible (prior to 1960 no interviewer visited Hampton), indicative also that America's need for educated Negroes is now two or three times greater than the supply.

Of the nine chapters in this thorough and informative book the first three trace the evolution of "the caste-class, two-race system" under which the Negroes had come to exist ever since that summer day in 1619 when a Dutch sea captain sold the first shipment of twenty blacks to the English settlers in Jamestown. The early Negroes in Virginia had the same status as the indentured whites, but race prejudice soon took over: Negroes, whether free or indentured, were not permitted to attend the white man's church or tavern; the family unit, basic in the African tribe, was destroyed; and later, when laws against teaching

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Negroes came into being early in the eighteenth century, the die was cast for the Slave Codes and for the downgrading of the male, the apathy and the corroding sense of inferiority which resulted. When in 1868 General Armstrong founded Hampton Institute, 90 percent of American Negroes were illiterate.

There were a few Negro leaders articulate enough to protest against this imprisonment, and President Holland cites their remonstrance in words that burn. He quotes Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave and renowned speaker, as he described the welcome he was accorded in Massachusetts on a lecture tour shortly before the Civil War. At a meetinghouse in New Bedford a deacon told him in a pious tone, "We don't allow niggers in here!" On the steamer *Massachusetts* bound for Boston, as he entered the cabin, he was touched on the shoulder and told, "We don't allow niggers in here!" At a Boston restaurant, he was met by a lad in a white apron, "We don't allow niggers in here," and as he was attempting to board the bus to Weymouth, the driver spat at him, "I don't allow niggers in here."

In a more serious vein Douglass pleaded with William Lloyd Garrison not to dissolve the Anti-Slavery Society at the war's end. Its mission, Douglass said, was "not merely to emancipate, but to elevate," and Emancipation had left the Negro with "neither money, property, nor friends." But Garrison was adamant.

Holland cites Booker T. Washington, who at the turn of the century, when "forty-three national unions had not a single black member," toured the country pleading for a vocational education of Negroes which would admit them to the factories. And he cites W. E. B. DuBois, with three degrees from Harvard, the best educated Negro of his day, who would not accept Washington's premise that Negroes should be grateful for work at the lower level, and who in 1905 nailed these objectives at a meeting in Niagara Falls: "We want full manhood suffrage and we want it now. . . . We want discrimination in public accommodations to cease. . . . We want the Constitution of the country enforced. . . . We want our children educated. . . . We are men! We will be treated as men. And we shall win." Holland adds that in the frustration of old age DuBois became a convert to socialism and to isolationism for Negroes in his advocacy of a black cooperative commonwealth, a bitter alternative which attracts the militant.

The tonic in President Holland's book is the six progressive chapters documenting and commenting on the improvement of education and the opening of opportunities which have occurred since the publication of Gunnar Myrdal's classic report: "Never in the history of America," wrote Myrdal, "has there been a greater and more complete identity between the ideals of social justice and the requirements of economic progress." Holland shows that the percentage of Negroes attending college has more than doubled in the past twenty years, that American Negroes represent the tenth richest nation in the world, with a buying power greater than that of Canadians, a group approximately equal in size; and he shows the receptive attitude of industrial management in their recognition that *the key to equal opportunity is education and training.*

Black Opportunity makes white America realize the painful adjustment of qualified Negroes in their breakthrough jobs; it balances the continued resistance of stubborn unions with the resourceful experiments big business has been conducting the country over. In its firm documentation this book is the most important and hopeful blueprint yet written for Negro aspirants, and a much needed corrective for those softheaded sociologists who apologize for the black militants and are all too free with that epithet, Uncle Tom.

A Loving Wife
by Violet Weingarten
Knopf, $5.95

Violet Weingarten, who will be remembered for her gay, discerning first novel, *Mrs. Beneker,* has achieved a deeper, more sympathetic characterization in her new book, *A Loving Wife.* The title is partly sardonic, for Molly Gilbert, the heroine, does most of her loving away from home.

A New Yorker in her mid-forties, overweight but still pretty, Molly had been drifting in what she calls "a kind of free-floating discontent"; she no longer seemed needed by her biochemist husband Mike, nor by David, their only son, away at college. Indeed, she had begun to doubt if she was accomplishing anything worthwhile in her marital counseling at the Welfare Center, where she had built up a professional reputation as well as a good salary, and where she unexpectedly caught the eye of the wealthiest of the trustees. When she and Robert begin lunching together, the temptation to become lovers in the nearest hotel room is irresistible, and as the need for each other increases, Molly's small and ordered universe is in chaos.

Miss Weingarten has a gift for characterization through talk. Molly's struggle to hold her own in several unbearable situations is told in a series of duets, the most revealing that with her mother; then her blowup with her husband, in which Mike, the aggrieved partner, allows her no quarter; later, the showdown with Robert, in which her honesty forces her to the breaking point ("Men and women peak differently. It's more diffuse for women. It takes them longer to get started, and longer to come down when they do get started, but once women are down, they're down. Just like men. When an affair is over, it's over. Dead"); and finally, her interview with Julia, the black and pregnant mother in that dreadful tenement on Essex Street, in which Molly proves to be as vulnerable as her client. Molly is on her way to Rome, as the narrative begins, to straighten things out by herself, and with these dialogues running through her head, Rome in its curious way proves to be a good cathartic, and the appalling loneliness she suffers abroad is enough to fly her home.

A novel about a dissatisfied wife sampling alternatives in midlife is not exactly news. Her most obvious possibilities are to switch from husband to lover, to try to rekindle her old man, or to fly the coop hoping that something better will turn up. The third choice is, of course, the biggest gamble. Unattached wives, like widows, have to work hard to keep in circulation—such is Miss Weingarten's warning to women like Molly.

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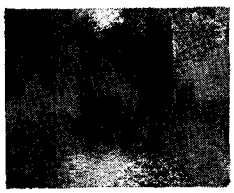
506. The above on paper. *Only* **2.98**

271. VAN GOGH *STARRY NIGHT.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. Brilliant landscape of towering cypress trees silhouetted against dazzling blue starlit sky in Van Gogh's magic colors. 18" x 24". *Pub. at $35.00.* *Only* **9.95**

261 PICASSO *DON QUIXOTE.* Silkscreen on ***artists' canvas.*** Stirring tribute to The Man of La Mancha in black and white 18" x 24". *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**



270. MONET *HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. View from London Bridge overlooking the Thames. 20" x 22". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**

211. VAN GOGH. *WHITE ROSES.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas.*** Full color 25" x 20". *Only* **6.95**
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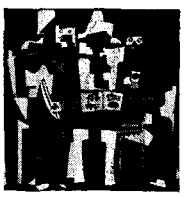
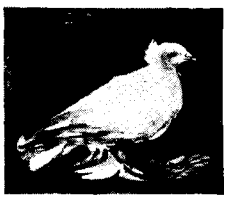
285. HUG: *THE LEOPARD.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas.*** Browns, tans and yellow. 22" x 28". *Only* **5.95**
511. On paper. *Only* **2.98**

288. PICASSO *BACCHANAL.* Silkscreen ***on artist canvas*** in black & white. 18" x 24". *Pub. @ $8.* *Only* **2.98**



252. PICASSO *THREE MUSICIANS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 22"x 24". *Pub. at $18.00.* *Only* **5.95**
507. On paper. *Only* **2.98**

196. WYETH *CHRISTINA'S WORLD* Collotype from the Museum of Modern Art on ***fine art paper.*** Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 16" x 24". *Only* **7.50**

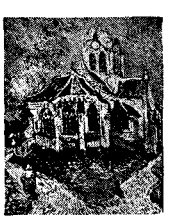


304. PICASSO. *THE DOVE.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** Eternal symbol of peace in soft blacks, grays & white. 12" x 14¾". *Pub. @ $10.* *Only* **4.95**

277. ROUSSEAU *VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 20" x 28". *Pub. at $23.00.* *Only* **7.95**

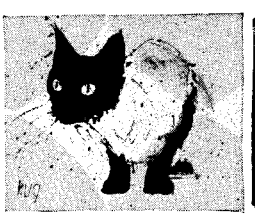
513. *NEVER AGAIN WAR* Silkscreen poster after **KOLLWITZ** 1924 drawing. Black, grey and dayglo red on ***fine art stock.*** 23" x 30". *Special* **4.95**

254. MONET *WATER LILIES.* On ***artist canvas***—striking silkscreen in full color; the master's impression of water lilies in a pool. 21½" x 22". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**



256. VAN GOGH *CHURCH AT AUVERS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 18" x 24". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **5.95**

209. PICASSO *STUDIES FOR MOTHER & CHILD.* Silkscreen on ***artists' canvas*** in sepia tones. 16" x 20". *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**
113. On paper. *Only* **1.98**



282. HUG: *THE CAT.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas.*** Browns, tans & yellow. 22" x 28". *Only* **5.95**
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300. PICASSO. *CORRIDA DES TOROS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** The epic splendor of the bullring in brilliant full color. 20" x 24". *Pub. @ $15.* *Only* **5.95**

290. PICASSO *TOROS Y TOREROS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in black & white. 18" x 24". Exciting Corrida scene. *Pub. @ $10.* *Only* **3.95**

210. *RUBENS ARTISTS' SON.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 14" x 17". *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**
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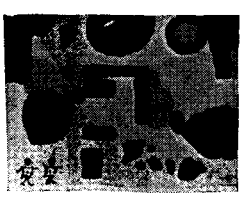
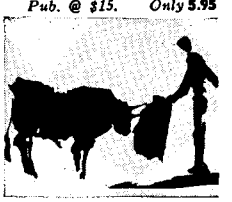
284. HUG: *THE LION.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas.*** Browns, tans & yellow 22" x 28". *Only* **5.95**
510. On paper. **2.98**

251 SEURAT *LA GRANDE JATTE.* Most famous French Impressionist painting. Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 18" x 27". *Pub. at $25.00.* *Only* **5.95**



217. KLEE *THE LONELY ONES.* A whimsical fantasy. Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 19½" x 27½". *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**
147. On paper. **2.98**

216. KOLLWITZ *MOTHER AND CHILD.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in black and white. 20" x 24". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**
102. On paper. **1.49**



301. PICASSO. *MOMENT OF TRUTH.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in black & white. 18" x 24". Tense corrida drama. *Pub. @$10.* *Only* **3.95**

212. VAN GOGH *SUNFLOWERS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** duplicating Van Gogh's vibrant palette of yellows, greens & browns. 20"x26" *Pub. at $17.50.* *Only* **6.95**

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279. FRAGONARD *YOUNG GIRL READING.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in lovely sunlight colors. One of the most famous paintings in the world. 20"x26". *Pub. at $18.00.* *Only* **6.95**

247. PICASSO *BLUE NUDE.* Silkscreen in full color on ***artist canvas.*** From Picasso's blue period. 16" x 20". *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **5.95**
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262. HAUSMAN *A MAN AND A WOMAN.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in vibrant green, blue, orange & magenta. 16" x 23". *Only* **5.95**
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287. PICASSO *THE TRAGEDY.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** from famous Blue period. 17" x 26". *Pub. @ $12.* *Only* **5.95**
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255. REDON: *VASE OF FLOWERS.* On ***artists' canvas***—silk screen from the Louvre in soft golden browns, red, yellow, green & blue. 19" x 26" **2.98**

302. PICASSO. *FAUN WITH LEAVES.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** Fantasy in black & white. 18" x 24". *Pub. @ $7.* *Only* **2.98**

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245. PICASSO. *MATERNITY.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** Full color against a blue background. 15" x 19¾" *Pub. @ $20* *Only* **7.95**

303. MODIGLIANI. *CARYATID.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** A fine study of the female nude in blue lines. 15" x 20" Pub. @ $10. *Only* **3.95**

519. KWAN YIN. T'ang Dynasty Chinese scroll Silkscreen in blue handmade rice paper. 12" x 39". *Only* **1.98**

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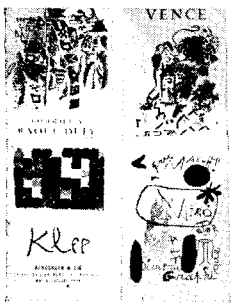

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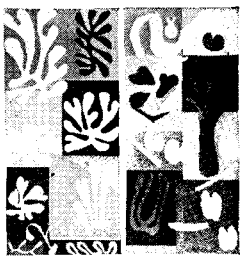

280. PAIR OF MATISSE MURALS Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** Brilliant contemporary murals in full color. Each 13"x 28". *Pub. at $18.00. The Pair* **6.95** **505.** The above on paper. *Pub. at $10.00. The Pair* **3.95**

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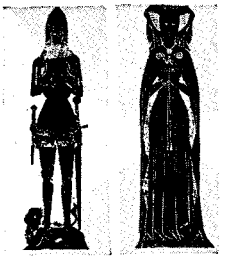

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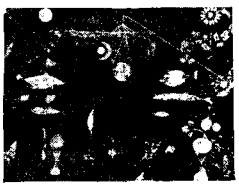
307. PICASSO. *DANCES.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** An exciting rendering of nude dancers from Picasso's classic period. Black & white. 17" x 22" *Pub. $10. Only* **3.95**



224. KLEE *FISH MAGIC.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** full color. Surrealist fantasy. 17" x 21¾". *Pub. at $18. Only* **5.95** **158.** On paper **2.98**

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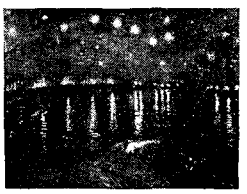
291. REMBRANDT *YOUNG WARRIOR.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 19" x 27". *Pub. @ $15. Only* **5.95**

235. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT. *BLUE KNIGHT.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** full color. 15" x 21". *Pub. at $10.00. Only* **2.98**



286. VAN GOGH *STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 20" x 25". *Pub. @ $35. Only* **9.95**

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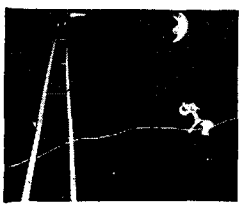
246. EL GRECO *ST. MARTIN.* Silk screen in full color on ***artist canvas*** 15¾" x 30". *Only* **6.95**



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283. HUG: *THE TIGER.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas.*** Browns, tans and yellow. 22" x 28". *Only* **5.95** **509.** On paper. *Only* **2.98**

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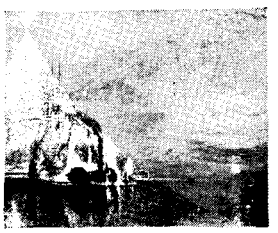

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292. HUG. *THE ZEBRA.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas.*** Blues, blacks & yellows. 22" x 28" *Special* **5.95**

250. MANET. *THE PIPER.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** in full color. From the Louvre. 15" x 25" *Pub. $18. Only* **2.98**

265. MONET *RED POPPIES.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. Impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of red poppies. 19" x 24". *Pub. @ $25.00. Only* **7.95**

281. PICASSO *TOREROS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in B/W. 18" x 24". *Pub. $7.50. Only* **2.98**

221. KLEE *BIRD GARDEN.* Humorous silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 17" x 23¼". *Pub. at $18. Only* **5.95** **155.** On paper. **2.98**

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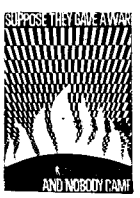

198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Black & dayglo red silkscreen. 25"x38". *Only* **4.95**

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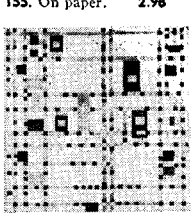

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121. DURER. *ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT.* Silkscreen in gold, black & red on parchment paper 23" x 31" *Only* **1.49**

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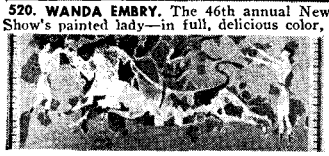

201. CRETAN BULL DANCERS. Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** Full color 17" x 46". *Pub. @ $12.* *Only* **6.95** **103.** Paper *Only* **3.95**

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255	256	257	259	260	261	262	265	266	267
268	269	270	271	275	276	277	278	279	280
281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	290	291
292	295	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306
307	ON PAPER	102	103	110	112	113	121	126	130
142	147	153	155	158	159	164	165	171	183
186	196	198	505	506	507	508	509	510	511
512	513	514	518	519	520	523	527	528	529
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MOVIES

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by Dan Wakefield

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directed by Henry Hathaway
Paramount

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE
directed by Ronald Neame
Twentieth Century Fox

Our finest undiscovered social critic is a man known only as "The Rug," whose theories of pop culture, sexual behavior, and racetrack odds earned him a devoted circle of disciples in Greenwich Village and the Upper West Side of Manhattan in the late 1950s and early 60s. The Rug gave up in despair on New York and modern culture around 1963 (showing himself, as usual, ahead of his time) and is believed to be living in a sylvan hideaway somewhere in the Pacific Northwest, earning a living as a free-lance scientific consultant to the Space Industry, and attempting on the side (with considerable progress, it is rumored) to restructure Einstein's theory according to the ancient wisdom of the Tarot.

I owe a great deal to The Rug, for it was he who taught me that it wasn't really necessary to suffer through all the "meaningful" boring movies like The Apu Trilogy, the grimmer Bergmans, and the Italian desolation school. The Rug explained that I could work out my cultural guilt in other ways, and that even the bright, good-looking girls didn't really like to sit through those pretentious, monotonous "art" movies, but felt they had to pretend to like them. The Rug had considerable contempt for those who were conned into boring themselves silly in the name of "art," and firmly believed that with the right buildup any movie at all could be accepted as fashionable by those who followed the fashions. His pet theory was that if you took all the old Doris Day movies, dubbed them in Italian, put misleading English subtitles on them, and showed them in the art houses, they would be acclaimed as Great Cinema by most graduates of Vassar and subscribers to *The Village Voice*.

The Rug held to the iconoclastic theory (iconoclastic anyway in New York intellectual circles) that movies should be fun, that their purpose was to entertain you, and that the worst sin any movie could commit was to bore the audience. I was converted to the broad principles of this theory, which leaves me wide open to charges of philistinism, but I want to make clear that I am not against experimental or any other category of movies per se, if they can manage to entertain. I have no isolationist bias against foreign movies, even ones that are shown in art houses, provided they are understandable to most sane adults. I think Truffaut is the greatest director going, much more exciting than his idol Mr. Hitchcock, and I thoroughly agree with the sentiment of a lady friend in New York who some years ago was inspired to compose on the spot the following verse after seeing *Shoot the Piano Player* on a double bill with *Jules and Jim:*

> Antonioni may come;
> Federico Fellini may go;
> But I'm in love with you,
> François Truffaut.

Me too.

What has come to bother me even more than the lack of entertainment in many movies with artistic and intellectual ambitions or pretensions is the lack of entertainment in so many movies whose sole purpose is entertainment. Most of those Jack Lemmon swinging single comedies, the re-re-done Westerns, the Walt Disney "for all the family" bombs, the historical epics that try to cover up their vacuity with splashy color and gaudy costumes, the Sidney Poitier message movies (if only he'd come to dinner once half stoned and spill the soup so we'd know he was human!) are all as deadly boring as the swampiest, dimmest-lit Bergman introspection special. (I honestly got depressed once last year just standing *outside* one of those Bergman heavies waiting for a friend to come out. The door opened a couple of times as sad-eyed viewers tiptoed out, as if from church, and the grim tone of the film seemed to escape into the lobby like a gas.)

I suspect that the trouble with a lot of these boring "entertainment" movies is the same basic trouble with a lot of the mass magazine stories and articles—that they are commissioned and conceived and edited by editors in New York (or in the case of movies, producers in Hollywood) who believe that the great American audience out there (out there being anywhere beyond their own cocktail circuit) is a vast kindergarten for morons. What often happens is that the writers commissioned by the editors or producers are trying not to please themselves but the paplike standards of the editors and producers. They are writing stuff they know is junk, and the actors must then spout lines they know are junk in situations they know are silly. No one has any fun "writing down" or playing down, neither the writers and performers nor the audience they're supposed to be entertaining.

In watching some of the comedies and thrillers of the 1930s on the TV late-late-late shows, it has often struck me that the people who wrote the best of those movies must have been having a ball, and that the actors like Bogart and Cagney and Edward G. Robinson were having a ball delivering the lines. Whoever wrote some of the good scripts of that era just had to be having fun. I think offhand of lines like those of Bogart in *To Have and Have Not* when he is watching another man hold Lauren Bacall after she has fainted, and continues holding her until Bogey asks the guy, "What're ya tryin' to do—guess her weight?" Or of Robinson playing a crude, retired gangster who wants to break into upper-crust society, sauntering over to the table of a snobbish dame in a high-class resort and asking her, as he chews on a fat cigar, "Why don't we go up to my room, and have a couple laughs?" Or James Cagney having just gunned down a whole roomful of villains, standing with the gun still smoking as the cops break in and ask him what's going on, and he answers, "What's it look like, charades?"

You have to figure someone got a kick out of writing that stuff, the actors got a kick out of delivering

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it, and in turn the audience gets a kick out of seeing and hearing it. I don't just mean that comedy one-liners make good entertainment, but that any plot and dialogue that someone could enjoy writing and acting is likely to produce enjoyment for the audience. It is this sense of enjoyment on everyone's part that seems to me so rare now, which makes me especially elated to have seen two new movies that do have this quality, and that I thoroughly enjoyed seeing.

These movies have nothing else in common except that I liked them, and that both were adapted from novels, which God knows is no guarantee of anything in itself. As a matter of fact, one of the movies was based on a novel that I found disappointing when I read it—*True Grit*, by Charles Portis. The movie made from it, however, happily brings the story to overflowing life with a great bellow of vitality, humor, color, and unabashed sentiment. Before this movie I had pretty much given up on newly ground-out Westerns that seemed to be written from rote by shuffling old plot cards around, and played in a kind of memory-trance by men who had been bored with this sort of thing for a couple of decades. I had never been a John Wayne fan, and it seemed to me his most convincing performance in recent years had been a political radio spot in Los Angeles last spring endorsing Sam Yorty for mayor in order to maintain law and order and, if you can believe it, to "keep Los Angeles like it is." I had seen a couple of his recent Westerns by accident on coast-to-coast plane rides, and even in that captive situation I had after a while switched the earphones to music and simply watched the screen for sensory flight-diversion.

I have still not been converted to the *Life* magazine view that Wayne with his role in *True Grit* has become a heroic embodiment of all the ancient virtues (as contrasted, in the *Life*-styled scenario, with the decadent sophistication of Dustin Hoffman as a symbol of what the magazine, in its current go-get-em Law and Order phase, delicately describes as "Broadway Grime"). I am convinced, though, that whether or not John Wayne ever joins the A.C.L.U., he is a hell of a good actor who obviously took great relish in the opportunity to play a meaty role that was not just John Wayne in a new cowboy suit. In *True Grit* he plays Rooster Cogburn, a cranky, booze-swilling, grubby old gunman going to fat and to seed, but with his pride and cunning and humor still intact.

Cogburn is a federal marshal who is hired by fourteen-year-old Mattie Ross (Kim Darby) on a sort of free-lance assignment to avenge her father's murder by bringing to justice (by which she means the gallows, by God) a blackguard known as Tom Chaney. Mattie and Rooster are joined in the search for the bad guy by a young Texas Ranger (Glen Campbell) who is named Le Boeuf and pronounces it "La Beef." He wants to bring the murderer back to Texas to hang for the killing of a local senator. The state is offering a $500 reward, and when Wayne notes that's a pretty small sum for a man who killed a senator, La Beef explains, "He was a small senator."

The unwieldy trio of chasers sets forth on thundering horseback in pursuit of the villain, encountering along the way other villains, such as Ned Pepper and his gang, all kinds of Perilous-Pauline situations, classic gunfights, and impossible triumphs over impossible odds.

It is the most entertaining and funniest Western I have seen since *The Oklahoma Kid*, which I catch whenever I can on the late-late-late show (it is worth waking up for, with a cast that includes Cagney as "The Kid," Humphrey Bogart as "Whip McCord," and Anthony Quinn as "Injun Joe"). When Wayne, after drinking in the saddle all day, ingloriously slips from his horse onto the ground, holding his bottle up so as not to spill anything, he announces, "We'll camp right here." In a nostalgic and touchingly sentimental scene with Kim Darby he talks about his past and tells how his wife left him to return to her first husband, a hardware store owner, and Wayne recalls telling her, "I hope you'll be happy this time with that nail-sellin' bastard." When he faces four bad-guy gunmen alone and their leader taunts that he is too old and fat to take them on, Wayne draws his guns, yells, "Fill your hand, you sonofabitch," puts the reins of the horse in his teeth, and rides after the villains with both guns blazing.

I notice a lot of the reviews have put down Kim Darby, on grounds that she is too big or too old to be the fourteen-year-old Mattie Ross, but I think she's great. She is gutsy and bullheaded and walks with an awkward big stride that is as endearing as it is clumsy, and she is just nubile and feminine enough under all her wraps and big hats to make it understandable that old Rooster and young La Beef are both infatuated with her and vying with each other for her attention and respect. This "triangle" aspect is part of the charm of the story but has rarely been mentioned, perhaps for fear of a "dirty old man" charge, which is too bad, because the affection for the girl is genuine and beautiful and I fell in love with her too, and if that makes me a dirty old man I am happy to confess it.

There isn't a horse or a gun or a trace of the Old West in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, which is set in a stuffy girls' school in the Edinburgh of the late 1930s, but it shares with *True Grit* a sense that the writers and actors and directors were enjoying what they were do-

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THE WRITERS:

Yorick Blumenfeld is an American journalist living in London.

Robert Evett is a composer and a critic of music and literature.

Charles Nicol teaches English at Indiana State University.

Edward Weeks was for many years the editor in chief of this journal.

Dan Wakefield's book *Between the Lines* was recently issued in paperback by Atlantic–Little, Brown.

Herbert Kupferberg is an editor of *Parade* magazine.

Phoebe Adams is an editor of the *Atlantic*.

L. E. Sissman (page 95) is the author of a new collection of poems, *Scattered Returns*, to be published this month by Atlantic–Little, Brown.

John Okai (page 104), a Ghanaian, is now living in London.

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ing, that they liked and respected the story, and brought to it the passion of their craft. It of course is based on the novel by Muriel Spark, which is one of those few books that seemed to me not "great" but "perfect," in the sense that every word and comma and question mark seemed inevitable, every nuance of speech, every slant of light, every tilt of a hat seemed exactly right. The movie miraculously does the same thing with the story, hitting all the notes just right, showing every move and mood in a way that convinces you that's the way it should be.

Maggie Smith is the slightly mad and maddening Miss Brodie, caught in the awful tug between "progressivism" and spinsterism, devoting "the prime" of her life to her young girl students, attempting to shape their budding lives in her own image, even trying to promote one into the bed of the painter-art teacher whom she spent one night with and then fled from.

Her favorites at school are known as "The Brodie Set," and in the film they grow from awkward, undiscriminating acolytes to a kind of poise and independence from their overbearing teacher, and even in one case to a betrayal of her that leads to her downfall. Miss Brodie, in turn, indirectly brings about the meaningless death of one of her more gullible girls, as she stuffs her favorites with a contradictory, romantic, feminist, Fascist, naïve concoction of politics, art, music, buttered buns, and soupy sentimentalism. Miss Smith makes Miss Brodie brave and petty and expansive and foolish and finally stripped and almost unbearably sad, unable to understand who she is or what she has done, and broken by it.

The whole cast is fine, and the movie is a marvel of dramatic pacing and direction. It mixes high comedy with real grief, making those lives believable and meaningful and worth knowing about.

In the very end of *True Grit,* John Wayne bids good-bye to Kim Darby with a wave of the hat and a leap of his horse over a high wooden fence, and says to her, "Come see a fat old man some time." I urge that you do, and that you also go see that mixed-up, middle-aged spinster, Miss Brodie. I plan to go see both of them again.

MUSIC

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL DIGEST

by Herbert Kupferberg

The music magazine, like the dinosaur, hasn't quite made it to the modern age. Apart from the scholarly journals and the record publications, there are no major surviving serious magazines devoted to musical matters in the United States.

This month an ambitious attempt will be made to fill this gap with the appearance of a new publication called the *American Musical Digest,* which seems to have an excellent chance of succeeding, if only because its main backer is nothing less than the United States government.

American Musical Digest is a project of the Music Critics Association, Incorporated, which has a membership of some 150 writers on music in the United States. The critics' group, originally established in 1958 by a Rockefeller grant with the avowed purpose of improving standards of music criticism in this country, worked out an agreement two years ago with the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington to issue "a monthly digest of musical criticism to be published as a service to the world of music." Two trial issues were put out giving the basic outlines of the publication: large page format, attractive typography, pictures in plenty, and articles excerpting previously published reports on all phases of musical activity, from three appraisals of a new work by Murray Schafer called *Son of Heldenleben* in Montreal, to an account of Joan Sutherland's failure to keep a concert date in Kansas City.

Basically, the magazine will be concerned with American music, including not only this country but the entire Western Hemisphere, and not only American composers but everybody else as well. Gene Bruck is the editor and publisher of the new magazine, Irving Lowens the president of the corporation. Bruck's background includes stints on *Musical America,* as program director of radio station WBAI, New York, and as coordinator of concert repertory for ASCAP. For a time he was editor in chief of *Headquarters Detective* magazine, an experience which he feels prepared him for any eventuality, including publishing a music magazine.

Lowens, for years the respected music critic of the Washington *Star,* came into the *American Musical Digest* project originally as a consultant, with a six months' leave of absence from his own job; after watching over its gestation, he decided to remain with it and help guide it after birth.

Bruck and Lowens feel that while a great deal is happening in American musical life, little of what is reported receives any kind of national attention. They plan to reprint articles of both domestic and foreign origin about American music as it is played at home and abroad; about new music activities at colleges and universities, concerts in small towns as well as in big cities, crises and controversies; about performers, performances, and audiences. They and their staff expect to cull their reports from some 1200 newspapers and magazines, doing plenty of their own reading but also relying both on members of the Music Critics Association to keep them posted on local publications and on a corps of foreign volunteers to supply them with tear sheets from abroad.

No original material of any kind will appear in the *American Musical Digest;* every word will be reprinted from other sources. By so doing, the editors hope to present a tremendous variety of subjects and styles: overnight newspaper criticisms and more leisurely magazine appraisals; book and record reviews; factual articles from the daily and weekly press; interviews with eminent persons; appraisals of new works.

The practice of reprinting arises from the need of keeping the *Digest,* with its government backing, from becoming competitive with other publications in the field. For the same reason, no advertising will be accepted.

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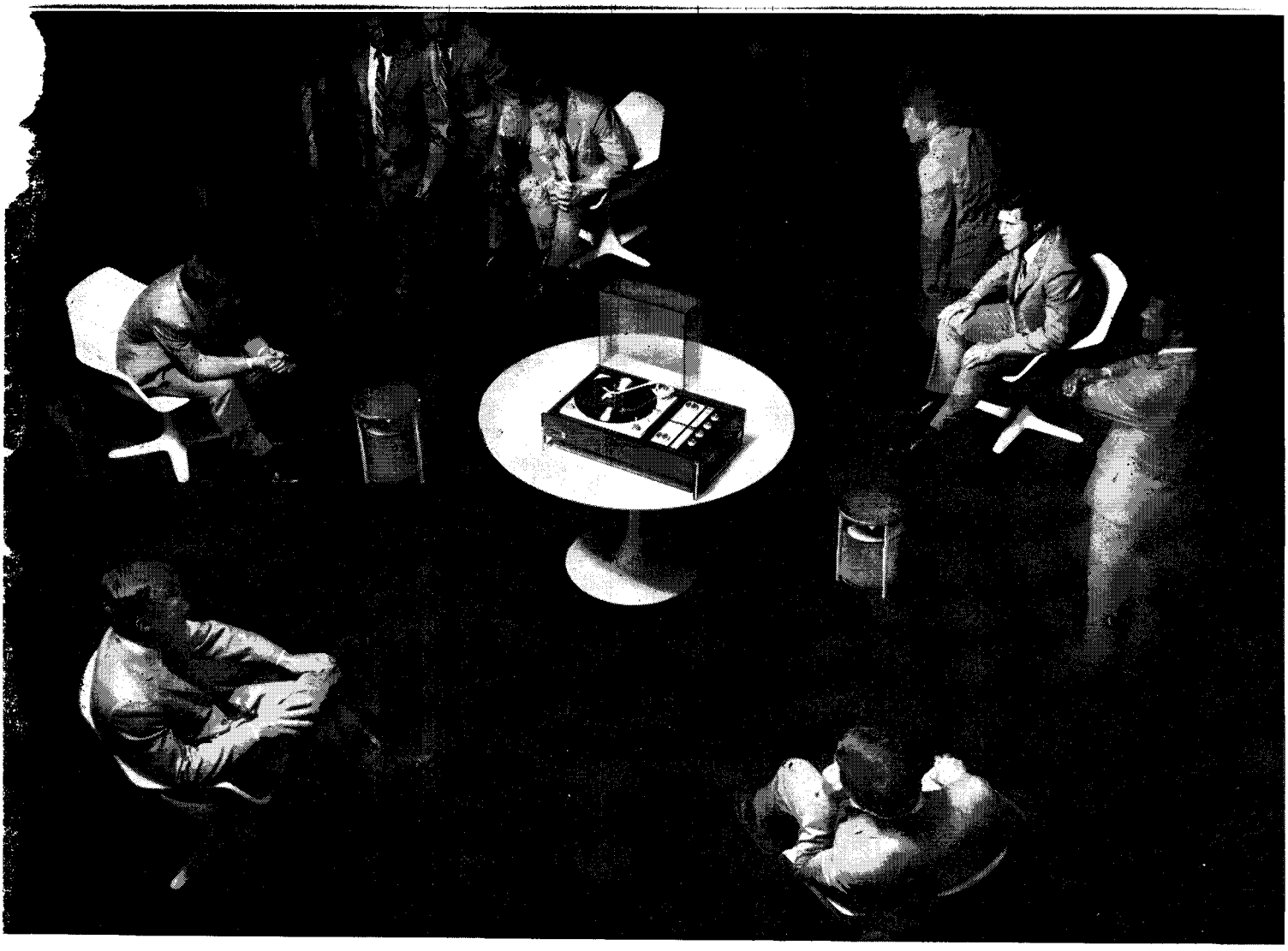

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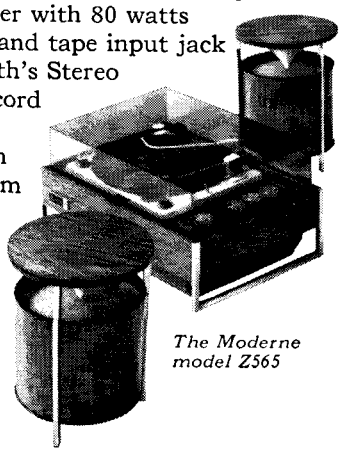

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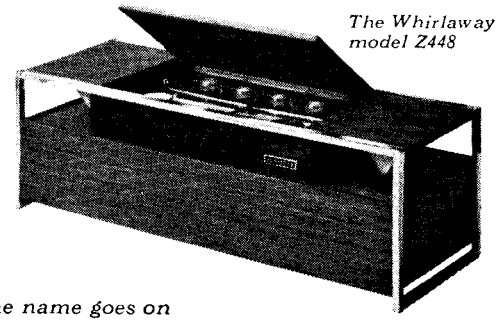

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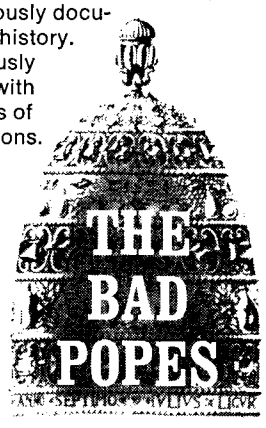

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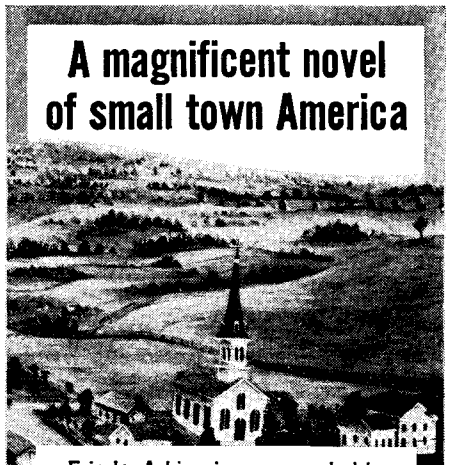

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The federal investment in the *Digest* is modest enough: the National Endowment gave an initial $100,000 grant for an eighteen-month feasibility study of the new publication, followed by $115,000 for the first year's operations. The *Digest's* editors seem confident that the government subsidy will continue, though they hope to see it gradually reduced through private outside support—from foundations, from the music industry itself (which is being invited to contribute, though in limited amounts), and from subscriptions, which are priced at $10 a year for eleven issues. Bruck projects a circulation growth of 5000 annually, with 25,000 at the end of five years, but concedes: "We'll probably always be a deficit operation."

Bruck believes that the magazine, whose offices are at 245 West 52nd Street, New York, will not only give readers an insight into the scope and importance of American musical activity but will also have a positive effect on the quality of musical writing itself. "The state of musical criticism in this country is poor," he acknowledges, "but we think some critics will write a little better if they think they'll be represented here."

Of prime importance to the editors is the opportunity they see of breaking what Lowens calls "the New York funnel syndrome" in American music, a problem which has plagued musicians, particularly young musicians, for years. Lowens describes it this way: "A New York debut and coverage in the newspapers, specifically in *The New York Times*, means everything to the artist and to the impresario, too. A pianist of the quality of Glenn Gould can appear first elsewhere and get fine reviews, but what counts is what happens in New York. This is not a healthy situation. We need a decentralization of influence, and the *American Musical Digest* can help bring it about."

If the *American Musical Digest* succeeds, there seems to be no reason why its approach should not be applied to other branches of the arts. In fact, it is being spoken of already as a prototype for a magazine devoted to the theater, where the New York *Times* also exercises a dominant critical role. Roger L. Stevens, who as head of the National Endowment for the Arts played a key role in bringing the *American Musical Digest* into existence, is himself far more of a theater man than a music man. More than the latest tidings from Carnegie Hall and Covent Garden may be riding on the future of the *American Musical Digest*.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE BIG BOOK OF LIMERICKS by Edward S. Mullins. Platt & Munk, $2.95. Since this work is intended for children, the limericks are all detergent clean—but then, so were Lear's. They are also enough to make any old sourpuss chuckle, and are highly recommended for persons required to amuse the young by reading aloud. There is one about a girl dressed in sweet peas which splendidly combines fancy and realism.

AMERICAN MANNERS & MORALS by the editors of American Heritage. American Heritage, $14.95. The pictures in this large book are handsome or interestingly odd or both. The text rambles along, dutifully reporting how our forebears behaved but offering little comment or interpretation. Monotony of tone is, however, mitigated if not entirely removed by quotations from contemporary sources. These display all the humor, temper, ingenuity, and perversity which the editors of American Heritage have neglected to exercise.

GOLEM by Myles Eric Ludwig. Weybright & Talley, $6.95. A first novel, full of the latest jargon and the latest stylistic devices and equipped with that currently indispensable protagonist, the fellow who bangs around the world paying no attention to the rights or preferences of anyone but himself. Both this character—here called Golem (look out for tinkling symbols)—and his chronicler, Mr. Ludwig, seem mournfully surprised that it all leads to no good. The writing is much better than the materials deserve.

MOTIVELESS MALIGNITY by Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95.

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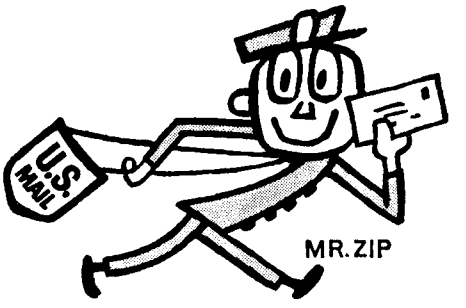

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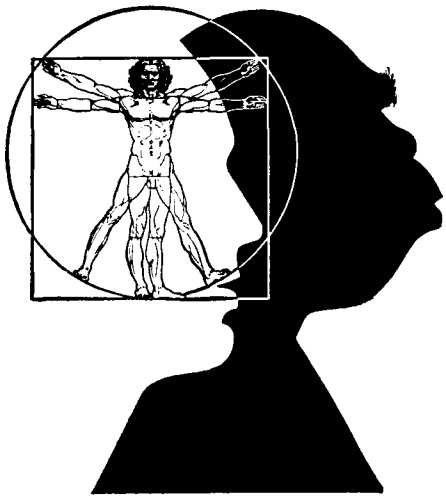

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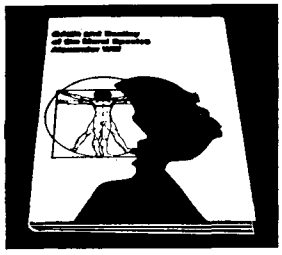

ORIGIN AND DESTINY OF THE MORAL SPECIES

by Alexander Wilf

No matter what your heredity, environment, religion, education or vocation...be you theologian, scientist or just Mr. Average Man, you'll be exposed to an entirely new, intriguing approach to "what is man—where were his beginnings—what is his destiny?" Every concept you've ever accepted will be challenged. You'll read and re-read this book, discuss it, argue its facts and fancies.

MAN'S ORIGIN BEGINS WITH KNOWLEDGE.

MAN'S FALL BEGINS WITH DARWIN'S THEORY.

- Would white geneticists create the ideal man by choosing black reproductive cells?
- Would black geneticists create the ideal man by choosing white reproductive cells?
- What is the ideal man? Who decides his destiny?
- Is the black revolt a struggle for his destiny?
- Is the student revolt a struggle against the new gods on earth?
- Is the present worldwide chaos a gigantic morality play?
- Who wrote the script of life, directs the players, decides the ending?

The book lifts the curtain and exposes the false gods before the lowering of the asbestos curtain marked "FINIS."

Regardless of your final findings, decisions... you'll be glad you read Origin and Destiny of the Moral Species.

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"Shakespeare, at least, has nothing to lose" is Mr. Auchincloss' disarming apology for short essays on the actions of Hamlet, Iago, and such. His observations are gracefully put and largely unpretentious, and while there is not a surprise in the package, there is not a stupidity to be found there, either.

VANDALS WILD by Joseph W. Bennett. Bennett, $2.95. Mr. Bennett is to be approached as a concerned citizen rather than a writer. The anecdotes and statistics he has assembled on vandalism in public parks are so outlandish that technical deficiencies of presentation cease to matter.

WESTWARD TO VINLAND by Helge Ingstad. St. Martin's, $10.00. Mr. Ingstad is the Norwegian explorer-turned-archaeologist who has been excavating what he believes to be the remains of the first Viking camp in North America. His book is less concerned with digging than with the combination of experience and historical study that led him to look for Vinland in now-grapeless Newfoundland and, unless the whole carbon-dating system is a fraud, to find it at L'Anse aux Meadows. The book is embellished with maps, photographs, accounts of travel and scenery, old Newfoundland characters, and quotations from antique documents.

MY YEAR IN THE WHITE HOUSE DOGHOUSE by Ralph Schoenstein. White, $4.95. Mr. Schoenstein hoped to make a lot of money by writing a book about Lyndon Johnson's dogs and selling it to Walt Disney. He is astonished and angry that he was not permitted to do this, although the duties of the American President, while many and sometimes strange, definitely do not include helping out every feist scribbler who happens to want a fast buck.

THE FRENCH by Sanche de Gramont. Putnam, $7.95. Mr. de Gramont, French by birth, creates his "portrait of a people" out of history, legend, anecdote, speculation, and official statistics. His book is full of unexpected information (like the price per acre of good vineyard land or what happens if a child is given an old Breton name) and quite devoid of chauvinism, for he writes with the melancholy of a pessimistic patriot. Despite Mr. de Gramont's suspicion that his countrymen could always have done things better if they had seriously tried, he is generally witty about what they actually did do.

THE BIRDS by Tarjei Vesaas. Morrow, $4.50. To maintain variety and interest throughout a book constructed entirely in terms of the consciousness of a man who is not quite bright is not easy. The author's accomplishment itself becomes, in the end, of more importance than the gently tragic story that he has to tell.

FAT CITY by Leonard Gardner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50. Mr. Gardner writes well about his seedy, hopeless characters—failed boxers, minor promoters, drunks, bums, and migrant workers—and the dingy world of odd jobs, bars, and cheap hotels which they inhabit. He does no more than that, however, and his novel is a still life rather than a drama.

THIRST FOR LOVE by Yukio Mishima. Knopf, $4.95. Violence developing beneath a quiet domestic surface is Mr. Mishima's theme, and he makes of it a story that is believable despite the unfamiliar Japanese background, and interesting for the complications of meaning implied in what is superficially a forthright psychological melodrama.

QUOTATIONS FROM MAYOR DALEY compiled by Peter Yessne. Putnam, $2.95. Mayor Daley's reputation as a Malaprop has been grossly exaggerated. Aside from two hilarious and well-known bloopers, he talks just like the average politician. He may even believe what he says.

THE NABIS AND THEIR PERIOD by Charles Chassé. Praeger, $12.50. Translated by Michael Bullock. Mr. Chassé is primarily interested in the theories of painting formulated (and practiced with highly varied results) by this intellectual and articulate group of artists, which actually functioned as a group for no more than ten years. Minor members of the Nabis get the most attention, on the sensible assumption that the reader already knows something of people like Bonnard. Colorplates good but scanty.

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Where to find people who care about people

Industry's recruitment and training of the hard-core unemployed might be solely profit-motivated . . . if people were. But people aren't.

And people are the essence of any industry. In the automotive industry, for example, there are about one million people. They care a great deal about *other* people. And they bring their feeling to work.

Visit Detroit. You'll see people working very hard to achieve a high standard of living. But you'll also see the hard-core unemployed learning how to earn . . . and being paid in the process. And you'll see something else. Automakers care about an individual's security, his development, his problems.

To believe that profit is the only motive is to underestimate people. Look at all the white collars and blue collars active as volunteers in local and national welfare programs, in every kind of charitable fund drive, in church and PTA work, fraternal and service club projects, YMCA and YWCA, scouting, Headstart programs, Big Brothers, Little Leagues, and a great deal more.

We know. Directly or indirectly, Republic Steel Corporation serves almost every American business and industry. The automakers are a good example. We create steels that help make automobiles evermore dependable, more resistant to corrosion and wear, more beautiful from every point of view.

Give the people in business and industry your support. They've been creating jobs in America for a long time. It takes more than good intentions. It takes economic means, imagination, and an abundance of people who care about people.

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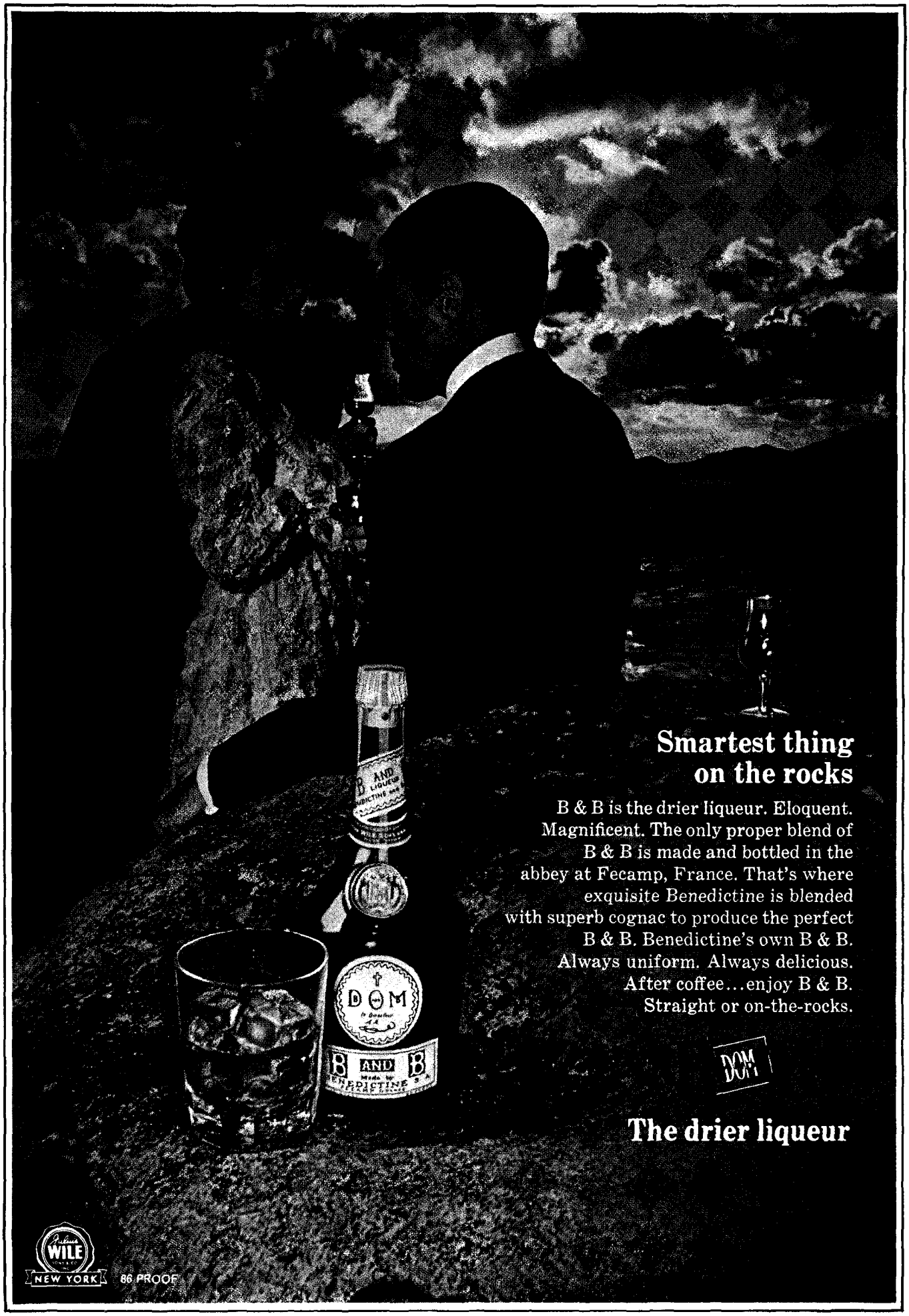

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The drier liqueur

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